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APPLES OF GOLD,

OR,

FRUIT FROM THE

LIVING VINE.

By REV. D. F. NEWTON,

Author of "Flaming Sword," "The Golden Rule," "Pictures of Silver," "Shining Light," etc., etc.

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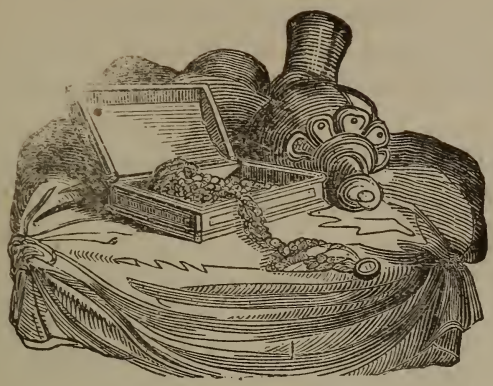

APPLES OF GOLD

Friends of truth and love—"Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied."

Forty years and more, our heart, and mind, and soul, have been fixed vividly, indelibly, and increasingly, on rearing the tender thought—saving the "little folks;"*—the making every household a little Eden—a paradise, a heaven below. Is there a newly-born babe, a sweet cherub, one of Heaven's choicest gifts, just now opening its beautiful eyes on a new world? What the watchword at this early and critical moment? "Life spiritual—life eternal—the work of regeneration and sanctification on and on henceforth and forever?" Nothing short—delay not.

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* Save the little folks; train them for heaven as God requires. What now? Salvation on salvation—glory! glory!—"peace on earth, good-will to man!"

"A child is born. Now take the germ, and make
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues.
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truths are never, never wasted."

Every thought, word, look, act—every moving muscle of the parent or nurse—should be a sermon—living, perpetual, indelible.

"Children are the heritage of the Lord. It is the Father's good pleasure to give them the kingdom. They are therefore to be 'brought to Christ'—trained for God—'brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' To this end he intends the Christian family to be a school of Christ—to live in a holy atmosphere, in which the children shall be bathed and nurtured as in a divine, genial element. He would have these 'little ones' put on the Lord Jesus Christ with the first garments of their childhood, and drink in Christian sentiments (the atmosphere of heaven) from the mother's loving, beaming eyes, as they hang upon the breast."

This beautiful, glowing, soul-inspiring idea of training children to Christianity—the love of Jesus from the start*—

* "From the start"—what do we mean by it? Just what we have said, do say, keep on saying forever, that parents must begin where God begins, where he commands them to begin, at the threshold of life, ere the little angel of a thing opens its eyes to behold the light of heaven, the beaming rays of the king of day. Begin the work of salvation and sanctification then and there, forestalling the enemy, following on and *on*, step by step, day in day out, unremittingly, full of grace, hope, joy, faith on faith, love on love, *indefatigably*, till the precious little godsend is established, rooted, and grounded in godly fear, love permanent, unquenchable, joy unspeakable and full of glory. "From the start." We mean Jesus shall take full possession of the newly-born babe, rule and reign triumphant evermore, ere the old serpent, the devil, with his infernal crew, take up his abode and dwell there. Why should he? what right has he? Satan is a

is expanded, spread out, turned over and over in this new book, viewed on every side in the light of Revelation. "To the law and the testimony." If we speak not in accordance with the Holy Scriptures, it is because there is no light in us.

In developing Christian nurture on gospel principles, we sought earnestly wisdom from above, that every article might be gold, most precious—"silver tried in a furnace of earth purified seven times"—gems of gold, bright, dazzling, sparkling, blazing out—that fires heavenly, purifying, sanctifying, might be kindled in every family—fires on fires; fires for the big folks and fires for the little folks—that everything indeed from the beginning to the ending might be, "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." *

Furthermore, beloved, brevity is aimed at intensely and prayerfully in this entire volume—point, pith, condensation—life, spiritual, holy unction—things that cut to the quick, tell on the conscience, the heart, the life, time and eternity. We sought grace divine, heavenly light, in penning every article—beseechingly, that everything prosy, superficial, nonsensical, superfluous, sickly, or falsely charitable, might be excluded entirely and *forever.* In like manner also we prayed that the chaff might be sifted from the wheat;

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usurper. The heart and life of every living, breathing immortal belongs to Jesus—he has purchased it with his life's blood. That Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life, both for the great folks and the little folks, we shall attempt to show, from the first page to the last, in this volume of "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver."

* This volume is not divided in two parts—1st and 2d—but intermingled: First, a chapter for the big folks—then a chapter for the little folks—"Apples of gold in pictures of silver," all the way through it.

"A good book lives when you are dead;
Light on the darkened mind it sheds—
It nurses the gems of holy trust,
It wakes untired when you are dust."

the dross separated from the gold; and the essence, the cream, the marrow and fatness only of every subject might be given, and as much as possible of the good, the beautiful, the heavenly—of whatsoever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report—might be compressed, *squeezed* into a nutshell, brought to a burning focus! Little guns and small bullets, rightly directed, do great execution. How far we have succeeded in this blessed, glorious work, we leave our readers to judge. Anyhow, we do feel a deep, abiding, heartfelt, humble, grateful assurance of the fact that God is in it, for the good of souls and His own glory.

Beloved in the gospel—you perceive from the foregoing our aims and motives, and also that this new book is, almost exclusively, "*home work*"—domestic, educational—for teachers in every department, in the pulpit and out of it—for ministers and people, on week days and on Lord's days—for husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters. Every one, little and big, at home and abroad, in high life and in low life, receives his portion in due season, without any misgivings, any bowing to the popular conservative, or "conferring with flesh and blood."

> Go, "Apples of Gold," to distant lands—
> O'er this wide earth, sin cursed, swiftly speed.

The work contains between four and five hundred pages, neatly executed, beautifully illustrated with more than one hundred engravings.

APPLES OF GOLD

IN

PICTURES OF SILVER.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

"*And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make an helpmeet for him.*"—Gen. ii. 8.

"Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall."

MARRIAGE is a divine and beautiful arrangement, as designed in God's providence; it is the blending of two spirits into one. Man is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty. "It is not good that man

should be alone." "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

> "The stream of pure and genuine love
> Derives its current from above;
> And earth a second Eden shows
> Where'er the healing water flows."

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself." The duty of the husband and wife to each other is clearly laid down in the Bible. And, *first of all, it is their duty to love each other.*

This is indispensable. For the want of this there can be no compensation. A husband may provide for his wife a costly mansion, fine furniture, gorgeous apparel, and every delicacy that money can purchase; but if he fail to love her, he totally fails in the most important duty he owes to one of his fellow-beings.

The wife may see that her house is well kept and her husband cared for; but if she does not love him, she wrongs him and sins against God and her own soul. A man and woman, married to each other, have no right to live together merely as provider and housekeeper. They are to be more to each other than their nearest and dearest natural relations. "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." "Let every man in particular so love his wife as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

In the true wife the husband finds not affection only, but companionship—a companionship with which no other can compare. The family relation gives retirement without solitude, and society without the rough intrusion of the world.

What a luxury it is for a man to feel that in his house there is a true and affectionate being, in whose presence he may throw off restraint without danger to his dignity, he may confide without the fear of treachery, and be sick or unfortunate without being abandoned! If, in the outward world, he grow weary of human selfishness, his heart can safely trust in one whose soul yearns for his happiness, and whose indulgence overlooks his defects.

The assiduities of a faithful wife are so common, so various, so cheerful, so unexacting, that husbands are likely to regard their kindnesses as they do the sunlight and dews of heaven—matters of course, to be received without gratitude. But the constancy which makes them familiar, to a rightly constituted mind, deepens the obligation. While the husband safely trusts in the companion of his years for his personal comforts, she has a right to expect that her beneficence shall be appreciated. If not, he will be likely to find her worth in her loss. Her absence or death is, to the little world of home, like the loss of the glowing sun, which protects our earth from eternal darkness and frost.

> "Hail, woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,
> 'Mid humming streams and fragrant-breathing flowers.
> Thou art, 'mid light and gloom—through good and ill,
> Creation's glory—man's chief blessing still!"

Look upon each member of the family as one for whose happiness we are bound to watch as well as for our own. When any good happens to any one, rejoice at it. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer.

UNGODLY MARRIAGES.

"Be ye not unequally yoked."

This was the particular sin for which God drowned the old world.

Some of Lot's daughters married in Sodom and perished in the overthrow.

Both Ishmael and Esau married irreligiously, and were both rejected and turned persecutors.

The first blasphemer that was stoned by God's command is marked as an offspring of one of these marriages. His mother had espoused an Egyptian.

The first captivity of the Jews after their settlement in the Holy Land is ascribed to this cause.

David married the daughter of Tolmai, king of Geshur, by whom he had one son, Absalom, the disgrace and curse of his family. The case of Solomon is a warning to all ages. His son, Rehoboam, that lost the ten tribes, sprang from one of these forbidden marriages. His mother was an Ammonitess.

What was it that Ezra so grievously lamented and so sharply reproved? It was that the holy seed had mingled themselves with the people of the land.

And what says the zealous reformer Nehemiah? Their children spake half in the language of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' speech, but according to the language of each people. "And I cursed them and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your sons to their daughters, or take their daughters unto your sons." "Now these things were our ensamples, to the intent that we should not lust after evil things as they also lusted."

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement has the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you." 2 *Cor.* vi. 14-17.

"Thrice happy they in pure delights
Whom love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
And binding each to each for life."

FATAL RESULTS OF ONE WRONG STEP.

There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a burden and a life-long sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers. If young ladies would realize how grossly indelicate as well as culpably reckless such marriages appear in the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear.

Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.

LEAPING IN THE DARK—A WORD TO SINGLE LADIES.

HOW TO MARRY—HOW NOT TO MARRY.

MAIDEN ladies, single ladies, beware how you leap, step foot. Never give your hands in wedlock's holy bands to one save God be with him—pure in heart, pure in life, soul, and body. Tell? Certainly you can, if pure yourselves, God-fearing, and ask wisdom from above. Are you for Jesus unreservedly, walking in his footsteps in the light as he is in the light? He will guide you—make duty plain, and not suffer you to leap in the dark or be ensnared.

Backslidden professors, cold-hearted formalists, worldly-minded, having a name to live while dead, make sad mistakes, stumble, plant thorns in their pillows for life, drink the bitter cup to its dregs! Judgment awful! Beware, sisters! open your eyes; keep them open. Look up; open the big Book; trust in God!

Marry for riches? Never. A woman's life consisteth not in the earthly things she possesses.

Marry a fop—starched up, strutting about, dandy-like, in kid gloves, with cane, a dangling watch-chain, gold breastpin, and rings on his fingers? Beware of Satan's trap!

Marry a niggard—close-fisted, mean, and sordid? Take care lest he stint you to death! Escape for your life!

Marry a stranger—one whose character is not well tested and fully known to you? *What!* jump into the *fire!* Many a foolish girl does this. "O ye simple, understand wisdom: and, ye fools, be of an understanding heart." *Prov.* viii. 5.

Marry a tippler, or one who sips the wine-cup or brandy-

bottle—a tobacco-chewer, smoker, snuffer, or dipper? Oh! oh! You die the *death!*

Marry an idler, lounger, or loafer, a mope, a drone, one that doles, drawls, draggles about, holds persons by the button to tell long yarns? At your peril you do it! Flee! *run!* RUN!!

Again, never marry a man who is unkind or disrespectful to his mother or sister. His heart is black as jet! Beware of him, shun him! Such treatment is a sure indication of meanness and wickedness.

Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

A GOOD HUSBAND OR NONE.

BETTER a thousand times remain single till threescore and ten, than make a bad choice, be wedded to a coarse, rough, clownish, morose, selfish, miserly husband—a toper or a spendthrift. Oh, how sad to behold a lovely, intelligent, virtuous, amiable woman yoked to a dissipated, ungodly husband! Awful!

Beloved, look out for thorny pillows. If we make a hard bed, we must expect to lie upon it. "Be not unequally yoked."

THE MARRIED LIFE THE LIFE.

"Home! go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love—
Home is where there's one to love us."

MARRIAGE is the mother of the world: it preserves nations, fills cities and churches, and peoples heaven. Like the industrious bee, it builds houses, forms societies and republics, sends out colonies, and blesses the world. It is one of the good institutions which God at first gave us. Even in Eden it was not good for man to be alone. Man was too complete, as at first made, to be entirely happy. He was independent without having any depending on him. He was not to be happy without having some one to care for; so the Lord God took from him one of his own ribs, and out of it made him a wife. Thus it needs a wife to restore a man to completeness as such, and more especially to complete his happiness by having a wife to depend on him.

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him who is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to lift him up."

"Oft as clouds my path o'erspread;
Doubtful where my steps should tread,
She with judgment's steady ray
Marks and smooths the better way."

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." *Col.* iii. 18, 19.

TRAINING LITTLE FOLKS IN THE WAY THEY SHOULD GO.

"*Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.*"—Ex. ii. 9.

"*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*"—Prov. xxii. 6.

"The family is a little book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
Protection, beauty gives."

WHENEVER a babe is born into the world, the injunction of the Almighty comes to the father and mother, "Take

this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Nurse the little one "for me," train it "for me." Educate it, subdue it, catechise it, transform it, mould it over "*for me.*"

The word "train," in the connection here used, is very emphatical and comprehensive. To "train a child in the way he should go," implies restraining, subduing, transforming, moulding over and over.

And who are the ones to be thus educated, trained up in the way they should go, moulded over into the heavenly? The big folks or the little folks? the rising youth, persons of mature age, or little children?

"Suffer little children," said Christ, "and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." *Matt.* xix. 14. Again: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." *Matt.* xxi. 16.

> "Jesus loves the little children,
> Calls them to him day by day,
> Lays his hands on them iu blessings,
> Bids them always near him stay."

"He will feed his flock like a shepherd; he will gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom." *Isa.* xl. 11. But the way here spoken of, what is its purport, its implication? Has the training here specified respect merely to outward habits of virtue? the external deportment? a training for future conversion? Whence the idea that children may grow up in sin instead of growing up in the Lord,* serve Satan some four, six, eight, or

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* When we speak of growing up in the Lord from early infancy, let no one suppose we deny the atonement, a change of heart through the Holy Ghost. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." The only uame given under heaveu by which we can be saved is that of Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man com-

ten years before embracing the gospel, turning to the Lord with full purpose of heart? Who that takes the Bible for his guide can believe for a moment that God ever intended the adversary of God and man should rule and reign in our little ones in the bloom of life, the flower of their being? that their young and tender hearts should "become the habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." *Rev.* xviii. 2. Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. In whom? Let us not be deceived.

God makes no distinction in the way of salvation between little folks and great folks. What he tells great folks about the Bible, the way of life, about heaven, hell, death, judgment, and eternity, the very same he tells little folks. When the Lord commands great folks to be holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sin and sinners, the very same he commands little folks. When he commands great folks to rejoice in the Lord, in like manner he commands little folks to rejoice. Hark! here it is in *Psalm* cxlviii.: "Both young men and maidens, old men and children: Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

The false, delusive, soul-ruinous idea has gone forth extensively, almost universally, that children may grow up in sin and rebellion against God, or at least spend much of the precious, golden season, the spring-time of life, in sinning—in forming habits of vice which tears of blood cannot efface! What is this but the stratagem of the devil, the liar from the beginning, the father of lies, to

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eth unto the Father but by me." Our aim is from first to last to sustain the idea that training a child "in the way he should go" is a holy training, and nothing short.

further his hellish purpose, secure his prey, fill the regions of dark despair with weeping, wailings, and gnashings of teeth?

The way of training expressed in the text is unquestionably God's way—the way of truth, life, love, salvation eternal, life spiritual, life everlasting. And yet who takes this view of it? What parent, what commentator or doctor of divinity believes this promise means *what* it means —that in every instance where the conditions of the precepts are complied with the promised blessing is sure?

Will not children, trained from early infancy as God requires—in virtuous purity, the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life—grow up *exclusively* Godward, and in no case depart from it? Parent, believest thou this? Teacher in Israel, dost thou? "To the law and the testimony; if we speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in us." "Heaven and earth shall pass away," saith the Lord, "but my word shall not pass away." *Matt.* xxiv. 35.

Every blessing promised in the Holy Scriptures is based on conditions, either expressed or understood; and when these conditions are complied with, is not the promised blessing sure in every instance? Why should we make an exception in the promise touching household discipline? Surely no command in the Bible is more clearly or forcibly expressed than this: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And what promise accompanying this command is more important, more blessed, more glorious? And yet who believes it, acts upon it, takes God at his word, trains his children in the way they should go, with the assurance they will not depart from it henceforth and *forever?* Where the faith, the fruits of this Bible-training? Oh

where! If Christian parents believed the text, and were obedient thereunto, why do we see multitudes of children, which no man can number, growing up in sin and folly, impenitent, conscience-seared, harder than the nether millstone, in the broad road to ruin? "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

PARENTAL FAITHFULNESS WILL SURELY BE REWARDED.

"*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*"

Such is the declaration of Him who established the relations of cause and effect, antecedent and consequent. It is during the dependent years of infancy, childhood, and youth that the character of the future man is formed. It was such training that led Washington, when a boy, to acknowledge a fault he had committed, and risk a father's displeasure rather than tell a lie. Such training has kept many a youth who had left the parental roof from the haunts of vice and dissipation.

Let the child be early trained to submit to the will of the parent, and then to the will of God.

Let children early be taught their relations to God and another world, as also the object and end of their existence. Sometimes Christian parents labor to adorn the bodies of their children, to polish their manners, to cultivate their tastes, enlarge their understandings, while they neglect to press upon their minds the obligation to remember their Creator in the days of their childhood. Their relation to God and the obligations growing out of those relations should be kept before the mind from infancy.

SALVATION NOW, SALVATION FOREVER.

"It is the duty of every Christian parent living in communion with God to bring up his children so that they shall be Christians from the beginning.

The grace of God is given just as much during the process of education and unfolding, as afterward during the process of deliberate volition in adult life; yea, more abundantly. Yet how greatly is the work neglected! You cannot, parent, bequeath to your children anything that shall be equal to a heart in alliance with God. It is very well to leave your child property; it is very well to leave him an honored name. It is very well to see him well connected, affianced, and filling an honored place in society. Surround him with joys; scatter gold mines under his feet; span the crystal dome over his head; send winged birds to sing for him of joy and peace. But you have done but little for him: he is but a bankrupt unless there is added to all these an abiding faith in the life to come, and an abiding trust that for him there is a place among the sons of God. All is for naught if it does not lead him to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to live for the world to come and not for the world that now is. It is a very solemn thing to take God's children and attempt to rear them. But it is an awful thing to prevent them by bringing them up for this world and utterly forgetful of the world that is to come. We are making slow work in converting men; we must begin at the other end. Let us begin now to take care of little children."

"The speechless infant is most dear,
To us more dear,
Than many men full grown and wise
And in Christ's eyes
His little ones give purest joy
Without alloy."

A PIOUS FATHER INSTRUCTING HIS SON IN WAYS OF WISDOM.

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!!

YOUNG readers, is not this beautiful, exquisitely?—delightfully interesting? What more so? Look at it, listen, listen—hark! "My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments; for length of days and long life and peace shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the tablets of thine heart: so that thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man." *Prov.* iii. 1–4.

DUTY REQUIRED—DEMANDED, IN HOUSEHOLD DUTY.

"Duty be thy polar star—
Do the right, whate'er betide."

THE duty of parents in moulding their little ones gospelly. Wherefore?

1. Because God requires it. When God speaks let the earth tremble! It is a fearful thing to slight one of God's least commandments. "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." *Matt.* v. 19. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." 1 *Sam.* xxv. 22.

2. To obey God in training our children "in the way they should go," is a safe way, and the only safe way. It is always safe to obey God. The path of duty is the path of safety. "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured by the sword; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." *Isa.* xii. 19.

3. This way of training indicated in the text is the right way; it must be so, it cannot be otherwise, for God in infinite wisdom marked it out, set his seal to it.

4. It *is a perfect way.* What! expect children to be perfect? Why not, beloved reader? We have previously shown that God is no respecter of persons, that he makes no distinction in the way of salvation; what he requires of great or adult sinners, he also requires of little sinners.

"Whoso committeth sin is the servant of sin." "He that committeth sin is of the devil."

We talk of holiness, the inner life, entire consecratedness of spirit, soul, and body to God's service, in those of advanced life—the duty of being dead to sin and alive to God through our Lord Jesus Christ; this is Bible doctrine: "Be ye holy, for I am holy;" "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But why not preach "holiness or perfect love" to the little folks, the duty of presenting their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service, the abstaining from all appearance of evil?" What season more hopeful, joyful? And this way of unreserved consecration or holiness to the Lord" is the way spoken of in the text; entire submission to God from the mother's womb.

This way of training children "in the way they should go" is a *highway* of holiness. "A highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein." *Isa.* xxxv. 8.

> "To the little ones offer flowers
> Of stainless beauty—let religion's glow
> Be holy on the yet unshadow'd brow.
> So shall thy spirit's loftier manhood be
> From passion's storm and guilt's wild darkness free:
> And visions of thine age, like tints of Eden,
> Bright with unutter'd bliss, melt into Heaven."

This purifying, sanctifying, process should begin at the cradle, in the nursery, and followed up daily, prayerfully, with renewed consecration, until the heart is established in grace; rooted and grounded in love.

MOULDING THE LITTLE FOLKS GOSPELLY.

Look, young readers, aint this beautiful? Here's *an angel mother moulding her little ones in the gospel mould. Blessed woman!*

Seest thou a family of obedient children, sweet-tempered, orderly, kind, affectionate, active, industrious, "olive-plants around the table," lamb-like, the *beau ideal* of loveliness, the model of perfection? How came they so? Through whose moulding? The mother's? Yes; the angelic mother. She wrought the fine needlework of gold, reared the tender thought, implanted the seeds of modest simplicity and purity, and watered them with her prayers as the dews of heaven.

TROUBLE SURE TO FOLLOW DISOBEDIENCE.

"Let thy lambs we sought to feed,
By thy hand be nourish'd;
Let them be thy lambs indeed,
In thy bosom cherish'd."

It is important to obey God in training our children in the way they should go, for if we do not, trouble and vexation of spirit are sure to follow. This was especially true of Jacob, of David, and of Eli. Their greatest troubles and trials were of a domestic nature, arising from neglect of parental duty. Their ungodly sons and daughters were thorns in their sides and in their pillows; and these family troubles and vexations followed them through life and brought down their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. "A foolish son is a grief to his father and bitterness to her that bare him." *Prov.* xvii. 25.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." *Prov.* xxii. 15. Jacob's profligate sons, whom he had neglected in early life, caused him more trouble than all his other troubles. "Simeon and Levi," said this too indulgent father, in holy vision, on his dying bed, "are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitation." What one thing caused David so much trouble and vexation of spirit in his family relations as his proud, ambitious, ungodly sons, toward whom he had indulged false tenderness? It is said of his rebel son Adonijah, the usurper of the throne, that "his father had not displeased him at any time in saying, Why hast thou done so?" 1 *Kings*, i. 16. Why did God visit Eli in wrath, cut short his days, send judgments terrible on his whole family and the nation, that caused

every ear to tingle? *His sons were vile and he restrained them not.*

The curse of God rested upon his whole house in consequence of disobedience in family culture.

What parent, neglecting to obey God in family training, has not sipped the wormwood and the gall, drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of anguish, drenched his pillow nightly with scalding tears on account of proud, self-willed, disobedient, profligate sons and daughters, traitors, "heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God?"

"The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest, yea, shall give delight unto thy soul."

Children left to themselves, not trained in the way they should go, are unhappy, miserable, wretched. They are not only sure to be unhappy themselves, but also sure to make others unhappy. "Even a child is known by his doings." One sinner destroyeth much good. "*Evil communications corrupt good manners.*" Were Jacob's children happy? Eli's or David's, while in the service of Satan, disobeying their parents, indulging their carnal appetites and passions, given to lust, pride, ambition, and folly?

Instance the children also at Bethel, who mocked the holy prophet Elisha, saying, "Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. And he turned and cursed them in the name of the Lord: and there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tore forty and two children of them." 2 *Kings*, ii. 23. Were these children happy, or did they make others happy? These are said to be "*little* children," and yet, by parental neglect, their cup of iniquity was full, running over. They were full of all subtlety, all mischief —children of the devil!

THE REWARDS OF OBEDIENCE EYE HATH NOT SEEN.

"*The blessedness of this early training in obedience to the holy commandment.*" *Prov.* xxii. 6.

"Are there not beings by our side,
As fair as angels are,
As pure, as stainless as the forms
That dwell beyond the star?

Yes! there are angels of the earth,
Pure, innocent, and mild,
The angels of our hearts and homes,
Each loved and loving child."

This training children on Bible principles as God commands is a happy method, *glorious*, unspeakable! It removes entirely the obstacles so frequently complained of by parents in household duty, the troubles and vexations arising from truancy in their children, their love for vain and fashionable society, their desires for unlawful pleasures and amusements, games of chance, the card-table, the gay party, the ball-room, the theatre and opera-house, the light, silly, nonsensical popular readings, idolatry in dress and equipage. "Train up a child in the way it should go," and all desire for evil associations, vain, foolish, and dissipating, the pride of fashion, the friendship of the world, things *earthly*, *sensual*, *devilish*, is destroyed, rooted out. The love of God takes possession of the soul—the affections are placed on things above, "where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

Parents obeying God implicitly in family training in accordance with Bible precepts, are delivered entirely from the vexations, troubles, painful anxieties, bitter regrets,

heart-rending tears of anguish, resulting from disobedient ungodly children, sons of Belial. Children trained from early infancy in the way they should go, in strict obedience to the holy precept, are sweet-tempered, mild, gentle, patient, meek, loving, lamb-like, God-fearing. They hate sin in every form, pride, folly, self-will, and wicked companions. They love the truth, the word of life, prayer and praise, the society of the blessed. The family circle, instead of being a little bedlam, disorder, and confusion, a charnel-house, is a little Eden, a paradise, the very gate of heaven!

"Oh, Heaven bless the little ones,
The angels kindly given
To cheer our weary pilgrimage,
Since from an Eden driven:
The flowerets by our wayside,
To cheer us as we go,
And make the heart forget awhile
The bitter spring of woe."

The heart and life of the lambs of the flock trained in the way they should go are preoccupied in things morally and spiritually beautiful. The precepts of the Bible are pleasant, joyful, more precious than rubies, sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb. "The ways of wisdom" (to them) "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." A child trained strictly in accordance with Bible principles "in the way he should go," from early infancy, is measurably proof against the wiles of the devil, his emissaries the contaminating influences around him. We see this fact remarkably verified in the lives of Moses, Samuel, John the Baptist, and Timothy. Where is there recorded the slightest intimation of their ever departing from the first pure principles inculcated, though surrounded on every side with evil the most enticing and corrupting?

They went from strength to strength in Zion—rising higher and higher, shining brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day.

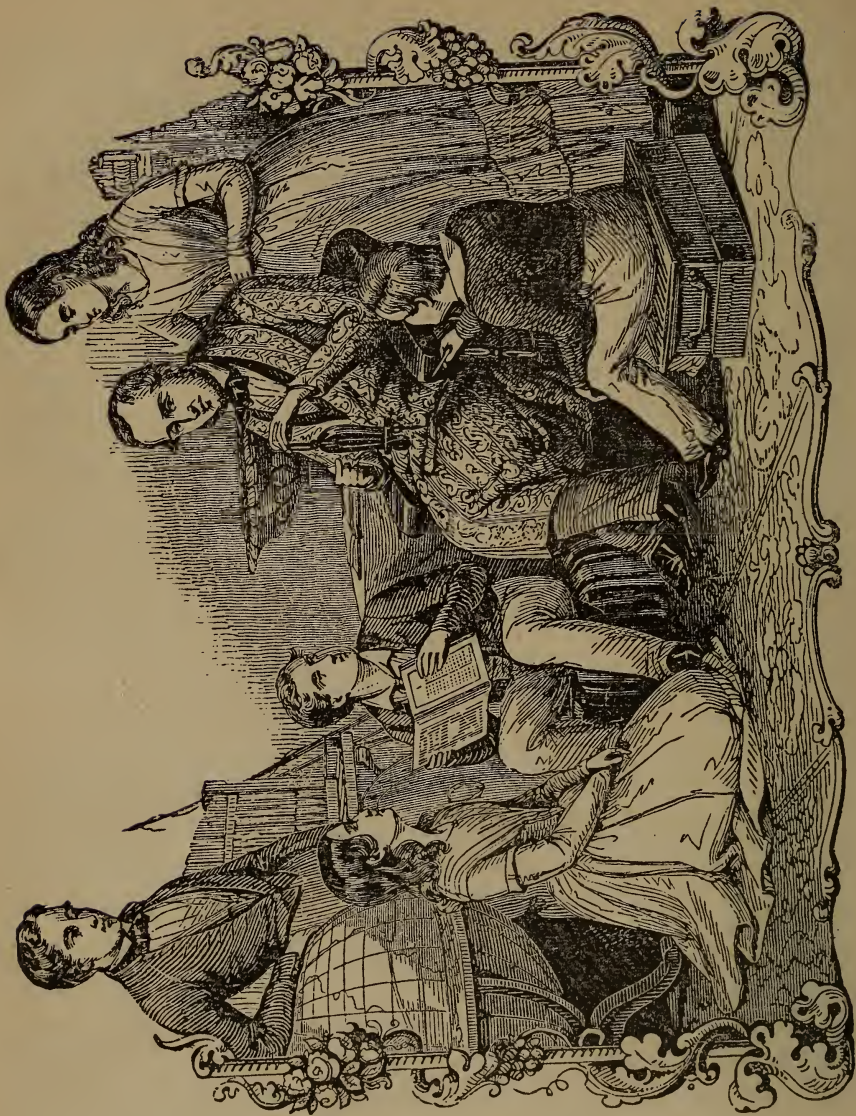
Not an *instance* is recorded of their backsliding, of their prophesying smooth things, or bowing to popular opinion, a time-serving, man-fearing policy; they conferred not "with flesh and blood." They called no man master upon the earth. Their doctrine distilled like the dew of heaven, or as the rain upon the mown grass. They turned many to righteousness, therefore they are now shining as stars in the firmament of heaven. Though dead they yet speak, and will continue to speak forever and *forever!*

What but eternity can disclose fully the glorious results of obeying God in training children in the way they should go? Parents, beloved, are you not stimulated by these glowing examples? Are not your souls fired with the fire of holy emulation?

> "Art thou a parent? Then to thee are given
> Gems weighing more than all the stars of even,
> Guard thou the treasure with a sleepless eye,
> The Master watches from his throne on high.
> Fear thou no suffering, count no toil a cross:
> To lose thy jewels is eternal loss."

RELIGION AT HOME.

Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in a church built with hands. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principle of love which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family. "Let them learn first," says the apostle, "to show piety at home."



THE FAMILY GROUP.

The family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, the happiest, and the most hallowed spot on earth. It is the nursery of affection, of friendship, and of virtue. (*See article on next page.*)

HOME! SWEET HOME!

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

THERE is a magic power connected with the name of home that floods the mind with sad or pleasing thoughts, and thrills the soul with inexpressible emotions.

How numerous the objects of interest around which the mind clusters! Every countenance—father, mother, husband, wife, brothers, sisters, and children; every room, picture, piece of furniture; together with all the surroundings—the gardens, walks, meadows, fields, and pastures; the great rock, the mountain, the hill, and the murmuring stream, the cooling spring and old well with its wooden bucket, the stately elm and grand oak; and there is the orchard, too, with its choice trees of peach, pear, cherry, apple, and plum.

But all these objects of fascination are changing. Parents, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and children die. Happy homes are broken up. Those who enjoy the solace of home to-day, may be tossed upon life's surging billows to-morrow, pilgrims and strangers, without friends or a home, sad, lonely, and dejected. Happy for such if they possess an unshaken evidence of their acceptance with Christ, that he has gone to prepare a mansion for them in glory.

"A home in heaven, what a joyful thought!"

Reader, have you a home in heaven? Have you been laying up for yourself a treasure there, against the time when pleasures fade, when wealth and fame vanish, and when your poor body in the dust is laid?

A WORD TO LITTLE FOLKS ABOUT SWEET HOME.

"There is one spot upon the earth
Far sweeter than the rest;
There is one spot we all must own,
The brightest and the best."

Little readers, have you a home—pleasant, peaceful, happy? Oh! what a blessing! Do you realize it—are you thankful for it? Multitudes of little folks have no place they can call home. Others, again, have a place of turmoil and wretchedness, poverty and ruin. But a home that is a home in very deed is a heaven on earth, a little paradise. Was there ever a word that fell more delightfully on the ear than "*Home, sweet home?*"

"What thronging memories come!
Again that little group have met
Within the walls of home."

No spot on earth has the charms like that of home. Friends may be kind and minister to our necessities, our physical wants may be cared for; but still the heart longs for the sympathies of home.

"But there's a home, a happy home,
Where wayworn travellers meet."

O glorious home, the home of heaven, the Christian's home, where sorrow and sighing, sickness and death, and, best of all, sinning can never come. There the saints of God shall meet, and part no more forever. "There we shall see Jesus," and be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Though the weary-heart may find no resting-place on earth, "There's rest in heaven," when the toils and labors of earth are ended.

WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

"Of all the spots that Heaven has bless'd,
The dearest place is home:
'Tis there the fond heart loves to rest,
And never loves to roam:
Whilst love plays round the smiling hearth,
'Tis Heaven's own bliss enjoyed on earth."

We have not been accustomed to put sufficient value upon home as a school of education, or to avail ourselves of half its privileges. Friends, little and big, is not home the pleasantest spot on earth? If it is not, where lies the fault? Have you not something to do with the matter? Set yourselves at once about the work of making it so. Be you father or mother, son or daughter, brother or sister, you are responsible in greater or less degree for the character and influence of home.

"Summer is gone; the fair young flowers
Have faded in their bloom,
And the music of the fairy bowers
Is hush'd 'mid winter's gloom.

"Our summer life hath its winter too,
And, 'mid its waning bloom,
We wait that spring, whose fadeless hue
E'er glows beyond the tomb."

But however pleasant home may be, one does not wish to remain always there. Our sympathies and wants extend beyond its beautiful and sacred, but narrow circle. Multitudes spend their evenings abroad. Where? oh, where! Shall we visit the ball-room, the theatre, the opera, the gay party, the fashionable concert, the haunts of dissipation, the frolic and the dance?

OUR CHILDREN'S GOD—THE GOD OF OUR CHILDREN.

THINK OF IT, PARENTS.

Sow thy precious seed with care—
He will grant a bounteous harvest,
He will hear a mother's prayer.

A CHILD is born. Another pilgrim of love has come into your hearts and homes. A new life has awoke, a life that shall last forever. Forever! the word floats to us heavily freighted on the sea of language. Forever! the stars shall fail and fall away out of heaven, the sun shall burn itself to ashes and blackness, the harvest-moons shall dissolve to blood, the earth shall melt away with fervent heat, and the heavens shall rend and pass away like a riven scroll, but that new life shall live beyond sun and stars, through the ceaseless cycles of eternity. Something new is evoked, something undying. The feeble body that you carefully cherish is frail and mortal enough, a few days or years, or tens of years, and its limits will be reached. Its first roses may crown its death, or the almond-tree may blossom for it at fourscore years, and yet it is a little thing. The life of the body is short and feeble, the life of the soul is mighty and infinite. A child is born for ease or suffering, or both, it matters little in this world, but it is born for eternal joy or woe—it matters, oh, how much! This little space of life is the seed-time for eternal harvesting; the soul shall go white-robed and crowned to bind sheaves of eternal joys and endless thanksgivings, or blackened and branded amid wailings of endless despair. The little spirit will grow day by day as you train it; the garden of the heart is before you to sow thorns and tares or the blessed gospel-seed. The plastic mind will be moulded by your

hand either into grace and beauty or hideous deformity. At that dread day this soul shall be your crown of rejoicing or shall shriek its curses into your appalled ear as it sees itself lost forever.

Oh! who is sufficient for these things? One is efficient, and lo, He comes to help you. The Everlasting Father is ready to enter into covenant with you for your child; Jesus is ready to mark it among his precious purchases. The Lord condesends to assist you. He has given you a sign and a promise, he has bound himself by a pledge and vouchsafed you a token.

"Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." *Ex.* ii. 9. Dedicate your little one to the Lord as Hannah did—lend him *forever.*

Be willing that He shall use your treasure for His own glory; desire only that the child may live so as to do God service and inherit his rest. Bring your child to Jesus with joy, and exult in your wonderful privilege. Thank God for it every day, every time you look at the baby. Feel that God loves your child; that he is ready to set it among the lambs of his flock. Remember the Saviour's tenderness for little children. Plead his covenant often in prayer; recall the happy hour when you brought your darling before the Holy One for a blessing. Follow this dedication with your earnest efforts; pray with your little one and for it; teach it to pray; tell it of God's love and the solemn covenant for it; let thoughts of God be associated with all around it; with every good and beautiful thing, call up a thought of the Creator. Be faithful, and to such faithfulness you can only attain by earnest prayer and striving. If you faithfully fulfil your part of this covenant, is it possible that God will fail in His? Will he invite you to bring your child to him and then refuse the

trust? Will he encourage you by many sweet and precious promises only to disappoint you? Never! Be faithful in your part and God will be faithful in his.

"Oh! parent, is it possible you are not a Christian? How fearful your responsibility! Will you train up your child for eternal despair? Have pity on your little ones and on yourself; make your peace with God; entreat to be among his people, that in precept and in example you may be to your children what you should; that you and your children may be his children, and that he may be your God and your children's God."

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

Parents, God holds you accountable for the character of your children. You are to "give account in the day of judgment for what you do, or neglect to do, for the right formation of your children's characters. You may so educate them, that, by the sanctifying grace of God, they will be the instruments of salvation to hundreds, yea, thousands; and through your neglect of them, hundreds and thousands may be lost, and their blood be required at your hands. You cannot divest yourself of this responsibility. You must act under it, and meet it "in the judgment." Remember this with godly fear, and yet "encourage yourself in the Lord." If faithful in the closet, and in doing what you there acknowledge your duty, you will find sustaining grace. And the thought will be delightful, as well as solemn, "I am permitted to train these children of mine to glorify God in the salvation of souls."

THE MOTHER IMPARTING HEAVENLY WISDOM.

Young friends, do you obey your mother cheerfully, heartily?

"Come hither to thy mother, boy,
Obey her teachings well;
For they will come to soothe thy heart,
When sorrows round thee swell.

"And when she's in her grass-grown grave,
Hid from the light of day,
Let not the world's deceitful wiles
Sweep all thy faith away."

(*See article next page.*)

THE WOMAN, THE WIFE, THE MOTHER, THE CHRISTIAN.

> "A woman's heart! that gem divinely set
> In native gold—that peerless amulet,
> Which, firmly link'd to love's electric chain,
> Cements the world of transport and of pain."

As a mother, what has she done? What did the mother of Moses, of Samuel, of John the Baptist, of Timothy, of Doddridge, of Newton, of Wesley?

The man who has never had a mother to teach him may, perhaps, rise to piety by a natural impulse of his soul, grace abounding; but there will always be wanting in his relations to his Creator that familiarity which forms the very foundation of love—he will not have known him as a child.

Who was the instrument in the conversion of St. Augustine? His mother. Who educated St. Chrysostom? His mother. Who saved St. Basil? His mother. Who sanctified St. Louis? His mother. Intrusted with the precious balm of faith, as soon as a child was born to them, those Christian mothers left neither the cradle nor the bed, until they had poured, drop by drop, into its half-open mouth the pure milk of the gospel. From mothers sprung that race of martyrs, so noble and so gentle, blending the lion and the lamb; it was mothers who created that army of crusaders, with breasts encased in steel, and hearts clothed on with charity.

> "A mother's love, how pure,
> How tender aud how strong!
> How long it will endure;
> How passive bear each wrong!"

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS AS WELL AS FOR THE GREAT FOLKS.

HAVE you the right sort of religion, little friends? Not unless it is Bible—Jesus Christ's—religion, transforming, purifying, sanctifying. To be the right sort it must be salvation throughout, spirit, soul, and body, making you whole every "whit," one new man in Christ Jesus. Old things must pass away, and behold, all things must become new. The religion of the right sort, the religion of Jesus, has a moulding influence, renovating, wonderful, glorious! If Jesus Christ's religion is yours in very deed, you have been buried with him, and are risen with him to newness of life, you will not engage henceforth in frivolity, in things trifling, nonsensical, "foolish talking or jesting," which are not convenient; but "rather giving of thanks."

Your delight will be in the law of the Lord, and in his law you will meditate day and night. The words of Jesus will be "sweeter to you than honey and the honey-comb." Furthermore, if your religion is the right kind—soul-saving—you will have faith working by love, humble trust in the Lord, a spirit of prayer also. Your closet will be a constant resort, a little Bethel, next door to heaven. Your seasons for secret devotion will be regular, joyous, heart-felt, soul-kindling. Moreover, you will deny yourselves all ungodliness and worldly lusts; live soberly, righteously, and godly day in, day out; keep your bodies under, bring them into entire subjection; be "temperate in all things."

Another important item in the true religion is, it sets everybody at work going about doing good, imitating Jesus.

Little friends, how is it? Are you on the alert, wide-

awake, stretching every nerve in scattering the good seed; in diffusing light, life, and salvation? In a word, are your souls on *fire* for truth and love in every direction?

Is this setting the mark too high? Not a particle, young readers. If you doubt it in the least, go to Jesus; ask him; look at his sermon on the mount; turn to the epistles of Paul, Peter, James, and John. We repeat, tell you over and over, that God requires the very same religion of the little folks that he does of the great folks. The religion that takes the great folks to heaven, the very same takes the little folks to heaven—nothing short.

Turn to the article on the next page and you see what we mean exactly by the right sort of religion, and what the Lord requires of the little folks as well as of the great folks.

SAFETY IN THE LORD? NOWHERE ELSE.

"There shall no evil come to thee; nor shall the scourge come near thy dwelling. For he hath given his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." *Psalm* xci.

"Take heed that thou despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you, that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." *Matt.* xviii.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" *Heb.* i. "Behold, I will send my angel, who shall go before thee, and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place I have prepared. Take notice of him and hear his voice." *Exodus*, xxiii.

THE LITTLE FOLKS DIE THE DEATH AS WELL AS THE BIG FOLKS.

NO DIFFERENCE WHATEVER. WHY SHOULD THERE BE? GOD MAKES NONE.

"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death?"—*Rom.* vi. 3.

ARE you dead, little Christian—dead to sin and alive to God through our Lord Jesus Christ? The first thing is to die before we live.

No one, little or big, can live as he ought, shine brightly, till dead and buried—dead with Christ, buried with him, and risen with him to newness of life. Turn to *Romans*, vi. 4, and see for yourselves. Then read, also, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th verses of the same chapter. Here it is clear as noonday. We have to die before we live to purpose. *What*, pretend to live and glorify God in your bodies and spirits, and at the same time be in bondage to sin, under condemnation? "O wretched man," said Paul, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." "If Christ be in you the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness."

Paul died to sin, was crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be destroyed—that henceforth he should not serve sin.

"For he that is dead is freed from sin. Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him: knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let not sin therefore

reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin: but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God."—*Rom.* vi. 7–13.

What more conclusive on dying the death and rising with Christ to newness of life? Little Christian, is it not just as much your duty and privilege to die to sin and be made alive in Jesus as it was for Paul, or as it is for any of the big Christians? Certainly it is. The Lord makes no distinction whatever between old Christians and young Christians, little or big. What the Lord requires of great folks, the very same he requires of the littlest of the little, where grace is proffered freely, light from heaven, the word and the testimony. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." And "without holiness" no little folks shall see the Lord. If Paul was crucified with Christ, so must we be crucified with Christ. Jesus was called Jesus, what for? To save his people *from* their sins or *in* their sins? Look and see—*Matt.* i. 21. Little Christians need to be washed clean in this open fountain for sin and uncleanness, as much as those advanced in life. Children need clean hearts, holy hearts, sanctified hearts, perfect love, hearts of fire and tongues of fire, just as much, if not more, to glorify God, as the oldest and the biggest Christians.

Why should children born of the Spirit carry about the body of this death, the remains of a carnal heart, pride, covetousness, evil tempers, self-will, sins of omission and commission, of thought, word, and deed, any more than grown-up persons, men and women professing godliness?

The blood of Jesus Christ is just as efficacious in cleans-

ing little hearts from all unrighteousness, making them pure, white, unspotted, free indeed and joyful, as it is in cleansing and making great hearts pure, holy, happy, and joyful, if so be the conditions of full salvation are complied with. If the little Christians obey God in all things; submit themselves wholly to his will; present their bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service; come out, entirely and forever, from the world, its fashions, follies, all sinful pleasure-seekings, and "touch not the unclean thing," the promise to them is certain—that God will be their father, and they his little sons and daughters.

Glorious! Sin shall have no more dominion over them, "for ye are not under the law but under grace." Then when all is on the altar Christ Jesus—time, talents, property, reputation, everything—God says himself, "I will be a father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters."—2 *Cor.* vi. 18.

Now this promise, and all the great and precious promises by which we are made partakers of the divine nature, are just as applicable to the littlest Christian as they are to the greatest. Why not, then, little readers, embrace them heartily at once, give yourselves up now to be wholly the Lord's, henceforth and *forever?*

Look to Jesus now for this entire cleansing and purifying? Unquestionably; this very moment—delay not. Now is the accepted time; Jesus is waiting with open arms to receive you. Take your impure hearts—the least and last remains of sin—to him forthwith, that you may be clean, every "whit," through the blood of sprinkling, the word of his grace. "For by grace ye are saved—not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." "According to your faith be it unto you."

Now, little Christians, "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Quench not the Spirit. Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."—1 *Thes.* v. 16–24.

"BE YE HOLY, FOR I AM HOLY."

"As he who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation, because it is written: Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth, for ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." "Be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world."—*Phil.* ii. 15.

"Let us therefore," says Paul, "as many as be perfect, be thus minded. . . . Whereunto we have attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing. Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them who walk so as ye have us for an ensample—for many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."

"'Tis not a cause of small import
A holy life demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd the Saviour's hands."

WINNING THE HEARTS OF LITTLE FOLKS.

THE heart of a child is easily won. Love begets love. Love children and they will love you. Let children feel that you care for them, that you are interested in all that interests them, that you sympathize with them in all their little sorrows, rejoice with them in all their little joys, that you are their friend, and you have the key to their hearts. Teachers do you wish to be loved by your pupils? Love them. Children read hearts intuitively.

LOVE IN A FAMILY.

We have not half confidence enough in the power of love to disarm the violent and to reclaim the vicious. The fault begins in our families.

Parents lose the confidence of their children, never to be regained, by injustice, selfishness, and the absence of love! Love is the grand secret in domestic education. Give your children a genial, loving atmosphere in which to grow.

Love precludes not decision or correction, but is prompt in the execution of both.

Deal with your children as God deals with his. Do not meet their anger with your anger, their petulance with your own, or their obstinacy with wilfulness still greater. Overcome evil with good. When God called himself a father, he chose a name which he designed to be significant of overflowing love, tender mercy, and long-continued forbearance.

"Parents, provoke not your children to wrath."

What will not love do? Who can describe its powerful, subduing influences? Who ever accomplished anything by reproaches, or violence, or harsh measures? You gratify a private and dark passion in your own heart, and arouse a darker one in another bosom. Oh, try the mighty efficacy of love. One smile of genuine sympathy is worth all your purse to the beggar. "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." 1 *John*, iii. 7.

Parents, commend your little ones whenever they do right, perform that which is good and praiseworthy. Whenever they are quick to obey cheerfully, express your grateful approbation; tell them how well you are pleased, how exceedingly gratified you are at any improvement in well-doing.

HINTS TO MINISTERS—TALKING TO LITTLE FOLKS.

"'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stray."

BELOVED in the gospel, do you talk to children, little prattlers, innocent, beautiful, lamb-like—take them in your arms, give them a rosy kiss? "*Thank God for little children.*"

When you meet the lambs of the flock, in doors or out, do you study to gain their good-will, their affections; labor to interest them in things lovely and of good report, things pertaining to the joys that await the blessed?

Smile upon a child—have you not won its heart? Does it not smile in return? Do not its eyes follow you? Does not its face sadden as you disappear, and smile when you come again? Does that smile cost you anything?

What parent will not love you if you show an interest in his child?

What church will not value the minister who thus wins the love and esteem of parent and child?

Will not "outsiders" come to see, and hear, and be converted under the minister who has first won the hearts of their children?

As a matter of fact and personal experience, did you ever know a preacher who paid no attention to the children to be truly popular; or one that did, to be unpopular? He who never notices children may be respected, feared, obeyed; but is he truly loved?

"Ministers dear, guard these jewels,
As sacred offerings meet,
A wealth of household treasures
To lay at Jesus' feet."

LITTLE DISCIPLE OF THE LORD JESUS.

"*What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*"—Micah, vi.

"Live not for self, oh, child of earth,
Seek not thy good alone."

"LET not mercy and truth forsake thee, bind them about thy neck, write them on the table of thy heart."

The young disciple, in the first movings of saving grace, the very moment he breathes the atmosphere of heaven, drinks at the well of living waters, enjoys the sweet, enchanting smiles of pardoning mercy, is meek, mild, modest, humble, child-like, lamb-like, full of love, teachable. "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" is the overflowing response. He is obedient to the slightest intimation of duty and self-denial.

Little readers, is this so of you? Ministers of the true sanctuary, will you take these lambs of the flock; carry them in the bosom of the fulness of the gospel; post them on every Bible reform; equip them fully for the battle-field; see their armor is kept bright and glittering, shining brighter and brighter evermore? Teach them how to read, sing, pray, preach, walk, live, glorify God in all things; how to keep themselves unspotted from the world? If these lambs wander from the fold, turn again to the beggarly elements, in whose skirt will blood be found? "The elders which are among you I exhort; feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof."

"Awake to better, nobler deeds,
Attain to a holier life;
Let not thy ardent zeal be quench'd
In the din of worldly strife."

FEEDING THE LAMBS.

"*Feed my lambs, feed my sheep.*"

"The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild."

Do you, pastors, feed the lambs of the flock? How? With what kind of food—wholesome, nourishing, digestible; with the sincere, unadulterated milk of the word, that they may grow thereby? The reason why so many lambs sicken and die is, the shepherds are not faithful, the kind of food necessary for health and growth is not administered. Likewise, many of them are suffered to wander from the fold, upon the dark mountains of sin and error; they sicken, they die, they perish.

It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish. The good Shepherd watches over his flock by day and by night, and if a single lamb wanders from the fold, into by-paths or quagmires, he is off, *off instantly*, in search of the lost one. Nor does he rest till it is safely in the fold—the bosom of love.

"*Feed my lambs.*"

How great the love of the good Shepherd for the sheep! Not only a life of toil, but a cruel death bears witness to his love. When about to ascend, to a chosen apostle he addresses the question, "Lovest thou me?" Then to an affirmative answer responds, "Feed my sheep;" thus showing that the work of the preacher was a work of love, and that the great and controlling motive-power in this work was love to the Master. It was this that prompted the early disciples to endure great hardships and privations, and enabled them to rejoice that they were suffering for Christ's sake.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST BORN.

"Lids like snow-flakes, dropped above;
Eyes like summer blossom;
Lips a rosebud, made for love;
Dimpled cheek and bosom."

MOTHER, what will you do with this sweet little God-send? Take it to Jesus now? "Too little," say you? No, it aint; now's the time—the precious, all-important. The very moment a child opens its eyes, beholds the spangled heavens, hears nature's voice, its character is forming for time, for eternity: every thought, look, word, smile, or frown goes to fill up. Is the atmosphere pure and holy, it inhales it; is it corrupt, morally contaminated, it breathes it, drinks it in. Every *inch* of time at this early period is invaluable. The habits are forming for realms of light and glory, or woe interminable, infinite. A child's time is more precious than gold; every moment should be made to count—it will count, avoid it you cannot. As soon stay the revolving moon or hush the roaring, bellowing tide. Educate your child, or Satan will.

HOW EARLY SAVE THE LITTLE FOLKS?

JUST as early, parents, as you take them to Jesus, in faith presenting them and yourselves living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. Jesus always stands ready with open arms to receive them.

The heathen mother takes her babe to the idol temple, and teaches it to clasp its little hands before its forehead in the attitude of prayer, long before it can utter a word. As soon as it can walk it is taught to gather a few flowers or fruits, or put a little rice upon a banana-leaf, and lay them upon the altar before the idol. As soon as it can utter the names of its parents, so soon it is taught to offer up its petitions before the images. Who ever saw a heathen child that could speak, and not pray? Christian mothers, why is it that so many children grow up in this enlightened land without learning to pray in the spirit, in the name of Jesus!

PARENTS, look at such promises as this: "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, and as rivers by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand, and shall surname himself by the name of Israel." The history of some families is a delightful fulfilment of this promise. Young hearts are the best in which to lay, deep and broad, the foundations of usefulness. There is no hope that your child will do anything for Christ till you can see him at the foot of the cross, repenting, believing, devoting himself wholly to the Lord.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP AND OF THE LAMBS.

"Jesus loves a little child;
He was lowly, meek, and mild."

How sweet it is, dear children, to be a little one whom Jesus loves, and how happy must those little ones be that know his love and prize it! How happy a thing it would be, if every little one were a lamb of the great and good Shepherd! And why should it not be so? Each one is invited to come to Jesus. If you would be happy, come to this great and loving Shepherd, who carries the lambs in his arms. Seek now your Saviour in the days of your childhood; you will then be happy for life and prepared for death. This would not be the mere delight of the moment, as your pleasures now are; it would be eternal happiness, eternal joy.

Will you not come to the good Shepherd? He loves the lambs as well as the sheep of his flock. He is the door as well as the shepherd. Hear what he says: "I am the door of the sheep; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." Blessed Jesus, draw the little ones to thyself!

"Jesus from heaven came down to die
For little children young as I;
So great his love, his life he gave,
Our guilty souls from hell to save.

"Oh, may I love and praise his name,
Who once for me a child became:
Help me, O Lord, thy will to do;
My sins forgive, my heart renew."

"He will feed his flock like a shepherd: he will gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

EARLY PIETY: THE BUD BLOSSOMING.—NO. 1.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN GAIUS AND CRISPUS.

Crispus.—

"I saw a lovely boy
  Kneel down beside a chair,
Then place his head upon his hands
  And sweetly lisp a prayer.
A lovelier sight was ne'er beheld—
  No mock'ry was his part—
That infant form, thus bent in prayer,
  Might shame an older heart.

"And there he knelt, nor moved he then,
  Nor turn'd his little head,
Till all his prayer was finish'd,
  The last—last word was said.
I gazed entranced upon the child,
  So artless, young, and pure,
And fondly wish'd his little form
  Might long with us endure."

Gaius. Beautiful! *beautiful!* ecstatically! What more lovely than a little child, obedient, mild, gentle as the Lamb of God? But how train him thus, bring him up?

C. How do you live, brother Gaius, breathe, eat, sleep? God himself reveals the secret—the wayfaring men, though fools, need not err. It is clock-work; done by rule, square, and compass. Step one step, and the next and the next—light dawns, hope dawns. Walk by faith, go forward.

G. Specify, if you please, brother.

C. Subdue the will—at once, now, the instant the least spark of evil enkindles! Keep subduing it—it must be done by mildness and gentleness if possible; but BE SURE and do it—put out the fire! The will is the lever that moves the universe.

Lay the foundation *deep.* "Work well done is twice done." "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." Place the finger on the spot of the leprosy *instantly.*

G. Is not this omission the rock on which many a vessel is wrecked?

C. Shivered! dashed to *atoms!* Why is hell peopled at all? Guess? The indomitable, unsubdued, incorrigible will! Submit to God, when never taught to submit to the parent? How can it, how *will* it? Picture heaven glowingly; shake this stubborn child or youth over the burning flames of damnation—even with the mighty strivings of God's Holy Spirit—and still the young rebel squirms, and kicks rebellion!

Think you, dear Gaius, the blood of this soul will not be required of that parent who, from false tenderness, or any cause, failed to correct him, duly and timely?

G. Thought momentous! Rather perish the day in which the child was born, or be a hidden, untimely birth.

C. When the fond mother bringeth her first-born into the world, let her pause—*stop* as on the brink of eternity—ask herself, shall this sweet little one, so precious, so very dear to my soul, dwell with devils and spirits *damned!* or be a seraph, pure, washed in the blood of the Lamb, tuning his golden harp around God's holy throne *forever?*

The keys of life and of death are deposited in the hands of mothers. *Obey* God in household duty, and the soul is saved, made an angel; *disobey*, and it becomes a devil incarnate, a spirit *lost!** In our next interview, beloved Gaius, I propose, the Lord helping, to show minutely the why's and the wherefore's.

PARENTS INEXCUSABLE.

Let those parents who would continue to excuse themselves by observing, "We cannot give grace to our children," lay their hand on their heart and say whether they ever knew an instance where God withheld his grace while they were in humble subserviency to him, fulfilling their duty. The real state of the case is—parents cannot do God's work, and God will not do theirs; but if they obey him, use the means, will he ever withhold his blessing?

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* We lay peculiar stress on the duty of the mother. By her, the first and deepest impressions are made. But is the father's responsibility less momentous? Each is involved. Parents must be united perfectly in discipline; not a jarring sound must be. not a *breath* of discord.

EARLY PIETY: THE BUD BLOSSOMING.—NO. 2.

CRISPUS AND GAIUS.

Crispus.—

"I want to be an angel," said a child,
As on his mother's face he look'd and smiled.
"What means my son?" the mother mildly said;
And the young child reclined his little head;
Whispering once more, in sorrowful reply,
"I want to be an angel—and to die!"
"And why, my darling?"—"Because heaven is there;
High up beyond those stars, so pure and fair,
Where angels live and love God, who gave
His Word to comfort and his Son to save."
The mother called him to her knee and wept—
Wept with the child, and he sank down and slept
Upon her bosom; then she meekly rose
And took him to his chamber's calm repose.
She knelt and pray'd such prayers as mothers pray,
That God would guide him through life's stormy way;
That he might give his heart to God, and stand
Forever gazing toward the blessed land."

Gaius. Brother Crispus, your theory is admirable, soul-cheering. Carry out the idea in punctilious form—salvation *streams!* and very soon the deserts blossom as the rose, the little hills skip and dance, and all the trees of the field clap their hands joyfully! But why enchant with scenes merely ideal? Why picture golden crowns that are never to grace our heads? What! bring a clean thing from an unclean? Why, Crispus, children are conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity; their little hearts are bound up in foolishness; they go astray, speaking lies, as soon as

born. Besides, the very atmosphere inhaled is *malaria!* Transform these at an early day, and keep them *transformed?* Make them sweet, docile, lamb-like? If the Lord make windows in heaven and pour down salvation, then I believe it, not till then.

C. Face God with a *lie?* *Dare* you? No commands or promises are more *decisively* positive than those touching this very point. Does God say emphatically, covet not, lie not, steal not, swear not? What else? "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Believe the first and deny the last!

G. Let example speak. Has one, even *one*, toed the mark *ever?* Place your finger here, I yield.

C. Fine logic, truly. Everybody *has* done foolishly and wickedly, nobody *has* done right; therefore it is right that nobody does right, and that nobody ever *will* do right! The premise is false, the conclusion *false!*

Has God left himself without witness? Go back to ancient days. What saith he of Abraham? "I *know* him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and he shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." Yes; God *knew* him, and that his house would be a house of order, and blessed him accordingly. Is not this a case in point?

G. Another instance, if you please, brother.

C. Little Samuel, sweet cherub! My soul leaps joyfully at the very naming of the little fellow. Dedicated to God ere embryo formation.

Hannah, his sainted mother, recalled not the solemn vow? Hear her: "I have lent him to the Lord as long as he liveth." *Forever?* Glorious! Let every mother do thus, hell-gate is closed, barred; earth is heaven. But alas!

many religious parents vow and pay not; suffer their offspring to grow up as the wild ass's colt, a curse to themselves, a curse to the neighborhood, a curse to the world! A *bitter* curse! Perjury? What else?

G. Proceed, Crispus. My soul is wrapped in admiration profound.

C. Follow the stream of time; prepare your golden harp; tune it afresh; touch chords heavenly. Did not angels at the birth of King Emanuel? But *stop;* not so fast. Who were Zacharias and Elizabeth? What did they do? Walked "in all the commandments of the Lord blameless." Not in one or two of them merely, but in *all*, including parental discipline. How did they train their first, their only-begotten, whom the angel of God named "John?" His after-life speaks it. From his very *birth* the Holy Spirit took possession of his precious little soul! Call this miraculous? Call it what you please; God is ever faithful to his promise.

G. Can you specify other cases?

C. Timothy! What name sounds more sweetly harmonious? Who transformed his soul early; steeped him in God's ritual; *grasped* every *shred* of holy inspiration; applied it, watered it with prayer as the dew of heaven? Who was it? Guess. Yes; little Timothy was modelled, remodelled from dawning infancy; trained up, catechised in the pure principles of God's own word. 2 *Tim.* iii. 15. By these daily and hourly inculcations, followed by prayer, ardent with holy example, God's spirit meanwhile accompanying, his little soul was sanctified—*transformed* into the very image of God's most holy.

Did this little lamp burn feebly for a season and then expire? Nay; the promise was realized, *amply.* The fire kindled, burned brighter and brighter—*blazed* refulgently

—lighted other fires, till the whole apostolic world was illuminated! This example is for *us*, for all time future. And who knows, beloved Gaius, what multitudes have been stimulated by these holy examples, and walked in the same steps?

G. Crispus dear, will you allow a single digression? How is this, pray? Under the Jewish theocracy, it seems, education, so far as pure simplicity and godly fear are concerned, was far in advance of modern refinement. Will you divine?

C. Clear as the sun's beaming rays. The Bible, sir, the Bible, so much of it as then *was;* the Bible, every shred of holy *writ*, was eaten up. Going out, coming in, rising up, lying down; the sacred elements were made to *ring* in every ear. Yes, their very *frontlets* were marked indelibly with inscriptions pure.

Now how is it? Alas! what reckless indifference, what criminal ignorance of the word and the life, purchased at the price of blood!

> "'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
> And sets the soul at liberty
> From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
> And then within the heart doth reign."

THE CAPABILITY OF THE LITTLE FOLKS.

There is no doctrine of the word of God which a child, if he is capable of salvation, is not capable of receiving. Teach children all the great doctrines of truth, without a solitary exception. As soon as a child is capable of being damned, it is capable of being saved. As soon as a child can sin, that child can, God's grace assisting it, believe and receive the word of God.

BUSY FOLKS—FOLKS THAT ARE BUSY.

THE little one and the big ones are busy as busy can be, in things good, pure, and elevating. That's the way, mother, keep them busy, the little folks and the great folks, every one. Give them all something good to read, pure, virtuous, heavenly. Above all, and over all, *be sure* to give God's book the first place in the minds and hearts of your rising offspring; form the taste on the principles of gospel purity. Then no desire will be had for the vain, the foolish, the volatile, the visionary.

God gave us this precious volume, this Book of books, *expressly* to discern what is wise, safe, pure, lovely, virtuous, excellent in things intellectual and spiritual. Parents, begin with the Bible to form the taste in things beautiful, excellent, pure, lovely, heavenly, glorious, as soon as your little ones lisp a syllable audibly. The very moment the infantile mind expands, beams forth its radiant, uncontam-

inated, guileless simplicity, take the Bible, place it in the hands of your children; teach them to reverence it, read it, honor it, love it, treasure it up, practise it, abide by it: clasp it to their bosoms as a precious treasure, more precious than gold, "sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb." The neglecting of this blessed book in forming the early taste has been the downfall of individuals, families, communities, nations, the whole world!

By *all means*, then, let the Bible be the book to form your tastes, your children's tastes, and your children's children's tastes, to the third and fourth generations. Everybody's taste, young and old, should be formed on this book. There is no book like it to form the taste, to make it just what it ought to be.

> "Oh, happy they, who in their youth
> Are brought to know and love the truth!
> For none but those whom truth makes free
> Can e'er enjoy true liberty."

"And these words," saith the Lord, "which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand; and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them on the posts of thine house, and on thy gates." *Deut.* vi. 6–8.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." *Prov.* xx. 11.

TEACH THE BIBLE TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!"

MAKE the study of the Holy Scriptures the first thing in family training. How came little Timothy wise unto salvation? Through the instrumentality of his pious mother, grandmother, and the Holy Scriptures, he became wise in heavenly things, even from his childhood—"through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Do we make the salvation of our children the first and supreme object? A knowledge of the Bible is indispensable. Nowhere else can we learn the truth in relation to God, or find out what must be done to secure our soul's salvation. It is only from the Bible we learn that God is love; that his character is spotlessly holy. There we are informed that our first duty, our chief interest, is to acquire a character in righteousness and benevolence like God's. It is on the pages of the Bible we discover that, having all revolted from God, lost his favor, become exposed to destruction, we can be saved; not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by the washing of regeneration and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the Bible the only safe rules of conduct are laid down. There are presented the most forcible inducements to conduct ourselves virtuously and piously—the brightest rewards promised to the righteous, the most fearful woe threatened to the sinner. In a word, the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. Wherewithal, it is asked, shall a young man cleanse his way? The only satisfactory answer is, by "taking heed thereto, according to thy word."

If, therefore, it is so important that men should understand the Bible to be saved, it is especially desirable to impart this knowledge as early as possible to our offspring. Children are better prepared to receive the truth than they will be at any other time of life. It is important that much of the Bible should be treasured up in the memory. The memory of children is naturally strong and retentive. It is less likely that a truth lodged in their mind will be lost, than it is with other persons. If the truths of the Bible be judiciously and kindly exhibited to them, they will more probably be received in the love of them than in riper years. There is more hope of doing them good. Their habits of sin are not confirmed; their love of the world is less ardent. They have not learned to treat religion and eternal things with indifference and scorn. If ever it can be hoped that religious instruction will do anything to mould the character into a right state, to form one to virtuous and pious habits, this hope may be cherished with respect to the young. If ever there be a time when we may expect the influences of the Spirit to attend our instructions and make them efficacious, childhood is the time. We are directed to sow our seed in the morning. If sown then, it is the more likely to germinate, and bear fruit unto eternal life.

The most important part of education every parent in a Christian land may so control, as to be able to say, when his offspring arrive at maturity, from childhood they have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation.

A WORD FROM THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

"Our children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth. When turned a year old, they were taught to fear the rod and cry softly, by which means they escaped much correction, which they might otherwise have had, and that most odious noise, of the crying of children, was rarely ever heard in the house. As soon as they grew pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. And when they could handle a knife and fork they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat. Eating and drinking between meals were never allowed, unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given to them, that when any of them were ill there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicines, for they dare not refuse it.

"To form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees; but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterward broken. When the will of a child is subdued, it reveres and stands in awe of its parents. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when

this is done, then the child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

"As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children, insures their wretchedness and irreligion. Whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we further consider that religion is nothing else than doing the will of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone, so that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving of a soul; the parent who indulges it, does the devil's work, and makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, forever! Our children were taught the Lord's Prayer as soon as they could speak. They were early taught to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, and to be still at family prayers. They were quickly made to understand 'they should have nothing they cried for.'"

THE MOTHER'S MISSION.

"Sometimes mothers think it is hard to be shut up at home with the care of little children. But she that takes care of little children takes care of great eternities. She that takes care of a little child takes care of an empire that knows no bounds and no dimensions."

NURSING LITTLE FOLKS FOR THE LORD.

TRAINING THEM "IN THE WAY THEY SHOULD GO."

Blessed woman!

"There, 'mid the sunshine and the flowers,
No longer mayst thou lightly stray;
The great trust of thy womanhood
Is laid upon thy soul to-day."

When God lays a new-born babe in the arms of a wedded pair, he says to them, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." God offers the only wages that can satisfy the claims of love. He pays the heart's claim in the heart's own coin. What wages could repay Hannah's prayerful care like the sight of Samuel's after-career as Israel's upright judge? Moses standing on the mount was the "wages" of the Hebrew mother who

cradled him in her basket of rushes. St. Augustine's mighty service for the gospel was the best reward that God could give to Monica. John Wesley's mother was repaid for all her patient discipline. George Washington was God's reward to Washington's good mother; as Archibald Alexander and Brown of Haddington were to theirs.

The "wages of sin is death," and of no sin more surely than parental. It is death to peace of mind; death to domestic happiness; death to the neglected or misguided souls of their offspring.

"Take this child and nurse it for ME, and I will give thee thy wages," is the inscription which God's hand writes on every cradle. "When I dressed my child each morning, I prayed that Jesus would clothe it with purity," said a godly mother to one who inquired her secret of good training. "When I wash it, I pray that his blood will cleanse its young soul from evil; when I feed it, I pray that its heart may be nourished with truth, and may grow into likeness with the youthful Jesus of Nazareth." Here was religious training from the cradle. It began with the dawn, and its course was like the sun, growing more full-orbed in beauty until the "perfect day." That mother received her golden wages in the early conversion, usefulness, and honor of all her children. "Go thou and do likewise."

> "Lo, when our loving Saviour comes,
> And death yields up its prey,
> We'll meet those darling little ones
> In realms of endless day."

"THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the holy is understanding." *Prov.* ix. 10.

SIGHT BEAUTIFUL! SIGHT HEAVENLY!

YOUNG friends, what more beautiful than a group of little girls, from eight to twelve years of age, assembled for prayer and praise?

This lovely sight we beheld recently on Long Island. While conversing with a lady, we heard sweet music, songs of praise. The lady informed us that some eight or ten school-children, during intermission, met in a room of hers to sing and pray. Pray? Yes; surely, fervently, for their parents, brothers and sisters, sinners, the poor, the widow, and the orphan; for God to revive his work, that his name might be glorified.

We were permitted to join our voice with theirs. These little girls were born of the Spirit, had commenced a new life of virtue, piety, and love. Surely angels rejoice at a scene like this! Young readers, will not you begin this new life of love, yield your little hearts to God now?

The Saviour loves little children, invites them to his embrace, opens his arms wide to receive them. Will you go to this loving Jesus now, who says, "They that seek me early shall find me?" Now is the accepted time, the day of salvation.

Little friends, it's a fearful thing to die without Jesus to make a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are. Think of the judgment, when all your sins will be known, brought to light—every wicked thought, word, and action.

Will you, dear little ones, say,

> "Here's my heart—to God I give it;
> Voice and tongue to praise his name:
> I have life—to him I live it;
> Hands—to him devote the same?"

LOVING LITTLE FOLKS.

"I almost think the angels
Who tend life's garden fair,
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms
That bloom around us here."

THESE lively cherubs enlighten our pathway and cheer us onward. They are the roses of morning, the flowers of Eden, and the spice of life, the smiling beauties of springtime. How many valuable lessons do little children, sweet, smiling, lovely, obedient, lamb-like, teach us!

Jesus took little children in his arms, blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." *Matt.* xviii. 3.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK SWEET AS HEAVEN.

THE MORE LITTLE FOLKS THE BETTER.

"Thank God for little children—
Bright flowers by earth's wayside—
The dancing, joyous life-boats
Upon life's stormy tide."

THE more little folks the more joyful they make us. Every new-comer adds fresh joy to the family circle. Let the sweet little angels come without number, if nurtured for Jesus, made white in his blood.

"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hands of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." *Psalm* cxxvii. 3–5.

Here we have God's own testimony to the fact that children are designed to increase our happiness. Is not heaven made happier, more joyful, when a redeemed soul is added to the number of the heavenly host? Do not songs of praise to God then rise higher, sweeter, more ecstatically melodious and glorious?

So, likewise, families where order is heaven's first law; where peace reigns, and children are olive-plants around the table; where sons grow up plants of the Lord's planting, and the daughters are polished stones, "polished after the similitude of a palace." *Psalm* cxliv. 12. Is not joy unspeakable in such a family when a newly-born babe is ushered in? Furthermore, holy influences go out of such Edens or little heavens on earth, schools of Christ. Salvation *streams!* goes forth as the light of the morning! Every child is a missionary for Jesus, an angel of mercy, diffusing new light, new hope, new joy, as time rolls on, a blessing to nations yet unborn!

THE BABY JESUS.

THAT dear baby, how precious! We would like to write a book about him. But if we commenced, where the stopping-place? Volumes on volumes would not be sufficient to unfold a thousandth part of his beauties on beauties —glories on glories.

The story in the Bible is so briefly and simply told, that few realize it in all its beauty. How many mothers remember, as they sit engaged in the delightful task of making tiny, beautiful garments for the first-born child, that just so Mary sat and worked for the wonderful One, who was the Son of God?

We love to think of Mary and her Babe; how supremely happy she must have been—for to every true mother her child is a *divine* object, and how much more would it be so did she know that the Almighty God himself was his father!

Happy, happy Mary!

The baby Jesus received presents too, and very costly ones; for the wise men came inquiring for him, and saying, "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Think how wonderful that was. A star appeared in the sky, which moved and led the wise men to a place where lay a little infant, a tiny, tender, new-born baby, the destined Saviour of all mankind! Then, when they had found the Child and worshipped him, "they presented unto him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

The dear Baby! how much he was like all other babies after all! His mother washed, and dressed, and undressed him daily, tended him, carried him in her arms, sang him to sleep. What an exquisite happiness that must have been!

LITTLE ELLA SLEEPS.

TWO ON EARTH—TWO IN HEAVEN.

"She came to smile and blush awhile,
Like lovely flowers in May:
To win each heart with guileless art,
And then to pass away."

"You have two children," said I.

"I have four," was the reply—"two on earth, two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still hers, only gone before! Still remembered, loved, and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven!"

Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible cords drawing the material soul upward. "Still small voices" ever whisper "Come!" to the world-weary spirit.

"Two in heaven!"

"Mother of angels!" Walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footsteps! Cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth-taint; so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee.

"Art thou a mother? Then to thee are given
Gems weighing more than all the stars of even;
Guard thou the treasure with a sleepless eye,
The Master watches from his throne on high,
Fear thou no suffering, count no toil a cross
To lose thy jewels is eternal loss."

THE HAPPY FAMILY—A HEAVEN BELOW.

Early training—what the advantages of it? the special benefits? the glory following?

Infinite, unspeakable, everlasting. "Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral or pearls; for the price of this early heavenly training is above rubies."

Children trained in wisdom's ways, truth, and love from infancy, are happy all the day, cheerful, joyous. "The

ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"Oh, how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey!"

Not a jar of discord, not a murmuring thought of impatience in the family-circle—all is sweet, heavenly, harmonious. It is love in the morning, love at noon; love as the evening shades draw near. It is love lying down, love rising up, love going out, love coming in.

"Love through all their actions run,
And all their words are mild;
They're like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child."

Happy children—kind, loving, affectionate, obedient,—make happy parents. What blessing to parents, this side heaven, greater than a family of children, meek, mild, gentle—obedient sons and daughters, "polished after the similitude of a palace?"

In the praying-circle, morning, noon, at eventide, around the family altar all are present, from the littlest to the biggest, invariably the very *instant* of the tinkling of the bell, hush as heaven, innocent as doves, meek, humble, quiet, peaceful, orderly, gentle, smilingly obedient, bowing the knee with godly fear and reverential awe. The littlest of the little lift their "tiny" hands and hearts prayerfully at the throne of mercy! Sight lovely! angelically beautiful!

God is a God of order—to be feared and had in reverence by all about him. They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, in the beauty of holiness. "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Be more ready to hear, than give the sacrifice of fools."

Then, at table, how is it? Quiet, orderly, peaceful, clock-work? Altogether so: the children are courteous, cheerful, sweet, heavenly, "olive-plants," kind, obedient, God-fearing. They eat whatever is set before them thankfully, asking no questions, exhibiting whatever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. A picture of beauty exquisite, an Eden, a Paradise below, the entering of heaven's gate, the topstone angelic.

> "The lambs of Jesus, they are meek;
> The words of peace and truth they speak."

Finally, think of the light heavenly, joy, salvation, glory on glory, going out daily from this heaven below, this city set on a hill. Think of the little ones trained for missionary fields, white for harvesting—on the alert, imitating Jesus, "going about doing good," administering consolation, causing the widow's heart to sing for joy.

What sight on earth more delightful, transportingly joyous. At such a sight the hosts angelic tune their harps afresh, glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to man.

Is this picture too highly colored, above the common walk, quite on the verge of heaven? Does God, the ever-blessed, require less of little folks or great folks? Will he accept a less holy standard? Will anything short of this gospel purity, or entire consecratedness to God's service, insure any one a seat in glory, on the right hand of Mercy Eternal?

Look and see, search and see; to the law and the testimony.

> "Some angel guide my pen, while I draw
> What nothing else than angel can exceed—
> Children on earth devoted to the skies."

WATTS AND HIS CRADLE HYMN.

"Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

"Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
And without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

"How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

"Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay."

THE HAPPY FAMILY THE PRAYING FAMILY.

"*O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before our Maker.*"

"Come to the place of prayer!
Parents and children, come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are."

THAT happy family, the "heaven below"—as every family should be—alluded to on page 70, is a praying family; their souls, from the least to the greatest, are on fire for salvation, at home and abroad. This family is remarkable, one among a thousand, for heartfelt, soul-kindling devotion. It is truly wonderful, heart-cheering, to witness this continual stream of holy incense rising up. They make everything so burningly, scorchingly hot with prayer and praise, that Satan finds no lodgment. Prayer is the mainspring, all-prevailing; it moves everything—the heavens shake, the earth quakes!

Was ever the like? It is praying here, praying there, rising up, lying down, going out, coming in, doing this, doing that. Every breath seems fraught with heaven! Everything is carried by faith and prayer, prayer and faith.

They pray *always*, lift up holy hands, without wrath or doubting, *everywhere*. Closet prayer, family prayer, social prayer, public prayer is regular, systematic, timely, unceasing. It is prayer in the morning, it's prayer at noon, it's prayer at eventide. It is *pray, pray, pray*—no end to it. They pray all the time, and keep on praying all the time in the spirit, watching thereunto. Prayer is the watchword, the motto, the text-book. They begin the day with prayer and end it in prayer. This praying family and heavenly family are proverbial for their praying spirit.

In their morning, noon, and evening services around the family altar, at meetings for social prayer, praise, and testimony, they all pray, from the least to the greatest, the old and the young, the little folks and the great folks, male and female; every one seems to have caught the fire and spirit of prayer, and prayer flows out spontaneously from every heart. Blessed family! Who next?

THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Jesus, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild,
Stop and teach me what to say.

"Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost see, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry;
'Saviour, guide us by thy grace.'

"Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

"Jesus, all my sins forgive;
Make me lowly, pure in heart;
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art."

LITTLE FOLKS BIBLE REFORMERS. WHY NOT?

WHAT hinders? Why is not every little boy and girl alive, wide-awake, on fire to make the world better and happier; swift on errands of love, mercy, and truth; running here, running there, flying here, flying there on deeds benevolent, gracious, glorious? To do good to this one, to that one; making this one better and happier, and that one better and happier?

What hinders the lambs of the flock being just as zealous, just as active—if not more—in doing the Master's will, telling how good Jesus is, how ready, able, and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, as the big folks are?

Why should not these young disciples of our blessed Lord raise their little voices just as loud as the great folks do theirs, even to the highest pitch, against every evil, sins popular and unpopular, "cry aloud, spare not?" If their souls are baptized pentecostally, on fire lovingly, kindled to a flame most holy, as they should be, would they not be constrained to speak out and out, thunder out, flash out Bible-truth, here, there, all about, fearlessly, uncompromisingly?

These little Bible-reformers say with Elihu: "I said, I will answer also my part, I also will show mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine, which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak, that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips and answer." *Job*, xxxii. 17–20.

Preach? Assuredly; day in, day out, rising up, lying down; in every place, by example, precept, word of mouth; every thought, look, action speaks for Jesus.

Their little faces shining holiness glowingly, rivet conviction on the stoutest, proudest, hardest heart; the most obdurate, case-hardened, heaven-daring sinners cry out "Lord, save; we perish."

Revivals on revivals—Bible-reformatory, genuine, truly evangelical—begin, spread far and near—the earth soon "blossoms as the rose." The very spot to commence the world's salvation, spread gospel-truth to the ends of the earth, is the nursery, around the fireside, the domestic altar. Who begins? Who?

SCATTER SEED.

"In the furrows of thy life
Scatter seed!
Small may be thy spirit-field,
But a goodly crop 'twill yield:
Sow the kindly word and deed—
Scatter seed!

"Sun and shower aid thee now,
Scatter seed!
Who can tell where grain may grow?
Winds are blowing to and fro;
Daily good thy simple creed,
Scatter seed!

"Up! the morning flies away—
Scatter seed!
Hand of thine must never tire,
Heart must keep its pure desire:
While thy brothers faint and bleed,
Scatter seed!"

LITTLE FOLKS PITYING THE POOR.

THAT's right, little friends, open your hearts and purses wide. "Give, and it shall be given—pressed down, running over." "He that watereth shall be watered." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." This poor boy in the picture is not only poverty-stricken, but feeble in health, emaciated. We rejoice to see these little hands open for his relief. When we give we should do it cheerfully. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." But never give, young readers, "to be seen of men." If you do, you have "no reward of your Father who is in heaven." "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." Turn to Matthew, vi. 1–4, and see what Jesus says about alms-giving.

But stop, little folks, have you given yourselves to the Lord, wholly, spirit, soul, and body, "to be his forever?"

This is the first thing. Never put the cart before the horses. First of all repent, believe on Jesus, live in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily to the Lord and not unto men." Then when all is on the altar Christ Jesus, give, keep on giving, withhold not your little hands.

"Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land."

Give as God enables you, and as opportunity offers. Give yourselves first; then you will be duly prepared to give your substance, the bounties heaven bestows. Give while it is in your power to give. Be thankful to God for opportunities to give; and be sure to embrace them cheerfully, at the very time the heart moves charitably. Don't wait to be called upon, or urged to give to objects of mercy and love; but seek them out, go in search of them, as Job did. Ask God to open new avenues, new channels of mercy for your full, generous, overflowing hearts. Tell him you are his steward, that you desire to know how to disburse, when and where. In giving we live, move, and have our being—it is life to the soul. The choicest blessings of heaven rest on the cheerful giver.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: thou shalt find it after many days." "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Give! "How much?" As the Lord enables you, prospers you.

"As freely we ourselves receive,
So freely must we ever give."

How much did the poor widow give? One-tenth? Nay; "all the living she had." *Luke*, xxi. 4.

GIVE—KEEP GIVING.

LITTLE FOLKS CASTING THEIR MITES INTO THE TREASURY OF THE LORD.—THE HAPPY RESULTS.—A LESSON FROM IDOLATERS.

"Give! let the gift be ever so small;
Better do little than nothing at all;
An act of kindness, a word, a prayer,
To lighten the burden of sorrow and care."

A LITTLE girl, who once gave to the missionary cause a pair of mittens of her own knitting, had awakened in her heart a benevolent interest in the cause which nothing but her own action in its behalf could have excited. The heathen accustom their little children to act in the services of idolatry: when the car of Juggernaut is drawn, the hands of children seize the rope. We saw the picture of a man carrying his offering to the idol. He himself carries a fowl; his oldest son, six years old, carries three sweet potatoes; his daughter, three years old, carries a cocoanut; then follows the mother with a brass plate full of rice, and the little infant, one year old, bearing a plantain in its tiny hands. So let Christian parents train their children to *act* for Christ.

But it is not enough for a child to carry his mite now and then to the treasury of the Lord. The correct theory of training children is, that they must be taught to regard this as the grand object of the whole life. Here is a radical defect; the Church is teaching her children that doing good *will be* the business of life; she should *make it their business now.* "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Children should be constantly employed in doing good. Every day there should be something about their pursuits practically to impress the great lesson, "Ye are not your own."

THAT'S RIGHT, MOTHER, TEACH YOUR LITTLE ONE TO PRAY.

BEGIN early, take it aside, where no eye sees but God's. Teach it to pray in the spirit, in faith, in the name of Jesus. Parents frequently inquire what prayer is suitable or appropriate for little folks.

> "Forgive, O Lord, forgive, I pray,
> The naughty things that I have done,
> And take my sinful heart away,
> And make me holy like thy Son."

This prayer meets what is often a deep and felt want in the child's heart. The convictions of sin are very early in children, earlier than most people think, and they crave some form of confession to God, and of supplication for forgiveness and purity of heart.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THINGS BEAUTIFUL AND THINGS NOT BEAUTIFUL.

"Look to the garden of your heart,
For weeds are growing there;
With faithful prayer act well your part,
It needs a constant care."

WHENEVER and wherever you see little children disorderly at prayer-time—noisy, turbulent, running hither and thither, doing this, doing that, petulant, self-willed, where all should be quiet, peaceful, heavenly—take it for granted there is a foot out of joint, a spoke out of some wheel, that the parents are loose in family discipline.

At family worship every one, little and big, should be hush, still as possible, peaceful as heaven, solemn as eternity, calm as a summer's eve. The little ones especially should be as quiet as lambs, peaceful and harmless as doves, still as life, hush as heaven. Not a whisper, not a moving muscle, save it be God-ward.

Parents, begin early, at the first dawning, to discipline your family in quiet, peaceful, humble, systematic order. The very *instant* the watchword for prayer is given, let every one, from the least to the greatest, be on the spot, "lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting." Besides this clock-work, quiet, calm, sweet, heavenly order and regularity, let there be ample time allotted to do justice to this work of grace and salvation. Never hurry over family prayers. Give yourselves time and opportunity to get your hearts and souls alive—on fire! ere you go forth to your daily avocations—you gain it twice told.

"Come to the place of prayer!
Parents and children, come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are."

Beloved reader, is clock-work in the family yours; order,

heaven's first law, your model? Are your little ones "always present at family devotion, quiet as lambs, harmless as doves, calm, peaceful, orderly, heavenly? Never, if possible, suffer them to be absent, either morning or evening, as you gather around the family altar.

Be regular and systematic in every domestic duty. Come from your closet duly prepared and God will meet you, and bless you and your little ones.

> "Sweet is the smile of home! the mutual look,
> Where hearts are of each other sure;
> Sweet are the joys that crown the household nook,
> The haunt of all affections pure."

What more beautiful this side glory eternal, than a well-ordered family, God-fearing, gathered at the domestic altar for social worship, and around the table spread with heaven's bounties, where the "little ones are olive-plants," affectionate, obedient, cheerful, grateful, kind, courteous? Do not angels behold the scene with seraphic joy, smile complacently—the Lord of glory himself?

> "'Tis said that angels walk the earth—
> I'm sure it must be so,
> When round our path, scarce seen by us,
> Such bright things come and go."

TARDY FOLKS AND FOLKS NOT TARDY.

Little folks, that's right, exactly. We rejoice to see you in your place betimes. The moment you hear the bell ring for prayers, night and morning, be sure to be on the spot instantly, causing no delay, no interruption, no disorder or confusion. Some little boys and girls are tardy, slack, snail-like, have to be called once, twice, three times. Punctuality is the life of business.

THE HOUSE-TOP: OR, THE ANCIENT MODE OF HOUSE-BUILDING.

THE roof is flat, often covered over with solid earth, or a kind of plaster made of coals, ashes, stones, and other substances pounded together. On these roofs a little grass grows and shrubbery; but these soon wither under the heat of the sun. *Psalm* cxxix. 6–8.

The roofs of these houses have always been much used as places of pleasant retirement, where any one, little folks or great folks, can, if they choose, retire to read, meditate, and pray—pour out their souls in prayer to God for themselves and for others. On the tops of these houses it is common to walk in the evening, enjoy its cool breezes, and there, in summer, persons often sleep under the broad arch of heaven. On such a roof, Rahab concealed the spies with stalks of flax. *Josh.* ii. 6. Samuel talked with Saul.

1 *Sam.* ix. 25. David walked at eventide. 2 *Sam.* xi. 2. And Peter employed himself in meditation and prayer. *Acts*, x. 9.

No matter where we pray, in the closet, on the house-tops, in the forest, under the shady oak or sycamore-tree, by the sea-side, or on the high mountain, if so be we pray, and pray earnestly in faith, lifting up holy hands, watching thereto with all perseverance.

A closet for prayer we must have, and pray we must in the spirit. The moment we cease to pray and watch we are gone! gone! lost! *lost!*

Peter, on a certain occasion, went up on the house-top to pray; and what a blessed time he had!

Sisters, mothers, sons and daughters, old and young, flee to the closet—have your regular *stated* seasons, adhere to them strictly, undeviatingly. Let no earthly care deprive you of these. Closet prayer is especially enjoined by Christ. "When thou prayest enter into thy closet," etc. See *Matt.* vi. 5. Our Saviour himself retired frequently to the mountain-top, spent whole nights in secret devotion. The most devoted men and women on earth, in all ages, the most active, useful, consistently holy ones, have made the closet a *special* resort, the stronghold of faith.

The Saviour uses the word closet to mean any place where, with no embarrassment either from the fear or pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer to God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring or canopy. Christ's closet was a mountain; Isaac's, a field; Peter's, the house-top.

"'Tis prayer supports the soul that seeks,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak—
But pray in faith in Jesus' name."

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!!

SOCIAL MEETINGS FOR LITTLE FOLKS AND BIG FOLKS.

WHAT more beautiful than a family-group, the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the sons and the daughters, from the least to the greatest, seated in order in the family, in breathless attention, each in turn engaging in audible acts of worship? The father, as the priest, opens the *big book*, reads and expounds the sacred volume. A song of praise follows, in which all unite; prayer is then offered, each one bowing the knee before the Lord.

These family prayer-meetings are held daily in some families; but in others a portion of the Lord's day is set apart especially for these delightful exercises. At these weekly family circles the father prays, the mother, the children. Even the "*little ones*" bow in humble adoration and lisp thanksgivings to the Father of spirits.

> "'Tis from the little ones, O God,
> Their simple hearts and artless ways,
> Wiser, because more pure than we,
> Thou hast perfected praise."

What more beautiful? Parents, what think you of these delightful weekly assemblings? Are they not worthy the adoption into every family? Here the little folks are taught to pray and praise, not lip-service merely, but in humble penitence, in spirit and in truth from the heart.

> "Out of the mouths of babes, O Lord,
> And sucklings (wondrous are the ways,
> And wise the counsels of his word),
> Thou hast perfected praise."

Souls are converted, born into the kingdom, saved. These families thus become orderly, peaceful, heavenly, emblematical of the Eden above.

GIVE THANKS AT TABLE.

Ask a blessing on the food you eat, audibly, before you partake of it? Certainly, little folks and great folks, at morning, noon, and evening repasts. *What!* sit down, eat and drink—partake largely of God's choice, free bounties, and not a lisp of audible praise, heartfelt thanksgiving! Are you not fearful a crust or a bone will stick in your throat and strangulation follow? *Beware!*

The mere animal, in some way, exhibits tokens of gratitude for blessings bestowed. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes in the sea, the millions of dancing animacules before the setting sun, express their humble, grateful benedictions to Him "who openeth his liberal hand and supplieth the wants of every living thing."

"No Scripture for it?" Stop, friend, not so fast. Hark!

"And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples," &c. *John*, vi. 11. Also at other times it is mentioned the same. Of Paul, we read: "And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat." *Acts*, xxvii. 35.

By this we see that it was customary for them to give thanks to God before partaking of food.

How reasonable this—how appropriate, praiseworthy in the presence of all around us, at home or abroad! In what way can we better teach our families and friends—young and old—the fear, love, and reverence of God?

Parents, think of this. Little friends, will you?

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

LITTLE FOLKS AT THEIR MORNING LESSON.

Young friends, is not this beautiful? These youngsters you see in the engraving are committing to memory passages from the blessed Bible, to repeat at table while partaking the bounties of Heaven.

See how sweet, smiling, heavenly they look. The love of Jesus in the soul makes a little heaven below.

Do you come to the festive board, with something good to communicate, edifying, administering grace to those present—that every thought, word, and deed, may be "Apples of gold in pictures of silver?" The table spread with Heaven's choice bounties is the appropriate place to inculcate order, sobriety, courtesy, politeness of manners, gentlemanly deportment, strict temperance in all things.

HINTS TO LITTLE FOLKS ON TABLE MANNERS.

Young friends, never keep folks waiting: be prompt: get your seat quietly before the blessing is pronounced.

> "In silence take your seat,
> And give thanks to God before you eat."

Come with clean hands, clean faces, combed heads, and thankful hearts.

Sit still; be quiet; wait patiently till others are helped.

Never stretch your arm across the table for food; this is impolite. When you wish for an article, ask for it politely.

Never find fault with your food; be thankful for the simplest, plainest fare.

Eat such thiugs as are placed before you, asking no questions, making no wry faces.

Some little folks render themselves ridiculous by making remarks while older persons are talking.

If need be, help others to any dish or article that stands nearest you.

Eat slowly; masticate well your food.

Be careful that you spill nothing. A beautiful white tablecloth looks badly, soiled with liquids or things from your plate.

> "The tablecloth you must not spoil,
> Nor with your food your fingers soil."

Never leave the table without permission. Some little boys and girls eat hastily, jump and run! Oh! oh!

Keep your seats till all rise from the table.

Children truly polite at table, are almost sure to be polite everywhere.

HOME POLITENESS IN LITTLE FOLKS.

"*Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come.*" Tim. vi. 19.

"True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
Oh, then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest."

PARENTS, as soon as your little ones begin to totter about, and speak, say lispingly, "ma" and "pa," that very instant teach them courtesy, good manners, to use correct language, chaste, delicate, refined, avoiding everything vulgar, uncouth, clownish, indelicate, or ungrammatical.

Even baby lips can be taught refinement, courtesy, politeness of manners, things delicate, tasteful, beautiful, heavenly—the little words "please" and "thank you," when favors are conferred; and far easier will they learn them than older children.

Parents, the habits formed now in the hearts of your offspring will be life-long. It was a principle with the old Jesuits that if they might have the first seven years of a child's life, they cared not who had the after training.

In teaching your children these little sweet courtesies of life, you must repeat over and over the same lessons for the first few years. It requires line upon line; and be not discouraged, even after seventy times repetition. The reward will come at length, and you will rejoice to see the little child you have taught so laboriously, acting voluntarily on the principles you have instilled, requiring no prompting or correction, for courtesy has become habit.

In no place is the distinction between the refined and the ill-bred more marked than at the table. If your children

are not early taught politeness here, you must prepare yourselves and them for a thousand mortifications in future life, and must look to see them regarded as annoying and disagreeable, by those whose good-will you may most desire to secure. "A child left to himself, bringeth his mother to shame." However humble your position in life, though your family gather about a table of pine instead of mahogany, your children may and should be taught the same lesson of respectful behavior. It is a duty which God requires of you, and he holds you responsible for every unchecked manifestation of disrespect or disobedience you allow in your presence. Let your children learn to sit quietly, until all older than themselves are helped, and do not begin compromising with some little insurgent by a lump from the sugar-bowl. If you do, it will, by no means, be "the beginning of the end." As they advance in years, encourage them to join pleasantly, but always modestly, in the family conversation around the table. Let the meal-time be one of the most cheerful and heavenly hours of the day.

"THEREFORE, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice." *Prov.* xxi. 3.

"THE hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the expectation of the wicked shall perish." *Prov.* x. 28.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

"The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen o' the world."

LITTLE folks and great folks, you have heard a great deal about George Washington, his early training, his habits of industry, economy, punctuality, his undeviating regard for truth, of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report. Very many, if not all these beautiful

traits of character are attributable to early instruction, wisdom from above, imparted by a discreet, faithful, godly mother. Behold her sweet, intelligent, lovely countenance, apparently fixed on little George, in the engraving.

The true explanation of George Washington's sterling integrity is to be found in that *happy and efficient maternal influence* which, it is well known, was exercised upon him in his early days. On the death of his father, which occurred when he was only ten years old, the charge of his education devolved upon his mother. All accounts concur in the admission that she was an extraordinary woman, possessing not only rare intellectual endowments, but those moral qualities which give elevation, worth, and dignity to the soul. Under the tutelage of such a mother, the foundation of a character was laid which was the admiration of the generation that was contemporary with him, which has lost nothing of its glory to the present time, and will lose nothing as long as his memory shall last.

Integrity of character! This is what we want in the magistracy of the land, in the senate chamber, in the pulpit, in the neighborhood, in the family, *everywhere.* What a world this would be were every one upright—a lover of truth, justice, and equality! What a world it is, because they are so seldom found!

Here, then, is ample scope for parental toil and watchfulness, for parental energy and wisdom. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," was verified in Washington: it must be verified in respect to others—in respect, mothers, to those little immortals whom you now press to your bosoms, and whom you love better than your own souls. So train them, that you may send them forth having on the breastplate of truth.

EARLY PIETY—"APPLES OF GOLD."

"When Jesus was here among men,
He called little children as lambs to his fold."

A SWEET and lovely spirit of piety in a little child's heart is like the sunlight shining on the dewdrops of the morning.

Our Father is good and kind to his little ones; he listens to their earliest prayers, and rejoices in the first faint fragrance of the opening bud, which, if tenderly shielded and prayerfully nursed, will even now yield the ripened fruit of a holy life.

There is no license for children to sin because they are children. God makes no distinction between little folks and great folks, touching moral deportment, a life of godliness. God's precepts are equally binding on the lambs of the flock as on those of riper years. Children born of the Holy Spirit, quickened into life, as all children should be, are expected to let their light shine, walk softly, exhibit Christ in their daily walk and conversation, be living epistles, read and known of all men, ornaments in society, "olive-plants around the table," precious, lively stones in God's house, active in the divine life.

Christians will be more sprightly, energetic, buoyant, in juvenile life than when advanced to mature years. We have no sympathy whatever with ascetic piety. Religion is happifying; cheerfulness and joyfulness are the fruits of faith and hope in God.

Religion is the reverse of gloom or sadness. It imparts true pleasure and abiding peace, and sweetens everything in life.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy," is applicable to every little son and daughter of Adam's race.

FAMILY MUSIC.

TEACHING THE LITTLE FOLKS TO SING HYMNS OF PRAISE AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

"Yes! there is music all around us,
If we only list awhile;
And there is beauty everywhere,
The home of childhood to beguile."

Parents, do your children sing hymns of praise—tune their little harps in sweet melody—hymns of a pure and elevated character, that will be sure to leave a good impression, a virtuous, salutary influence?

What exercise more profitable, more delightful?

Were it not for sound and song,
Life would lose its pleasure:
We could not endure it long—
Such a load of treasure.
Say, what is it soothes the soul,
And the heart rejoices?
'Tis the burst of joyous songs,
Blending happy voices.

Larks that soar in upper air,
Nightingales in bowers,
Quails that sing in meadows fair,
Flying through the flowers—
How they warble! Sky and grove
With their songs are ringing;
We, like them, will evermore
Cheer the hours with singing.

There is a chord in every human soul, which is touched by poetry, hence the magical power of ballads, and national songs, and religious hymns.

Wherever there are pious Germans, you find them with their hymn-book.

Never suffer your little ones to pollute their lips with wanton, lewd, or foolish songs, so frequently in the mouths of the foulest characters; nothing tends so surely and speedily to corrupt the heart and sear the conscience.

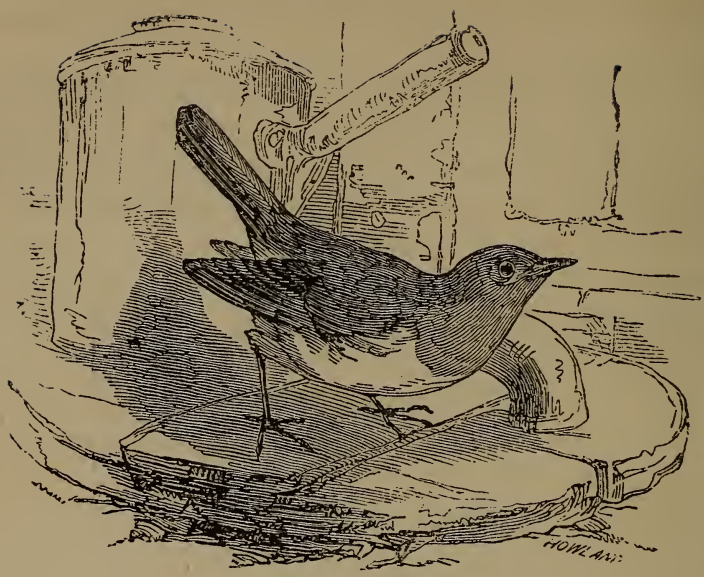
"Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving, nothing is pure; but even their mind and conscience are defiled."

"I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.
Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go:
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow."

Hymns committed to memory should be *thoroughly* committed.

TRUE POLITENESS.

The teachings of the Bible are calculated to make every woman a lady, and every man a gentleman. They will not lead a man to prefer mere *external*, whether of dress or demeanor, to the inward grace of the heart. They will not make fops, or practisers of airs and attitudes, or turn men into hollow courtiers whose fair words and elegant exterior shall conceal a cold or a cruel heart. While it discourages and discountenances any such superficial counterfeits, it yet does require most sternly that every man who comes under its influence should exhibit a Christian politeness, and should be in the highest sense of that word, a *gentleman.*



BIRDY, BIRDY, PRETTY BIRDY—AIN'T IT BEAUTIFUL!

"Little birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mother's breast."

Don't hurt the sweet, beautiful songsters, little folks, not a hair of their heads, nor their nests or little ones; it would be cruelly wicked to do so. Hark! how sweetly they sing! Sing praises? Yes, they do. Turn to the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm and see how everything above and everything below, animate and inanimate, praise the Lord, and the birds among the rest.

Learn a lesson from these merry, melodious songsters? Certainly we can.

"We learn a lesson from the birds
Of life from day to day—
The things we set our hearts upon,
Oft quickly pass away!"

SPARE THE INNOCENT BIRDS, LITTLE FRIENDS.

The sparrows and wrens feed upon the crawling insects which lurk within the buds, foliage, and flowers of plants. The wren is pugnacious, and a little box in a cherry-tree will soon be appropriated by them, and they will drive away other birds that would otherwise feed upon the fruit. They do great good besides their music. They eat the worms, insects, bugs, and flies that destroy your flowers, plants, and vegetables. Be kind to the birds; they will soon find it out, and when the blessed spring opens they will reward you. Thousands will send up a song of grateful praise, tune their little harps sweetly and melodiously. Don't harm the little birds.

> "Joyous and happy creatures, roamers of earth and air,
> Free children of the woods, bright glancers o'er the flood,
> Your homes are everywhere—
> Dear are ye, and familiar to the heart,
> Making of nature's loveliest things a part."

We love the song-birds, and feel that if they were taken away the earth would lose one of its richest and most wondrous charms. We love them and wonder at them, for of all God's irrational creatures they are the most wondrous and beautiful. They are the choristers of heaven, the constant ministers of that worship which goes up continually unto God, the unpaid and faithful preachers of an unselfish and beautiful piety.

Look at them, as swaying on flowery sprays they gush out those strains which chime with the songs of angels; aye, look at them as they sing, with upturned head, rapt, soft, and half-closed eyes, their frail forms quivering in the ecstatic joy, and say if you do not feel your cold and selfish heart melting into reverential awe and rising up to God on the wings of praise and prayer.

TEACHING HYMNS TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

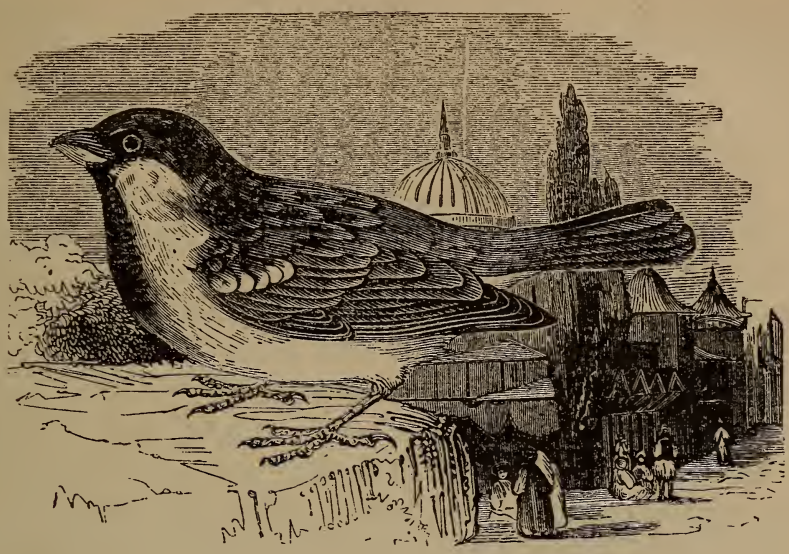
"Oh! could I hear those good old songs—
The songs my mother sung,
As round the fire her loved ones sat,
In days when I was young!
But ah! those songs are out of date:
I ne'er may hear them more."

Parent, do you preoccupy, forestall the enemy—store the mind of your little ones with good things, that Satan may find no lodgment? Rest assured, if you do not early occupy the ground the devil will.

The committing of good hymns is an important item in family training and means of grace. Children are delighted with poetry at a very early age; and what is loved in early life will not be easily effaced.

A pious lady informs us, that when a very little girl she committed hundreds of hymns and poetical effusions, not childish or baby hymns, but those of a pure, elevated gospel character.

These precious gems of virtuous thought being rooted and grounded by prayer and frequent repetition, are now, after the lapse of some thirty years, fresh in recollection. This early discipline has been a safeguard all her life, a strong preservative against sin and folly. Among our German forefathers it was a very common practice in professedly Christian families to teach the children hymns and spiritual songs. Great advantages resulted from it. The children had thus useful employment afforded them to fill up time which would otherwise have been spent in idleness, if not in something worse. The repetition of them at different intervals also contributes much to their enjoyment. In this way, likewise, they were prompted to efforts to connect the poetry with music, and thus gradually acquired a taste, as well as cultivated a talent for singing.



HERE's another pretty bird for the young readers.

"What! the sparrow?" Yes, spoken of by Jesus—*Matt.* x. 29.

David, speaking of himself, says, "I watch, and am like a sparrow on the house-top." *Ps.* cii. 7. See, also, *Ps.* lxxxiv. 3.

> "As on some lonely building-top,
> The sparrow tells her moan,
> Far from the tents of joy and hope
> I sit and grieve alone.

Children should be taught not only to love the music of birds, but to look upon them as a model of beauty and affection to their mates and to their young. Instead of driving them away from the house, encourage them to come and perch upon the window-sill and build their nest under the eaves.

Without birds a country is desolate; with them it is

always cheerful. Their songs would enliven the heart of a stone, or make a miser for the moment forget his money.

The association of children with birds when taught to love them and not destroy their nests, has as direct and certain a tendency to improve their natures as the church or family fireside. Teach a child that birds are among the good gifts of God to man, and it is hardly possible that the child will grow up to manhood without being possessed of some of the attributes of the sweet songsters of the grove.

And yet there are parents who allow their children to wage incessant war upon the birds, never thinking of the injury they are doing their young minds, or how many destructive enemies they are entailing upon the crops, in the shape of countless caterpillars, grubs, and worms.

We don't know of a more pleasant duty for a minister to engage in than an effort to preserve the birds in his parish.

We would impress upon the mind of every child that the command "thou shalt not kill," meant these dear little birds as much as things of a higher degree. Thou shalt not wantonly kill a single thing of all creation that is not necessary for man's subsistence, or that is not detrimental to his interest.

On no pretext whatever should farmers or gardeners permit their birds to be disturbed. Instead of killing or frightening them away, they should make use of every means in their power to induce them to increase in number and become familiar and tame.

Plant trees for them, build houses, if necessary, for them, and let no cat, dog, or boy ever molest them; and they will teach you lessons of domestic bliss; preach you sermons, and warble you such hymns as you hear not elsewhere.

LITTLE FOLKS SINGING PRAISES A GOOD SIGN.

"God is our light,
Fountain of glory and might;
Come, let us kneel and adore him."

SINGING to the Lord, are you, young friends, tuning your harps in praise?

It is a good sign; significant of purity of thought and action; of a conscience void of offence toward God and man—a heart on fire pentecostally. No command in the Scriptures is more frequent than that of praising God. Those that love him most, praise him most.

A Christian alive to God on the mount, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, abstaining from all appearance of evil, will be joyful in the Lord, and this holy joy will give vent in songs of praise. The Christian thus joyful will sing—tune his heart in grateful thanksgiving—make a joyful noise unto the Lord. David, the sweet singer of Israel, was constantly singing, when a shepherd, and while king on the throne. Praises ecstatic burst forth spontaneously. Why this? "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." David was a holy man. He washed his hands in innocence, had respect unto all God's commandments, "refrained his feet from every evil way." His whole soul was alive—on fire! consequently, his heart was tuned, full to overflowing, gratulations, humble, devout, burst forth. "Sing praises," said he, "sing praises, sing praises unto God. Make a joyful noise to the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing! Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. O that men would praise the Lord, for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous." "I will bless the

Lord at all times, his praise shall continually be in my mouth."

It's this joyful religion that the world needs—must have; nothing short of this will suffice. Reader, do you sing, sing to the Lord, make melody in your heart to him? Do you sing in your closet, in your family, in the great congregation, around the domestic altar, as you bow the knee morning and evening? If your soul is elevated to God and his cause, you are sure to do it. Singing adds life and beauty to family devotion. The joy of the Lord is your strength.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

"Praise to the Lord! He is king over all the creation.
Praise to the Lord! O my soul, as the God of salvation.

"Praise to the Lord! who, in glorious majesty reigning,
Beareth thee upward, on wings like the eagle's sustaining.

"Praise to the Lord! who, with honor and blessing hath crown'd thee,
Pouring his gifts out of heaven, like showers around thee!

"Think of it, too,
What the Almighty can do—
How by his love he hath bound thee.

"Praise to the Lord! and let all that is in me adore him;
All that hath breath, sing with Abraham's children before him."

SINGING IN THE FAMILY.

Singing in the family adds greatly to the interest of devotional exercises, especially among children. It makes the family altar a pleasant place.

The moral influence of vocal music of a sanctified character has always been happy in the extreme.

Show us the family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in song, and we will show you one, in almost every instance, where peace, harmony, and love prevail, and where the grosser vices have no dwelling-place.

Music, like an angel from the courts of paradise, can throw around the soul a thousand heavenly influences, and charm it into the paths of virtue.

Is it not to be regretted that good men—heads of families—who are regular in their morning and evening devotions, should omit singing?

What more delightful scene this side heaven, than parents, with their sons and daughters surrounding the domestic circle, devoutly uniting their voices in sacred song!

THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

The eloquence of music depends upon the same great principles as that of oratory. If to move others in the latter it is necessary that the speaker be himself moved, how much more is it requisite in music, which is confessedly the language of sentiment, feeling, and passion!

You that sing the high praises of God in the sanctuary, is this your case?

OUR BABY BETTER THAN EVERYBODY'S BABY.

Our baby is the best baby that ever was. Everybody's baby is, we suppose. Oh, how she took us by surprise! We found her in mother's bed one cold March morning. Where did she come from? Bobby asked, and Jamie asked, and I. "God gave her," said her mother. "But how did he send her? Did an angel fetch her?" Mother didn't tell. She only said, "God sent her. It was so good in God." "I shall always love God for giving me a little sister," said Bobby; "that's just what I wanted, a little sister to play with." We must be very patient and gentle teaching her. Our baby's name is Mary. We call her Mamie. Oh, we love her so!

SMILING SERMONS.

MOTHERS, can you smile? Do you smile, sweetly, heavenly, joyfully—with Jesus in your soul? Well, smile on, keep on smiling, day in, day out. Have you a beautiful first-born, beautiful as an angel? What the first sermon to this precious gift? A smile from a heart overflowing with love to Jesus and your infant babe? Seest thou not the little one smile in return? Try it and see. And what more ecstatically beautiful and happifying than an infant smile in imitation of the mother's smile of love. And will not this heavenly smile of the loving, godly mother leave an impression indelible for good, merciful and gracious?

Mothers beloved, follow up these gracious, smiling sermons from the time your child first opens its eyes to behold a new world, on and *on*. Who knows but those smiling sermons were the secret of secrets with Joshebed, the mother of Moses; of Hannah, the mother of Samuel; of the mother and grandmother of little Timothy? Blessed sermons! Lord, give us more of them.

"GOD bless little children!
Day by day,
With pure and simple wiles,
And winning words and smiles,
They creep into the heart,
And who would wish to say them nay?

"They look up in our faces,
And their eyes
Are tender and are fair,
As if still lingered there
The Saviour's kindly smile!
So very meek they look, and wise."

AN HONEST LOOK, A PLEASANT SMILE, A HEAVENLY FACE.

PARENTS, THINK OF IT—MINISTERS, THINK OF IT—LITTLE FOLKS, THINK OF IT.

"A word, a look, has crush'd to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but own'd its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour."

"An honest look, a sweet, smiling, heavenly face, are priceless, "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold."

A heavenly countenance is the highest commendation, the most conclusive argument, for the character of him who earns it.

One glimpse of an angel's face would probably do more to impress us with the beauty of holiness than many an eloquent sermon an hour long. Stephen's radiant face was a powerful auxiliary to his discourse. The shining face of Moses when he came down from the mount was proof to the Israelites that he had seen the Lord.

If this is true with an audience of adults, how much more with children! Sensitive as they are, and often affected they cannot tell why or how, and gazing steadfastly as they do, with no sense of impropriety, into the face of their parent or teacher, it is almost unavoidable that his image should be reproduced in them. He is before them as the object is before the camera—the likeness will be daguerrotyped. The first language a child learns is in the face of its mother. Nor does he cease to read that language when he begins to understand words. During his whole parental and Sabbath-school pupilage he is perhaps as much under the influence of the language which meets his eye as of that which falls upon his ear. And how essential that they should be in perfect harmony!

AIN'T THIS BEAUTIFUL, LITTLE FOLKS?

Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty, if they were to perish forever? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence, the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and a sweet voice is like a breeze kissing its way through the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with the fragrant bells, when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in their narrow coffin, and they become symbols of our affection, pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown, and scenes cherished, the more, that they can never return. Still we look to far-off scenes, to spring in other valleys, to the eternal summer beyond the grave, when the flowers that have faded shall again bloom in starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude.

DO FLOWERS SPEAK, YOUNG READERS?

WHAT do they say?

> "Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers,
> Sweet is your smile in this dim world of ours."

That flowers express God's tenderness is seen from the use which we instinctively make of them, evidently meeting his intention. We plant them in gardens to make home a dearer spot, associating in the earliest recollections of childhood the doorway of the old mansion with clambering vines and scarlet verbenas; we gather them in bouquets, to add their cheerful brightness to the domestic duties of the house: we place them in the sick-room, to freshen the mind of the invalid with thoughts of the green fields and the sunshine; we bind their pliant buds in the tresses of the bride—emblems of purity and truth; we strew wreaths of them on the bier of departed ones, saying through them that there are hopes which death cannot destroy; we plant them at the grave itself, that they may twine and fold over the sod which covers a dear friend, thinking thus to make the last earthly home beautiful, as was the cherished home of childhood.

Such are the flowers. Wherever we find them, they tell us that God is what he is. They speak of his wisdom, power, and gentleness. They were lovely companions of our first parents in paradise.

> "God might have made the earth bring forth
> Enough for great and small—
> Like to the oak and cedar-tree,
> Without a flower at all."

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE YOUNG.

"Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, 'Peace, be still.'"

SPEAK gently! let not passions sorrowful and stern corrode the heart, or wrap in gloom life's pathway. Speak gently, for unkindness now may raise an angry storm, that in after-life we may strive in vain to calm. Words of love, in this world of sorrow, will loosen great burdens from the shoulders of many a toiling, careworn one, and plant roses in place of many a perished flower. If there is one law above all others that should be written upon the human heart, it is the law of kindness—the law of human love. Heaven's great law is love, and Christ's mission to the world was one of "peace on earth and good-will toward men."

When the disciples were battling with the winds and waves upon the sea of Galilee, one gentle word, one calm majestic look from Jesus the Master, stilled the raging of the tempest, and proclaimed a tranquil sea.

How much will it cost to make life beautiful with all its cares? "The air is full of farewells to the dying," and life's sands are often wet with tears; yet kind words, like flowers, gladden the cheerless waste with the sunshine of brighter hours.

Speak gently, for the noblest heart may have some grief which may seek, perchance, to find relief in a murmuring tone. Then pause, and with the soft fingers of sympathy and love, lift the shadows and reveal the silver lining to the cloud.

There is a power omnipotent in loving words to those who, like lost stars, have wandered far into darkness and error.

Let us not be forgetful, then, of those who are lost in the winding paths of sin and error, but remember with David to pray, "Set a watch before my mouth, O Lord; keep the door of my lips."

Especially around the quiet home fireside, should the wife and mother be possessed of that dove-like spirit which, no matter how dark the clouds may be, sheds forth a pure and holy light, which falls upon the heart like "dew upon the waving grass."

Nothing but a patient and careful cultivation of meekness and humility, of benevolence and sympathy with human suffering, will bring to our hearts true and lasting enjoyment.

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

Angry looks can do no good,
  And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
  If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
  Although by childhood mutter'd,
Than all the battles ever fought,
  Or oaths that men have utter'd.

Friendship oft would longer last,
  And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
  Forgiven—not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
  For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears
  Than let another feel them.

BUSY FOLKS, OR LITTLE FOLKS BUSY.

LITTLE FOLKS BUSY? BUSY AS A BEE THAT GATHERS HONEY FROM EVERY OPENING FLOWER.

KEEP them still? No, you can't. It's work, work, from sunrise to sunset. How much, think you, does a little child daily? can you tell? It is doing this, doing that—tottering here, tottering there—climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so will understand the deep breathing of the little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love that accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real and imaginary.

A busy creature is a little child—to be looked upon with awe as well as delight, as its clear eye looks trustingly into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear masks; as it sits in its little chair to ponder, precociously, over the white lie which you thought "funny" to tell it;—as rising, and leaning on your knees, it says, thoughtfully, in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile, "I don't believe it." A lovely yet fearful thing is that little child.

Mothers, tread softly here. 'Tis hallowed ground!

These busy hands must be early employed, actively engaged in good things—pure, lovely, virtuous; else surely Satan will set them at work.

Lambs of the flock? Assuredly!

> "The Shepherd sought his sheep,
> The Father sought his child."

Time precious to these lambs? Exceedingly—every moment. Where the precious, golden seasons for reading, meditation, self-examination, prayer and praise, when very much of their time is spent in amusements, gay hilarity, sports and pastime? Suppose these scenes of juvenile merriment and noisy sports are innocent in themselves (which is often doubtful), how much wiser and better it would be to redeem the precious moments for growth in grace, things useful and profitable! Converted children, to keep them from backsliding, and to grow in grace, require the *means* of grace as much as those of riper years. To keep the lambs of the flock in the straight and narrow way of life, careful watchfulness is requisite; prayerful study of God's word, regular closet visitations, instruction in the way of holiness, active usefulness in the divine life, and the proper discharge of every Christian duty. Children should imitate Jesus in going about doing good; be little mission-

aries, angels of mercy, examples of faith and love, of gospel purity and simplicity. Parents, do you believe this? Little folks, do you?

It's a sad thing, lamentable indeed, for children once born into Christ's kingdom, having tasted the good word of life, to depart, backslide, drink in the spirit of the world, indulge in pride, fashion, and folly, and thus bring evil report of the goodly land! Parents and teachers, will you see to this? Take these lambs in your arms, and carry them in your bosom; keep them as the apple of the eye; hide them under the shadow of the Almighty's wings.

"If we work on marble, it will perish: if we work on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with a just fear of God and their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

"Happy the child whose early years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road which leads to hell.

"When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." *Prov.* iii. 13.

A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS ON SMILING.

LITTLE folks, how with you? We have been talking to the big folks about smiling. Do you smile, keep on smiling joyfully, with heaven in your soul?

> "A pleasant smile for every face,
> Oh! 'tis a blessed thing!
> It will the lines of care erase,
> And spots of beauty bring."

Wear a smile and make others happy. You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, day in, day out, with a countenance beaming with heavenly smiles. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words.

Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

Oh! how much good in a sweet smile! Little friends, make trial of this smiling-business.

> "The sweet look of kindness, the peace-speaking tongue,
> So pleasant and lovely, in old or in young,
> Will win the affection of all that you see."

We feel doubly sure that every one, old and young, having made trial of this sweet, heavenly gracefulness, would not exchange it for a frown, a morose or an unkind look.

Oh! little friends and great friends, smile! Husbands

and wives, fathers and mothers, smile! Children, smile! Man-servants and maid-servants, smile! Smile all the time. Smile as you lie down, as you rise up, as you go out, as you come in—go about your daily toil smiling. Smile in the morning, at noonday, at eventide—smile on, day in, day out. Let your whole life be made up of smiles. Does a stranger call?—go to the door smilingly. Open your lips with a smile, utter every syllable with a smile; smile upon the stranger within thy gates, upon the beggar in tattered robes with haggard look.

How much does a smile cost? As much as a frown, a look of disdain? A smile is the cheapest thing in the world: it is as free as the air we breathe. How pleasant to associate, transact business with countenances beaming forth with smiles continually! Oh! what a happy world this, were it a smiling world, made up of smiles!

"We cannot catch flies with vinegar." No more can we win love by frowns, or add many gems to the Saviour's crown by sharp words or gloomy looks. "The heart leaps kindly back to kindness," and is a sort of mercury in the human barometer, rising or sinking at the slightest change in the social atmosphere. How easily will even a smile lift the dark clouds of real grief! while the cold look or unkind word falls upon the spirits like a leaden weight.

The good soldier of Jesus Christ must possess a lightness and brightness of heart, an unfailing elasticity of spirits, if he is to break his way to the heavenly country through the serried ranks of his spiritual foes.

THE "MISSIONARY RABBITS."

THE "MISSIONARY RABBITS."

"HALLO! here you are!" cried Uncle Ben, looking into one of the stalls and seeing Harry feeding a pair of rabbits.

"See how they love this cabbage-leaf, uncle," said Harry, settling himself comfortably in the clean hay that was spread on the floor. "I do love my bunnies; I have got six, and two of them are as white as snow. These are my speckled ones, and the next are my 'silver sprigs;' they are the best of all."

"How long have you had them?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Oh, I've kept rabbits two years, and sold twenty for fifty cents a piece."

"Twenty! So you have earned ten dollars. That's a fortune for a boy like you. What have you done with it?"

"I paid two dollars, a couple of months ago, for the silver sprigs and their new hutch, and I've spent a dollar for feed and repairs."

"That leaves seven dollars; did you buy books?"

"No, sir; father buys my books."

"Did you buy clothes?"

"No; father gets them, too."

"Well, you didn't pay for your schooling. Did you get playthings or sweetmeats?"

"No, Uncle Ben; these have always been my missionary rabbits. I got them for that. All the money goes for the missionaries. I wish it were twice as much. As soon as I get a bill saved, if it's one dollar, or two, or more, off it goes to our minister, and he sends it to the society for me, to the treasurer, and you can't think the good it does me to know I'm helping to send the Bible to the heathen. Do you know, Uncle Ben," said Harry, "I've a notion that when I get to be a man I shall carry the Bible to the heathen myself?"

LITTLE FOLKS REFORMING LITTLE FOLKS.

No matter how little we are, if so be the heart is right, the life is right. Every little boy and girl should preach, be a reformer, do good, and communicate; set the example of all that is true, honest, lovely, and of good report. Every one, little and big, should be a reformer; reform himself, then reform others, so long as there is anything to reform, or any evil to remove.

No one is duly prepared to correct the faults of others till he has corrected his own—set his own house in order. The first thing is to seek wisdom from above, bow to King Jesus, take him for our pattern, our high-priest, our counsellor, our friend, our righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

Have we heavenly light? We can impart heavenly light. Have we wisdom from above—pure, peaceable, gentle, heavenly? We can impart the same.

That's the way, little folks—go forward, with your souls on fire with the love of Jesus. "And whatsoever you do, do it heartily to the Lord, and not to man."

"And what, oh! what is good?"
'Tis first to seek the favor of thy God;
Let thy will blend with his, and honor him
By walking in the way thy Saviour trod.

And then it is whate'er
Tendeth to raise *thy* heart and hopes on high,
Or to make *others* happier here
On earth to live and peacefully to die.

A SOLDIER? YES; HERE HE IS.

HERE is a big soldier and several little ones. Are you a soldier, little reader?

What kind? A soldier of the cross? What your weapons of warfare? Spiritual? Very well, this is the kind we need, must have to meet our enemies on the right and on the left, Satan and his legions. We have foes within, foes without. Some ignorant persons tell us that little folks can't fight, that when the battle waxes hot they will turn back, flee! Who believes it? Not a syllable of truth in it. As a general thing, little Christians are more ready to fight the battles of the Lord than the big ones are, and

when they do battle, it is battle in very deed, no mistake; and a very good reason for it. Turn their backs, flee when cannons roar and lightnings flash? The very last to do it. Its "on, *on!* conquest or death," when parents do their whole duty to them from the cradle upwards, begin in the outset to equip their little ones to battle the enemy, fight the good fight, lay hold on eternal life as soon, almost, as they can totter about; put this bit of armor on and that, till they are fully equipped from head to foot, from top to toe.

Turn, if you please, little reader, to the last chapter of Ephesians, begin at the twelfth verse, read to the nineteenth, and you will see just what we mean by the Christian armor both for the little folks and the big folks. Put on this armor complete; burnish it; keep it burnished, bright and glittering, and our word for it, conquest is sure in every case. Indeed, you come off more than conquerors through him that loved us and gave himself for us. Our Captain has gone before, leads the van.

What the reward?

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." *Rev.* iii. 21.

Parents, think of this, equip your little sons and daughters thus for the battle-field, and soon salvation goes forth streamingly. This is what we mean by training children in the way they should go, as God requires.

"He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction; but he that refuseth reproof erreth." *Prov.* ix. 17.

LITTLE TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.

"O'er the head of listening children
Christ his sweetest blessings gave;
Little hands may aid his mission,
A dying world to save."

LITTLE folks distribute tracts? Undoubtedly; to great advantage when their own hearts are right, made white in the blood of the Lamb, their souls on fire pentecostally for good things, merciful, just, and true, kindled to a flame most holy, as the soul of every little boy and girl should be.

When their own hearts are in tune thus gospelly, then, and not till then, are they duly qualified for a general onset in the battle-field against sin of every kind. Little folks, as well as great folks, must practise what they preach, and preach what they practise, else the cry will be, "Physician, heal thyself." "Thou, therefore, that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

When the juveniles are well posted, Bible-reformatory, know in very deed Jesus is theirs entirely, their present Saviour, High Priest, Counsellor, Friend, Elder Brother, Sun, Shield, Exceeding Great Reward, All in All, now and *forever!*—"the way, the truth, and the life;" then, on and *on*, with good books, tracts, and periodicals all about, that speak for Jesus, his dying love. Besides the silent messengers of truth, these little tract distributors can politely, meekly, and modestly open their lips for Jesus, drop a gentle word of reproof, exhortation, or consolation now and then, as the case requires. Whole armies of these little missionary folks should be raised up for this special mercy and evangelization, for scattering the good seed here, there, all about. Oh, oh! what blessed times! Who can tell?

Parents, what say you? Little readers, what say you? Is it not high time to wake, rise, shine—put on the whole armor of God—up and on?

> "For sowing the seed of word and deed,
> Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,
> Of the gentle word and the kindliest deed—
> Thus they bless the heart in its sorest need;
> Sweet shall the harvest be!"

Children rightly disciplined in Bible-order from the first dawning of life and hope will delight in this missionary service, their little feet will be swift on errands of mercy and salvation. To do good and communicate will be the joy of their souls. What sight more angelically beautiful than the lambs of the flock with souls on *fire* with holy zeal for glory everlasting!

This is no visionary thing; it is what *has* been done, *can* be done, *should* be done. A faithful missionary in Kansas says:

"I could distribute very many tracts and papers to great advantage. Only an hour since, I was interested by a dear little girl calling at my office, and asking, 'Doctor, have you any more tracts? A large emigrant train is coming, and I would like to give one to each driver.' Brother Broughton sent me a number of tracts in a box, last fall, and nearly all of them have been given out to the train-drivers by this little girl, during which some very interesting incidents have taken place. Many a tear has been brought to the eye, and many a cheek has been moistened by the kind act of that faithful little friend with her tracts. She is so earnest, and has such a kind answer for all, I would like to keep her going if I can be furnished with the material."

O LOVELY MAY, EVER WELCOME, EVER GAY!

"Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
The sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing,
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees,
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze."

And shall the little ones—the most beautiful of all God's wonderful creation—be silent? Let them sing, like merry little lambs. And yet,

"How can little children's hearts
Bring forth flowers of love,
Unless Christ the Lord imparts
Sunshine from above?

LITTLE FOLKS DROPPING KIND WORDS.

"Scatter seed!
Small may be thy spirit-field,
But a goodly crop 'twill yield;
Sow the kindly word and deed,
Scatter seed!"

Little folks drop kind words—sow good seed? Yes, they do—here, there, all about—"Apples of gold in pictures of silver." Every little boy and girl born from above—indoctrinated gospelly—interested deeply and heartily in the love of Jesus, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, as all little folks should be, will drop kind words, they can't help it. And what more beautiful, praiseworthy? Look at an example.

Here is a good little boy dropping kind words—that

"Scatters the gems of the Beautiful
In the depths of the humble soul:
They shall bud and blossom and bear the fruit
While the endless ages roll."

He drops a kind word wherever he is, wherever he goes, at home or abroad, from house to house, in all his visitations and distributions. Wherever there is an opportunity to squeeze in something good, kind, loving, consolatory, heart-cheering, elevating or purifying, he is sure to do it; no opportunity is lost. This dropping kind words or good things, is his regular, systematic, constant business; wherever he is, in the morning, at noonday, or at eventide, he is sure to be dropping kind words, words that tell on the heart and conscience for time, for eternity. His heart is full of this dropping—overflowingly. His whole soul is in it. It seems just as easy to drop a kind, gracious, loving word, here, there, all about, as to breathe. "Out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh." Is he in the mer-

chant's office, behind the counter, in the school-room, in the street, by the wayside, in the house, in the kitchen, the parlor, the dining-room, up stairs, down stairs, lying down, rising up, going out, coming in—all the same—out drops a kind word, fresh from a heart of love, soul-kindling. Does he meet a little boy, or a sweet, smiling little girl, a kind word is dropped, invariably. Are the little folks in trouble, tearfully—he is sure to bind up the broken heart by dropping in a kind, cheering, comforting word of grace and consolation.

Everybody loves him, little and big, for his kind words dropped here and there. This dropping kind heavenly words has been so constant, so frequent, so universal, that now everybody that meets this angel of mercy expects, as a matter of course, to have a kind word dropped the first thing. Does he visit a friend but for a moment—a kind word is dropped in the outset. His salutations are always mingled, more or less, with these kind, gentle droppings.

This perpetual dropping of good things is his meat and his drink. He appears to be made up almost entirely of these blessed, comforting, edifying, heart-cheering droppings. They descend like the dew of heaven, or as the rain upon the mown grass. Wherever he visits or goes in the lanes or alleys, in the hovel or in the mansion, among the rich or the poor, the bond or the free, he is sure to light up every countenance joyfully, by these heavenly droppings. "The widow's heart is also made to sing with joy!" Blessed boy! happy boy!

Oh for a world of these droppings! how soon would it blossom as the rose! Angels would tune their golden harps afresh—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

THE EARTH BLOSSOMING AS THE ROSE.

A REMEDY FOR ALL EVILS—EVERY EVIL.

WHAT evil under the sun may not be removed by obeying God in family duty? Train every child in obedience to Heaven's high mandate, what the result? Salvation on salvation, glory on glory!

1. Idolatry, or setting the affections on things upon earth, and not on things above, would cease. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

2. Profanity, blasphemy, false-swearing, the taking God's name in vain, would cease.

3. The Lord's day would be a holy day, joyful, emblematical of heaven.

4. Fathers and mothers would be honored; old age reverenced. "Obedience to parents" would be the watchword of every son and daughter, from the least to the greatest.

5. The violation of nature's laws would cease—intemperance in every form, the awful curse, soul-damning, of strong drink and tobacco!

6. Lewdness, lasciviousness, evil concupiscence, nightly revellings, debauchery, devil's dens, and gambling hells would cease.

7. Robbery, petty thefts, false weights and measures, lying, stealing, defrauding, etc., would be as things that were in time past.

"A false balance is an abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight."

"Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor."

"A righteous man hateth lying; but a wicked man is loathsome and cometh to shame." *Prov.* xiii. 15.

Every man, woman, and child would use only—

"Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin." *Lev.* xix. 36.

"To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice."

8. Evil-speaking, tattling, backbiting, slandering, foolish talking and jesting, pride, folly, and fashion would cease.

9. Covetousness, love of gain, filthy lucre, the root of all evil, would cease.*

10. Secret, oath-bound societies would be looked upon as the scaffoldings of Babel, the climbing up to heaven some other way, and all in them considered thieves and robbers!

11. Sectarianism, saying, "I am of Paul, I of Apollos, I of Cephas," the carnality of the day, would be the vile thing that was, but not now.

12. Infidelity in every form; Popery, the many-headed, serpentine monster; superstition, bigotry, and will-worship would cease.

"And then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." 2 *Thes.* ii. 8.

What now? The earth blossoms as the rose, angelic voices sing anew, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to man? Jesus Christ, the Lamb slain, the Saviour from all sin, the all in all, now, henceforth, and forever!

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* Then, no minister, deacon, or layman will be found at the mean, dirty business of writing novels for New York *Ledgers* and theaters for $30,000, or advocating billiard-tables and other games of chance for the rising age!

JESUS LOVES LITTLE FOLKS.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Little children, Jesus loves you,
He invites you to his arms;
To his breast he waits to fold you,
There to shield you from alarms."

JESUS was once a child, a holy child; and here is the great plea for childhood. He who was once a child perfectly understands and sympathizes with the heart of childhood. And how dare we limit the Holy One, and say that a child may not be a true Christian? However early we begin our teachings, we will find that the Holy Spirit has been before us. Isaiah speaks of teaching those just weaned—here a little, there a little, precept upon precept, line upon line—which is the proper manner of teaching children.

Children apprehend religious truths more readily than almost anything else. It has even been maintained by some, that the children that cried in the temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" had discovered, with their nicer apprehensions, the Christ whom the rulers ignored. Early childhood is certainly the favored time for the inculcation of religious truth. Then there are no doubts. You never meet a child-atheist. The very credulity of childhood is a great advantage. Truth is allied to innocency, and the child believes implicitly until deception has induced distrust. Not that religious faith is the gift of nature. But the very aptitude to believe is favorable to the reception of religious truth. The child has not formed the habit of questioning and doubting that troubles so many adults. The old atheist can testify to the truth of this.

LITTLE FOLKS IN DOUBTING CASTLE? NO THEY AIN'T.

No such thing; not a little one or a great one disciplined gospelly from the earliest enkindling of life, dutifully, will be found in "Doubting Castle," or walking in darkness, doubts and fears, unstable as water, stumbling and causing others to stumble. They are strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, mounting heavenward joyfully on eagle's wings, shining brighter and brighter, rising higher and higher to the perfect day.

The doubters, man-fearers, time-servers, those that halt between two opinions, that stumble, and stumble others, are not among those that are gospelized all the way up. Far from it; it's grace on grace, mountain high; spreading out on the right and on the left. Talk to sinners about Jesus, the welfare of their souls, the need of repentance unto life, faith that works by love and purifies the heart, a godly walk and conversation, without our own souls being on fire, kindled to a flame, without feeling and knowing that our own feet are on the rock Christ Jesus, and a new song is in our mouth, even praise to our God? Not a syllable of it; such a thing never was, never will be. What! go speak to this one or that one to flee the wrath to come —seek Jesus *now*, this minute, when we are wavering, like a wave of the sea, tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, or locked up in "Doubting Castle?" Oh! oh! what wretched business! The apostles, after receiving baptismal power on pentecostal day, flew here, flew there; thundered here, thundered there; flashed salvation here, salvation there.

Be still? hold their peace? No, they couldn't. The very stones would have cried out.

It is just so with little Christians disciplined gospelly, as

all little folks should be from the first, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, with grace superabounding, Jesus, meantime, ruling and reigning in them, the hope of glory. Easy then to do good and communicate; speak of heavenly things; tell what great things Jesus has done and can do; how willing he is to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, believingly? Just as easy and delightsome as for a bird to fly, the eagle to soar aloft toward the sun in mid-heaven. Not only is it easier to run in the way of all God's commandments, but we cannot help it; love constrains us. Out of the abundance of our hearts we speak. Doubt? No time to think about doubting; it's on, *on* to conquest, to glory! Glory, glory, glory!

"THE LAMBS OF JESUS."

"And is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ with tender care
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?

"And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded in his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his little one?"

THE RAVENS BRINGING ELIJAH FOOD.

See these birds, young readers, approaching the holy prophet with his daily allowance—two meals only. Turn to 1 Kings, xvii. 6. "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening: and he drank of the brook."

Perish for lack of food? Who? The righteous? *Never!* "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." *Psalm* xxxvii. 3. "The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein forever."

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. He is ever merciful, and lendeth: and his seed is blessed. Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore." *Psalm* xxxvii. 23–27.

Elijah was bold as a lion. Fear the face of man? Ask it not. "Though an host encamped against him, his heart did not fear." He cried aloud; spared not. God told him

what to say, and he said it, without the least particle of misgiving or man-fearing. He *thundered* against iniquity in high places; wielded the two-edged sword of God's truth manfully against every sin—cut and slashed.

No daubing here; no healing slightly here; no conferring with flesh and blood here; no bowing to popular conservative views here; no doctrine of expediency or compromising with sin here. He cleared his skirts of blood; declared fearlessly God's full counsel—"all the words of this life"—come life, come death. This is the kind of prophets, priests, and kings we need, must have, else we are all dead men. What say you, little readers and great readers, is it not high time to wake, rise, and shine, put on the whole armor of God, load and fire, load and fire?

"Stand firm! Oh, 'tis a high command,
From which no Christian man should turn—
If Satan presses hand to hand,
A holy fire within should burn;
'Twill shield the champions of the Lord,
Contending for His purest word."

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." *Prov.* xxv. 11.

THE BATTLE HERE, THE BATTLE THERE.

"The battle-field is everywhere,
Our foes lie close about our way,
Temptation, riches, want, or care
Renew the contest day by day;
And he who in the deathly fight
Maintains his courage firm and strong,
Who keeps his armor pure and bright,
Shall win the victor's crown ere long."

LITTLE CHRISTIANS ZEALOUS FOR TRUTH?

None more so when rightly disciplined, as they should be from early infancy. Their zeal knows no bounds. Often you find them in the front of the battle, waxing hot, with armor burnished. "Agitate! agitate," "Go forward!" *rings*—"On! *on!* conquest or death!"

"Who will rise up for me against the evil-doers? or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?"

> Cry aloud, ye sons of men,
> Like a trumpet lift your voice;
> To my people show their sin,
> And the guilt of Jacob's house."

Put their light under a bushel? *Never!* but "on a candlestick, that it may give light to all in the house." Their little souls are on fire, blazingly, for the right, the true, the just, the merciful, the gracious, the glorious.

Shrink from duty in public or in private, at home or abroad? Sooner cut off a right hand, pluck out a right eye! They are constantly on the jump for truth, love, and mercy; ready for every good word and work; to do what God would have them, speedily. Call on them to pray? they pray. To speak for Jesus? they speak, open their mouths in his praise. To exhort, if need be? they exhort. To give? they give. To do errands of mercy here or there; comfort the feeble-minded; support the weak? on the wings of the wind they go! *fly* to impart consolation, cause the "widow's heart to sing for joy." They are always at their post, fully equipped for battle.

Forward? with alacrity, cheerfully, in every duty, public or private; however trying, painful, or self-denying; late or early, cold or hot, rain or shine. "Lord, what wilt

thou have us do?" is on their tongues evermore. The love of Christ constrains them. They are truly minute-men. Whatever good thing their little hands find to do, they do it with their might; never shrinking from duty when duty calls. No excuses or apologies are made for time, place, or circumstances. They are not only ready for the battle when the trumpet gives the certain sound, but they *push* the battle; carry it blazingly into the very heart of the enemy's country.

These are the kind of little folks and great folks we need —must have to meet the emergencies of the day, fight the good fight, lay hold on eternal life—soldiers that endure hardness.

These lambs of the flock backslide—lose their first love? Tell it not, write it not. How is it possible when following on to know the Lord, in the path of duty, having their armor bright and glistening? There is no time for returning to the beggarly elements; Satan finds no access, no lodgment. On! on! conquest or death!

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEBROOM COMETH!

"Awake! shake off thy slumbers! put thee on
Thy beautiful garments, let thy lamp be trimmed,
For lo, the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!"
Is ringing in the air. Then come thou forth,
Forth from the world with all its vanities;
Forth from the world with all its vileness;
Forth from the world that hates thy Lord and thee;
Make thyself ready, lo, he is at hand."

FIRE FOR LITTLE FOLKS—FIRE FOR GREAT FOLKS.

Tell who has gospel-fire and who has not? Yes, you can; no mistake here. With a single glance of the eye, or the first tinkling of the ear, you can tell whether little folks or great folks are endued with power from on high, soul-kindlingly—whether or not they write in the spirit, pray in the spirit, sing in the spirit, preach in the spirit, with an eye single to God's glory. It's the fire, the holy fire, that tells the story.

Isaiah—what was he till the live coal from God's altar was applied to his lips? Peter could not stand for his Master without this fire; he fell, and great his fall! but when he received the tongue of fire, he stood boldly for Jesus henceforth. It is this holy fire we want, like the disciples after the day of Pentecost: then we fly on wings of love to save a perishing world. Get your soul on fire, full of the subject on which you write or speak, pressed down and running over. Then out it comes flamingly, like a bursting volcano for salvation!

This is the way for every one, little or big, in the pulpit or out of it, doing this, doing that, in the chair editorial or out of it. It's fire, fire! *fire!*

Speak then, preach then, write then. Persons thus on fire speak because they *must* speak; speak because they believe, know, and feel; speak as the Holy Spirit gives utterance. Then there are no long prefaces, circumlocutions, repetitions on repetitions, prosy perorations, or scattering fires that do no execution. It is load and fire, load and fire!

Will you try it, friends? It is closet work, prayer work, faith work.

"An hour with God! that he would fill
Your soul, and quicken every power
With burning zeal to do His will,
And with seraphic love adore."

The closet, the closet—run to your closet—depart not hence till power from on high is received, the windows of heaven are opened, the tongue of fire given. Then put down your thoughts with "the pen of a ready writer," thoughts life-giving, soul-riveting, that will tell on time, on eternity. To insert commonplace ideas is time lost, paper lost, all lost—worse than lost! Oh, for red-hot *thunder-bolts* of God's truth, the thunderings and *flashings* of Mount Sinai, the burning, volcanic lava of holy inspiration, *trans-piercingly* powerful, to arouse the sleeping dead, and bring life and immortality to light. Friends, little and big, will you pray it, write it, flash it, thunder it? "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." *Go to your closet.* Give yourselves wholly to God, wrestle mightily with him, and never leave your knees till you receive this fire.

LITTLE CHRISTIANS FIGHT? CERTAINLY.

"Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

"Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar
With Faith's discerning eye."

A SON LEAVING HOME.

Parent, is this your child bidding adieu to the paternal roof for a season, may be forever? away from your vigilant, prayerful eye, to reside in a city where Satan prowls nightly—where temptations, snares, and pitfalls mark every step? Crisis fearful, tremblingly! Weigh it well!

Perhaps the most critical period in the life of young persons, is that when they leave the home of a parent to become, for several years, inmates of some other house-

hold. On no account should a parent place his child in an ungodly family. Whatever inducements of connection, fortune, respectability may be held out, all should be overweighed by the consideration that the situation has connected with it extreme danger of the ruin of the soul. Many a situation promises fair for this world, that would be ruinous as to the world to come. To place a child in a situation that would endanger his eternal interests, merely for the sake of some temporal advantage, is cruel in the extreme, however kindly designed.

Home, home! blessed home, how dear!

There is no word that has so much heart-thrilling and sweet music in its import, as the simple, yet meaning word *home!* When roaming far from our native home in a distant and strange land among those who are strangers to us, ah, many are the bright visions we call up before our mind; and as they pass in rapid succession before our ever-busy imagination, we cannot help exclaiming, "there is no place like home." What are the sunny skies of Italy, where the noblest and greatest sons of glory first drew their breath, the vine-clad hills of France, where clusters of golden fruits grow in rich profusion, to him whose heart yearns for the loved ones at home, and whose prayers even now are ascending to his God with hope that he will be spared a safe return to that "sacred and holy spot," where his best affections twine with undying tenacity around his childhood's home!

"But, frail child of mortality, thy home is not to be always in this world of joys and sorrows, it is but for a day; it passes by and is numbered with the uncallable past. Here we are strangers, but God in his rich mercy bids us look above this sinful world to a far more glorious home than that of which earth can boast.

TRUSTING LITTLE FOLKS HERE, THERE, ALL ABOUT.

TRUST THEM SAFELY?

CERTAINLY you can, parents, at home or abroad, in the city, in the country, anywhere, if well disciplined on gospel principles from the first dawning of infantile life. A child trained as he should be, as God requires, "in the way he should go," is proof against every temptation in the very midst of evil communications, the hotbeds of iniquity. A child moulded over and over in the gospel mould, walking softly, with garments unspotted, breathing constantly the atmosphere of heaven, is on the alert, in the way of righteousness and peace, stands fast, immovable, always abounding in things good, merciful, and true—on the mountain-top of full salvation!

"Fight" is his motto. "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." Danger of falling into sin, of dishonoring his profession, of returning to the beggarly elements? Not half the danger that there is of one born out of due time, whose habits of evil are deeply rooted ere bowing the knee to King Jesus. What child was ever surrounded with evil influences more fearfully corrupting and contaminating, soul-destroying, than little Samuel? The sons of Eli were sons of Belial. The whole atmosphere around was morally contagious with spiritual malaria, and yet he let his light shine, walked in white, kept his garments unspotted, had no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reproved them, "cried aloud, spared not," showed the people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins. He was strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. One thus trained will chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

HOME PIETY FOR LITTLE FOLKS PERPETUAL.

PARENT—

> "Thou canst not toil in vain;
> Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
> Shall foster and mature the grain
> For garners in the sky."

ONE thing is certain—none educated in a home of cheerful, consistent, heart-felt piety, the love of Jesus, regenerated and sanctified, can ever afterward be led to despise the religion of the Bible.

A child trained from infancy's early dawnings "in the way he should go" till the age of maturity or the leaving the paternal roof, God says, "*he will not depart from it.*"

The memory of such a home; the echo of the songs of childhood; the vision of the family altar, where once an unbroken band was sheltered under the wing of divine protection, and father, mother, sister, brother, now dead or far away, sang the dear old heart-hymns and joined in the same prayer—all these and yet more will revisit the soul, and keep alive the heavenly spark early enkindled, the love of God rooted and grounded. Parent, believest thou this?

Alas for the home that sends forth its inmates into this perilous world with no golden links of pious remembrance to hold them by a safe home-anchor until they outride the storms of life!

Christian fathers and mothers! think well of your responsibilities. A few years will make sad changes in your homes. The bright and gay throng of children that people your house to-day will soon emerge from childhood, and go out from your presence to the great battle of life. You have not long to train them for the task.

SHOWING THEIR COLORS, LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

"Shrink from no foe, to no temptation yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
Stand up for Jesus."

SHOW your colors? Yes, you should; little folks and great folks; always, everywhere; at home, abroad, in the house, and out of it; up stairs and down; by the wayside, in cars, stages, steamboats, by sea and by land, in the sanctuary, in meetings for prayer, praise, and exhortation, show your colors! hoist them to the breeze; let them wave.

Never be ashamed of Jesus—the religion of the Bible. "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." 1 *Pet.* iii. 15.

Speak the truth, the whole truth; let it out, meekly, lovingly, boldly, in all its native force, beauty and glowing power and fire. Keep back any part of the price, heal slightly, prophesy smooth things, daub with untempered mortar, confer with flesh and blood? Not for worlds, ten thousand times ten thousands. Declare "*all the words of this life*" thunderingly, come life, come death! "What I tell you in darkness," says Christ, "that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye on the house-top. And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." *Matt.* x. 27, 28.

Go armed with Bible truth, in the form of books, tracts, periodicals—silent messengers that *thunder* and *thunder*, flash lightning, *flash* against every sin in high places and in low; scatter the living, burning, blazing firebrands of

heaven's artillery; out with these "swords that cut and these heavenly fires that burn;" in cars, omnibuses, steamboats, by the wayside, from house to house, at watering places, and every public resort.

Show your colors! speak a word for your Master. Be sure to go prepared with a large supply of the "leaves of the healing of the nations;" scatter the good seed.

Begin early. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." Be missionaries for Jesus? who questions it? Out and *on*—on and *out*—load, and fire! load and fire! No matter how little you are, or how big you are, go forward: hang out your sign; show your colors! Go forward, great hearts and little hearts, on fire for salvation. Glory! glory! glory!!

ASHAMED OF JESUS? WHO? WHEN?

"WHOSOEVER shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." *Luke*, ix. 26.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword."

"Fear not them who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." *Matt.* x. 28.

LITTLE FOLKS BUILDING ON A ROCK.

SEE them at it, busy as busy can be. These are the wise ones, digging deep, laying a sure foundation on the Rock Christ Jesus.

What now? The rains wash it away? Never. No matter how sweeping the rain, how fierce the winds blow; the clouds may gather blackness, the lightnings *flash*, the thunders *crash!* all is safe, for it is founded upon a rock. *Matt.* vii. 24.

Christ is the Rock on which his Church is built, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. *Matt.* xvi. 18. "Who is a rock, save our God?"

GLANCING AT THE DARK SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

HITHERTO we have passed over briefly the duties of parents—what God requires of them, and what a little heaven a family is when trained *for* heaven—glory on glory—as very family should be. On this beautiful, bright side of the picture, gladly would we dwell forever; but painful as it is, we must, for a little space, view the dark side of it; point out the hindrances to family order, peace, joy, salvation.

Unhappy or discordant marriages; being "unequally yoked." God is disobeyed in the outset. This is the chief cause of the multiplied, unscriptural divorces. God is not honored; duly acknowledged in the married relation. No wonder a curse follows it, instead of a blessing.

"How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

What can be hoped for when husband and wife disagree, but disorder, confusion, and recklessness in the family circle?

Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation. And every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." *Matt.* xii. 25.

2. Another hindrance to family order and scriptural training, is idolatry; placing our affections unduly on objects forbidden. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me;" "Set your affections on things above, and not on things upon the earth."

How frequently, in mercy, does God snatch the idol from the mother's fond embrace to save the souls of both child and mother!

Should the child be permitted to live, ten to one it would prove a curse instead of a blessing.

3. Another cause of failure in family culture, is the early and continued dedication process is not duly considered. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, understood this practically.

When a child is born into the world, what the first thing? dedication? presenting it to the Lord, a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable, as a *reasonable*, perpetual service? This child is not ours, but the Lord's, bought with a price infinite! "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." *Ex.* ii. 9.

4. Sickly charity, or false tenderness, is another stone of stumbling, a rock of offence. What does this lead to? healing slightly, daubing with untempered mortar, conferring with flesh and blood—"crying peace, peace, when there is no peace." Jacob stumbled here, so did Eli, so did David, and multitudes on multitudes, which no man can number.

5. Idolatry in dress, the tipping off, the wimples and crisping pins, the artificial and gewgaws, the gold, the pearls, the costly array. Do mothers know they are planting thorns in the pillows of their precious little ones for life, when they imitate the world in gay and fashionable costume? The seeds of pride and vanity are sown in the first buddings of infancy!

Gospel purity and simplicity in personal adornments should begin in the nursery—the very cradle of existence; and *on forever*. "Pride goeth before destruction." How many (who can tell?) are weeping and wailing, where hope never comes, in consequence of this one false step—pride of life, folly and fashion—begun and fostered in early childhood!

6. Another failure in training as God requires is, not subduing the will at once. The very *instant* the serpent self is manifested, the finger should be laid on the spot of

this leprosy. The first movings of ill-temper in a child should be checked, not suffered to live and breathe a single moment. This secret of all secrets, is the golden key to salvation here, salvation *forever*. When the will is thoroughly subdued, brought into sweet, heavenly, lamb-like subjection, then many innocent indulgences may be granted, which otherwise might prove ruinous.

The will of every son and daughter should be so completely under the control of the parent, that a single word, a nod, a look, the lifting of the finger, would suffice to command instant and cheerful obedience.

7. Another prevalent hindrance to holy, heavenly family discipline, is the almost entire absence of Gospel purity; a holy atmosphere in the family circle. "Example kills, example cures." Parents do not preach to their children daily, hourly, momentarily, by a holy walk and conversation, lying down, rising up, going out, and coming in, by every look, thought, word, action. Their example gives the lie to their profession; and their little ones become hardened in sin. Children perish—go down to the pit, from the very gate of heaven!

The first thing in "rearing the tender thought" is "holiness to the Lord," written on our foreheads, our door-posts, and upon our gates.

8. There is not talking enough about Jesus, heaven, the way of life, salvation on salvation, rising up, lying down, going out, and coming in, at the fireside, around the table at meal-times, morning, noon, and at night. See *Deut.* vi. 7–9.

The souls of parents are not alive in God—on *fire*. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

9. Again, the habits of industry are not duly inculcated. Every child should be busily occupied in something in-

teresting, useful, praiseworthy—that counts for mercy; mercy on mercy.

10. Another special reason why so few children submit to gospel requisition is, ministers from the sacred desk overlook these lambs. They seem to forget that children have souls at all. They make no special preparation to give a portion in due season to the little ones. They come and go, go and come, neglected, disregarded. They sit listless, restless, careless, wearied in the house of God, longing for the Amen! Is this gospel?

11. Once more. The letting out of waters, the greatest of all hindrances in taking little children directly to Jesus, is lack of faith. "According to your faith, so be it unto you."

Not a step is taken in the right direction in household duty without confidence in the promises of God, a firm belief. It is our duty and privilege to train our children "in the way they should go," from early infancy, with the assurance that from this heavenly training they will not depart, that it is the will of our heavenly Father these children of ours should be sanctified from their birth, and grow up in the Lord.

Parents must also believe that the Lord holds them responsible for the character, conduct, and salvation of those delivered to them in trust.

Alas! how few parents believe this!

The false idea is almost universal, that children are to grow up in sin for future conversion. Therefore very little special, direct effort is made by parents to take their children in the earliest dawnings of moral accountability, to Jesus, for the washing of regeneration, the purification of their souls, that their garments may be unspotted—made white in the blood of the Lamb.

LITTLE FOLKS BUILDING ON A SANDY FOUNDATION.

BUSY ARE THEY HERE, LITTLE AND BIG?

"*There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.*" Prov. xiv. 12.

That's right—away with idlers, snails, and drones. Give us the workers, the go-ahead folks. Off with your gloves, mittens, ruffles, silks, and satins—strip to it. "Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh wherein no man shall work."

But what are these busy folks about? Building a house?

Where—on a rock or on the sand? If on a rock, with foundation deep, it will stand, though the rains descend, floods come sweepingly, and the winds blow fiercely, terribly, hurricane-like!

But if these little builders are building on the sand—what now, when the rains come, the floods dash and overflow, the winds sweep all before them? Oh! oh! what a fall! Well, it is just so when little folks and great folks build their hopes for eternity on a false foundation, as many do, without true repentance, faith in the Lord Jesus, and a godly walk and conversation. *Woe!* WOE! WOE! to these mistaken souls.

"He that loveth me, keepeth my commandments." "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

They are like the foolish virgins, who took their lamps but took no oil in them. When the marriage feast was ready they entered not in. When they cried, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" the reply was, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." *Matt.* xxv. 11, 12.

"Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." *Matt.* vii. 22, 23. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

"THE day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble."

SUFFERING LITTLE FOLKS TO COME TO JESUS.

"Little feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God,
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad."

"*Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.* Matt. xix. 14.

MARK the expression, "*little children;*" not big ones, but *little* ones. No matter how little they are for Jesus to take in his arms. Heaven is made up largely of "little folks."

Myriads of these redeemed spirits surround the throne of God, tuning their little harps in praise, singing hallelujahs to the Lamb who loved them and gave himself for them—washed them and made them white in his own precious blood.

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high."

The thought is pleasing, joyous, that in the kingdom of heaven there are little children; that they form a large part of God's redeemed family. The thought is pleasing to every Christian; but to the bereaved parent, the parent of children "passed into the skies," it is more than pleasing—it is sustaining, delightful, enrapturing.

Yea, verily. The child to a fond parent's eye is beautiful in death; but it will be more beautiful, more precious, when seen planted a brilliant diadem of the Sun of Righteousness.

No little ones are saved in heaven, or can be, except through the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, the Lamb slain.

Without the shedding of blood there is no remission.

> "Christ is the way, the life, the light,
> His Spirit seals the truth aright,
> The way that points to endless life."

Parents dear, are you suffering your little ones to come to Christ, or forbidding them?

1. You hinder or forbid them if you do not believe Christ is able and willing to take them to his bosom, embrace them, mould them into his own blessed image or likeness, make them meet for heaven, glory eternal.

2. You hinder or forbid them to come to Jesus, refuse to place them in the arms of the dear Saviour, when you neglect to examine the sacred records, the blessed hope set before you in the gospel, the great and precious promises in the Holy Scriptures respecting the present and eternal salvation of these lovely little ones of yours. God in his word hath given line upon line, precept on precept, from Genesis to Revelation, on the question before us; and it is the imperative duty of every father and mother to search this blessed volume of inspiration for the *special* object of holy nurture; and so far as parents omit to open their eyes to this light that shineth in a dark place, so far they bar the door of redeeming, sanctifying grace to their offspring.

3. Parents do not suffer those placed under their charge to come to Jesus, when they do not use all the means ordained by high heaven for their immediate salvation.

4. Parents hinder the salvation of their "little ones," do not permit them to come to Jesus, when they do not walk before them in newness of life, present their own bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service.

Holiness must be written upon our own foreheads, our gates and door-posts, in the inmost recesses of the heart.

There is no possibility of parents taking their offspring to Jesus in the arms of faith and love, while remaining in unbelief, unconsecrated, unholy. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." All the examples recorded in the word of God, of consistent family training, are those eminently Godward, on the altar of sacrifice. Abraham was a holy man, the father of the faithful. The mother of Moses was a holy woman, strong in faith, giving glory to God. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, was a godly woman, distinguished for her devotedness to the Lord. Her soul was on *fire!* to do the whole will of her Creator. Zachariah and Elizabeth, the parents of John the Baptist, were wholly given up to God's service, walking in all his commandments and ordinances blameless. And they were thus consecrated at the very time of God's mercy in giving them a son, filled with the Holy Spirit from his birth. The mother and grandmother of Timothy were evidently influenced solely by wisdom from above, prayerfully diligent in searching the Scriptures, through which medium Timothy became wise unto salvation.

We see clearly that nothing short of the entire sanctification of soul, spirit, and body will meet the emergency of the case.

Finally, we see God's willingness to embrace little folks, take them to his arms of love and mercy. Parent, believest thou this?

Teach a child to think for himself, by which he can learn how to learn, which is the cream of all instruction, whether in school or out.

FORBID NOT LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO JESUS.

Jesus took little children in his arms, blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There was a time when the Divine One stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But a human being stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! has it not often been so? do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feelings, stand like a dark cloud between our little child and its Saviour, and keep even from the choice buds of our hearts the sweet radiance which might unfold it for Paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When of old, disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a little child and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who should be greatest in heaven. That gentle teacher remains still to us. By every hearth and fireside Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us.

Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, trusting eye the lesson of eternal life. Be to thy God as thy child is to thee. Blessed shalt thou be, indeed, "when the little child shall lead thee," and thou shalt cry to God, "My Father."

He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction: but he that refuseth reproof erreth. *Prov.* x. 17.

THE LITTLE GIRL, THOUGHTLESS AND HEEDLESS.

Don't she look like it? Oh, what a pity! Mother, take care of this heedless one of yours. Children left to themselves plunge headlong into all manner of things mischievous and ruinous to body and soul. Every step of these waywards is fraught with danger imminent.

Mothers beloved, think of it, lay it to heart. The fault is yours mainly. One of the saddest evils of the present day is false tenderness, permitting little ones to "live as they list."

Little folks choose for themselves? No, they can't; no such thing. They cannot, ought not. To say, let a child remain without any religious instruction, that when grown up he may choose for himself, unbiased by prejudice and education, evinces great wickedness, or total ignorance of the principles of moral development. The child inherits from sinful parents a strong bias or inclination to evil, and unless counteracting influences are brought to bear upon him, he will as surely contract sinful habits, as the wild beast becomes ferocious if his nature is not softened while young by the gentle voice and winning treatment of man.

A child's education begins as soon as it enters upon a conscious existence. The spirit of those surrounding the helpless infant, breathing accents of tenderness and love, or uttering words of impatience and anger, is impressing that highly sensitive heart with good or evil. By the tones of her voice the mother can cause the child of a few days old to laugh or cry. She can awaken emotions of happiness and love, or inspire fear and hatred. "The mind of every child must and will be growing and strengthening every day; and daily, too, will it receive new impressions and new thoughts. These must educate the mind; and the child who sees his parents and teachers careless about religion and ignorant of God and his government is not left to choose for himself; he is *educated to forget his Maker and trample on his laws and commands.*

Many suppose religion adapted only to mature minds; but the love of God infused into the soul by simple faith in Christ is the native atmosphere, the pure nutriment of a child's mind and heart. The child is not to be a heathen first and a Christian afterward; but its life is to be developed from its very incipiency under Christian influences.

HOLY FATHERS AND HOLY MOTHERS.

All right; this must be in family discipline to secure the little ones on the side of glory. And yet holiness merely, is insufficient.

Parent, in training your household, a perfect example will not suffice; something more is required. You may live holy as an angel, spotless as Gabriel, and yet, unless you obey God in restraining your children from evil, in subduing their wills, bringing every unholy passion into sweet, heavenly, lamb-like submission—what avail?

Eli, doubtless, was a priest of God, exemplary in his daily walk, upright in his general deportment, ministered acceptably at God's altar, and yet, "his sons were vile." Wherefore? "he restrained them not." And for this one omission of duty, the most terrible judgments came upon his whole house. The Lord held him responsible for the conduct of his children; their sins were laid to his charge. Hark! "In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house; when I begin, I also will make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house forever, for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

We knew, personally, a beloved minister of the Gospel, whose whole life was Godward, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, a warm and successful advocate of the doctrine of holiness, entire sanctification in this life. His lovely companion—the wife of his bosom—walked in the same steps of Gospel purity and simplicity. The family altar was kept burning brightly, morning and evening; the sacred Scriptures were searched daily; the atmosphere around them was heavenly. And yet, notwithstanding all these

hallowed influences and Christian graces beaming radiantly in this family circle, the sons and daughters of these parents were impenitent sinners; as they grew in stature they grew in pride, folly, and self-will; in conscience-searedness, in loving pleasures more than in loving God. Why so? Those lovely, God-fearing parents were falsely tender, indulged their little ones in things foolish and vain, gratified their passions and appetites to excess; permitted them to mingle with evil associates at home and abroad. Instead of inculcating early, the habits of industry and sobriety, employing their time in things useful and benevolent, redeeming golden moments, they were allowed to idle about in the street-school. And certain it is, that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

These parents are now reaping the bitter fruits of this neglect. They sowed to the wind, and are now reaping the whirlwind. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." *Prov.* xxix. 15. And oh! what drawback is more seriously detrimental to a minister's success in preaching the everlasting Gospel, than a family of unruly children, gospel-hardened. Household discipline, training children in the fear of God, in the way they should go, is one of the first and most important qualifications of a Gospel minister; "having faithful children, not accused of riot or unruly." "One that ruleth well in his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." "For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?" 1 *Tim.* iii. 2–5.

MORE BUSY FOLKS—BUSY AS BEES.

THE bees are busy, and these little folks are busy, as you see in the picture. But what are they doing—busy about? Good things, or things naughty? We may be busy about trifles, things of no value. No one, little or big, has any right to be busy a single moment except for God-service, making the world better and happier, of diffusing light, hope, joy, peace, salvation.

No parent should allow his little ones a single moment on trifles light as air. No period of life is so valuable, momentously important, as that of childhood. Habits formed in the early dawnings of the springtime of life are "Apples of gold in pictures of silver," or gall and wormwood—the apples of Sodom.

"Work, work, nor covet an ignoble rest;
Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile.
Those love the Saviour most who serve him best;
And he who blesses others shall be bless'd
With the full sunshine of his Saviour's smile."

One special object of the benevolent Robert Raikes, in founding the Sabbath-school, was to keep children and youth from idleness, dissipation, and petty thefts. He saw with tearful eye, in his own native city (Gloucester, England), children from six to twelve years of age of the lowest class, running wild in the streets, without employment, unrestrained, trampling on holy time, stretching every nerve in the service of their old master, the devil, sinning as with a cart-rope, drinking iniquity as the ox drinketh water, rambling through the city, fields, and forests, uttering blasphemies, robbing orchards, gardens, and hen-roosts. The first idea of this noble man of God was to keep these sons of Belial from mischief, to snatch them as brands from eternal burnings, by placing them under pious and competent teachers, both in the forenoon and afternoon on the Lord's day. These teachers were paid twenty-two cents per day for their services.

Had there been no higher motives in view than instructing these desperadoes in the art of reading, the use of the catechism, and in leading them to the house of God, this blessed man would have been amply compensated for all the sacrifices of money and labor expended.

Look at the busy bodies in the street-school, the school of Satan, the highway to ruin! What lessons are early taught in this seminary, what habits formed, rooted, and grounded? There is not a sin, however gross, shameful, vile, polluting, and degrading, soul-destroying, that is not imbibed, inculcated.

This school, of all others, tends to sear the conscience, harden the heart, and pave the way to every species of vice and high-handed iniquity.

THE MOTHER'S FALSE STEP.

APPEALING TO THE FATHER'S AUTHORITY.

"The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it was never in my soul
To play so ill a part.
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by a want of heart."

MOTHERS *have* you done it! *do* you do it, *ever?* *What!* appeal to your husband for commanding influence in household duty, in restraining a wayward or disobedient son or daughter? Have you failed hitherto in family government? Had you, from early infancy, obeyed God in rearing the tender thought, educating your little ones, curbed their passions, subdued their wills, brought them into sweet, heavenly, lamb-like submission, a single nod of yours, a wink of the eye, the softest whisper, would command perfect, *instant* obedience.

Every mother has it in her power, through grace divine, to rule and reign joyfully and triumphantly in the domestic circle, to make her house a little Eden—a Paradise below.

Whenever and wherever you hear or see a mother appealing to her better-half for governmental aid in the family, touching unruly urchins, rest assured of error, mistake—sad, lamentable!

MY son, forget not my law; but let thy heart keep my commandments; for length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add to thee. *Prov.* iii. 1, 2.

BAD, BAD, BAD! TERRIBLE!

Did you ever see anything equal this, young readers? Can it be possible these children have been rightly disciplined all the way up, on principles virtuous, pure, heavenly?

"Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

Troublesome children are very troublesome; troublesome at home, troublesome abroad. They give their parents and teachers trouble—trouble here, trouble there. Troublesome children are troublesome everywhere. One disobedient, self-willed upstart disturbs a whole family, a whole neighborhood. "One sinner destroyeth much good."

Parents, do you realize what evil is caused through your instrumentality, in neglecting to obey God in training your little ones in the way they should go, in the fear and admonition of the Lord? Were the curse of your neglect or sin of omission to fall upon your own head merely, it would be comparatively trivial; but, alas, you entail wretchedness, misery, and ruin upon multitudes living, and may be upon multitudes yet unborn! There is no calculating the evil resulting from this disobedience to Heaven's high mandate. Eternity must reveal it. The evil goes on through time, through eternity!

EVIL HABITS CLING FOR LIFE.

"Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
Call'd to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains—and he alone—does right.
Some dream that they can silence when they will
The storms of passion, and say, *Peace;* be still.
But thus far, and no further, when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man."

WHAT BAD BOYS COST.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

"*Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved: but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.*" Prov. xxviii. 18.

"There is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray."

If we will not be our brother's keeper, our brother will be a perpetual torment and disgrace to us.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson mentioned at a meeting, a short time since, a case in which a boy of only fourteen years had been ten times in prison, and had cost the public £400 in prosecuting and punishing him; leaving him just as bad, or rather, we fear, worse than before. Had that lad been rightly educated in the path of duty and holiness, as all children should be, he might have become a useful member of the community, instead of turning out as he did, a nuisance and a pest. It would have saved thousands of pounds in poor-rates, police-rates, jail-rates, and the expenses of criminal prosecution. Nor does the cost stop here; the mischief and the ruin go on and on from generation to generation, till the Angel from heaven swear "time shall be no longer." "One sinner destroyeth much good."

There is another case mentioned of a boy only thirteen years of age, who was ten times imprisoned, and cost the public two thousand dollars to prosecute and punish, and leaving him, quite likely, much worse than ever. But is this all that he cost? How many other boys did he corrupt? And what will their wickedness cost? We must not only count the *money*, but enumerate other items and expenses. A bad boy costs himself a great deal of trouble,

passion, enmity, and strife; he loses friends, honor, self-respect, and often his health. He costs his parents much vexation, even if they themselves are also bad; but if they are pious, he costs them more anguish and sorrow than can be computed. He costs the morals of others; that is, his bad example and influence deprave other persons, and cost them virtue, and truth, and religion. But this is not all. What good *might* he have done, had he been a good boy? He might have grown up a good merchant, mechanic, writer, an orator, a minister of the Gospel, added wealth, honor, worth, and salvation to the community. He *might* have been a great and good man, a benefactor to his race. *But all this is lost.* And still there is a *greater* cost. Think of it, *bad boys!* Think of it, parents, teachers, and law-makers. The final, infinite, and eternal cost of the bad boy is the *loss of his soul, because where God dwells he never can come.*

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, who will not obey the voice of his father or mother, and that when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them, all the men of the city shall stone him with stones, that he die; so shalt thou put evil away from among you." *Deut.* xxi. 18.

"Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him who breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?"

HEAR, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. *Prov.* iv. 1.

HOME WORK—WORK AT HOME.

MEETING OF DAYS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.—A HINT TO MINISTERS AND MINISTERS' CHILDREN.

HOLD a protracted meeting in your own house—a meeting of days? By all means, brother minister, if you have ungodly children, unconverted, in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. Cease your efforts abroad in soul-saving, and appoint a special meeting at your own house for the conviction and conversion of your impenitent sons and daughters on the road to ruin. Call in your pious friends and neighbors, those that have power with God, are full of faith and the Holy Spirit. Pray and preach, preach and pray, "be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." Cease not till every soul under your roof—sons and daughters, man-servants and maid-servants—are on the side of mercy, converted to God, set apart *exclusively* Godward, bright and shining lights, the salt of the earth. Then, you have a household of preachers, salvation at home, salvation abroad.

What! go abroad, here and there, far and near, exhorting sinners to repent, do works meet for repentance, meanwhile your own house is disorderly, hurly-burly, topsy-turvy, confusion worse confused! Awful! Friends, beloved, begin at home, where charity begins, set your own house in order, disciple it. "Thou, therefore, who teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

Strange, is it not, marvellously, that some evangelists are strenuous in the doctrines of repentance, faith, and a holy life, labor unceasingly abroad for the salvation of souls, while at the same time some three, four, six, or eight baptized infidels are on the way to perdition everlasting before

their eyes, day in, day out, lying down, rising up, going out, and coming in? Oh! what glaring, outstanding, unheard of inconsistency! What are we coming to—nigh unto burning?

Stop short? Soon as possible; delay not. Cease your special labors in saving sinners abroad, and bend the whole energies of your soul in the salvation of your own household. Call every member of your family together; humble yourself in their presence; confess your sins, your awful wickedness, blood-guilty, in neglecting to obey God hitherto in one of the most important requisitions that ever issued from the majesty of High Heaven. Tell the little ones and the big ones, weepingly, how great your guilt is in this sin of omission. Take the Bible, open it in their presence, and let God speak in tones of *thunder* what he requires of both parents and children. Now, *now* hasten, run with your censer, stay the plague.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." *Prov.* xiv. 12.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

It has sometimes been said that disobedience to parents is the beginning of all crime. If this is true, and to a great extent it undoubtedly is, how important that the habit of disobedience should never be formed! Beware, young reader, how you disobey the slightest command of your parents, for it will lead you to disobey others, and then to disobey the laws of your country and the laws of God.

ELI AND SAMUEL.

Oh! oh! boys and girls, who are these, do you know? Eli and Samuel? Certainly! Turn to 1 Samuel and read the chapter through and through; it tells all about it, from first to last. All about that blessed boy, the subject of many prayers; also concerning Hannah, his dear mother, a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, of strong faith, prayer unceasing. She had sorrow of heart, a good deal; severe trials, fiery onsets; and who has not that obeys God, labors for Jesus, fights the good fight lays hold on eternal life? She told the Lord what she would do if he would give her a male child. Did she perform her vow? Every syllable of it punctiliously. What the result—glory? Yes, glory on glory, forever and *forever!* Was there ever *such* a man as this same priest and judge? The very heavens shook terribly, gathered blackness; the rains descended, the thunders crashed, the lightnings *flashed*, in answer to his prayers. Turn again if you please, little readers, to 1 Samuel xii. 16, 17, 18.

Samuel *grew up* in the Lord (just as all little folks should) bright and shining as grace could make him.

Suppose all mothers would take just the course Hannah did in family training, can you guess what glorious things would be? All heaven ring melodiously? Undoubtedly! with songs seraphic!

Child-ridden? Certainly parents are. It's shocking to think of it.

The divine order is that the parents shall rule; and that they may do it lovingly and wisely, children should be born into an atmosphere of love. Such is the beauty and blessedness of wise paternal rule, that good kings and governors have been called the fathers of their people; but if law should fall into disrepute, the nation sinks into ruin. The same is true of families. A household in which the parents are subject to the whims and caprices of their children, is a legitimate object of pity and contempt. This pitiable state of things we see on every side. This tyranny of children begins early. Its first form is unchecked passion and unresisted dictation. Thus started with a fair field before it, it blooms out into extravagant demands for spending-money, for costly dress, for attendance upon fashionable amusements, theatres, operas, dances, and the like. The boys go and come when they please; carry night-keys in their pockets, come in at midnight, sleep late in the morning, get to school after the time, if at all, break their education up into useless bits, and become fast young men long before they come of age. The girls have scarcely so good a chance for the display of their independence, and often grieve that they were not born boys. They are resolved, however, to do all that the proprieties of their girlhood will permit.

Sight pitiable, lamentable, soul-ruinous; but so it is; far and near parents are child-ridden, ruled with a rod of iron, and submit tamely!

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

HAVE you not heard of it, little readers, over and over? Well, here it is.

"That moss-cover'd vessel I hail'd as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well."

PURE cold water, sweetened with icicles, is the best drink. Children should drink the pure water. Away with tea and coffee. If you would have the bright eye and clear cheek, drink nothing but cool water.

HOME DUTIES—THE MOTHER AND THE LAMBS.

Discreet keepers at home. Titus, ii. 5.

Mothers, how are you getting on with the little folks? is everything in the nursery orderly, peaceful, joyous? the dining-room, and the parlor, up stairs and down? Are the children, from the least to the greatest, sweet as Heaven can make them, baptized spiritually, meek, humble, lamb-like?

At table during meals, is it clock-work, at the fireside also, and around the family altar? Very well, branch off scatter the good seed, preach here, preach there. But remember, "Charity begins at home." Home duties first, last, *always.*

What is religion?

> "Is it to go to Church to-day,
> To look devout and seem to pray?
> Does every sanctimonious face,
> Denote the certain reign of grace?"

We may become religiously dissipated—many do. Some mothers—lovely, kind, good—are pious overmuch; that leave home, bed and board, week in and week out, the year round, for what? To preach? Yes! exhort sinners to repentance, faith, hope, joy, life eternal; while at the same time, their own homes are full of little sinners, and very likely to become very great sinners! Is this in the order of God's providence, mercy, and truth?

Where the "thus saith the Lord," for running before we are sent, of "going to war at our own charges?" There is a zeal without knowledge. "If a man strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully."

Close the lips of our dear sisters, who walk circumspectly in newness of life? Heaven forbid! they are the salt of

the earth, cities set on hills, light-houses, "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." They are prophets in very deed. But, sisters in the Lord, let your zeal be tempered with knowledge, your piety commend itself beautifully, symmetrically. One duty should never interfere with another; and of all duties none are more vitally important than home duties. Spurgeon says: "I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad and neglects her children at home. I have no faith in the religion of women who spend time in laboring to reform others and neglect their own households. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces, are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep others' vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be; and then, when the cannon balls, and the shots, and even the grains of sand, are all in the box, even then there will be room for those little deeds of love and faith which, in my Master's name, I seek of you who love his appearing. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the Apostle's words, 'As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men.'"

"Some women will spend a whole day," says Rev. C. G. Finney, "at a prayer-meeting, to pray for the conversion of the world, while their sons and their daughters at home are neglected and Christless, their impenitent servant in the kitchen is not spoken to all the day long, and perhaps not in a month, to save her soul."

"Shall Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her voice be heard?"

It is sad, grievous indeed, to witness the mistakes of some good folks in their calling! Mothers beloved, seek first the kingdom of God at home; set your own houses in order; keep them in order. Get your own souls on fire, holily, and see to it that your sons and your daughters are on the life list, salvation's—beautifully, God-fearing; ornamentals in all that is pure, lovely, Christ-like; "Olive-plants around your table." Then you can preach and *will* preach powerfully at home and wherever the Lord in his providence calls you. Your little ones, lambs of the flock, walking in newness of life, examples of whatsoever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, will preach as you preach, say, "*amen.*"

TRAINING CHILDREN.

Mothers, train your daughters *to be mothers.* Think what a mother ought to be in every relation of life—social, domestic, public, at home and abroad, by day and by night. Think of Washington's mother, Samuel's, Timothy's, the mother of our Lord. Mothers *cannot* be good mothers, unless taught to be good mothers from their infancy. If all mothers were good mothers, would not our world soon be a paradise?

The Bible lays down four great rules, involving four great elements of successful religious training of children: *prayer*, *example*, *instruction*, and *restraint.* And it is doubted if a solitary case can be found when all these have been united, where the child has not followed in the footsteps of the pious parent.

HOME-WORK FOR MOTHERS.

THE parent that stays at home and takes care of children is doing a work as boundless as God's heart.

As when the time for seed-sowing is past, if the seed it not sown no industry or regret can avail; so when a child has gone forth from under the parental care, if the work is not done you cannot follow it or change it. Some alleviation there may be, and some after-refuge; but there can be no complete remedy. There is no way of compensating for neglect to sow the seed at the proper time. The seed-sowing time is when your children are at home, in your family; and if you are going to do anything for them, you must do it then. Then take heed. The time is flying. What you do for your children, do quickly, or it will be too late. You may be taken from them. If they are taken from you, thank God. Happy is that family that has cherubs in heaven. Blessed are they whose care and responsibility are ended because Christ hath taken their darlings. Better teachers than you are, are angels. A better parent than you are, is God. And blessed are those of your children that have gone to be with him. But what is done for those that yet remain with you, must be done speedily. Your days are ages in their effect, and yet they are fugitive as the arrow that flits through the air.

It has been said of John Williams' mother: "Little did she imagine, when her children were clustering around her knees, and listening to the words that fell from her lips, that she was training up one of the most influential missionaries of the cross, and that distant tribes and future generations would rise up and call her blessed." A very similar testimony may be borne to thousands of other godly parents.

OH! OH! WHAT A BAD GIRL!

Bad? She is ashamed of herself, covers her face. No wonder. And how many little boys and girls think you, reader, are in the very same predicament, or worse, if possible—disobedient, self-willed, petulant, proud as Satan can make them! on the way to ruin! Her temper subdued when a little one, brought into sweet, lamb-like, heavenly subjection? Not a word of it. She was pampered, petted, indulged, foolishly and wickedly! Now the mother reaps the fruits of her sickly charity, her false tenderness!

A girl that is petted in childhood will, in all probability, be a pet all her life. And what kind of a wife and a mother is a pet?

This mother, represented in the picture, have trouble with this troublesome daughter? Trouble on trouble, no end to it; and this trouble will doubtless follow her to the grave!

"Could we trace," says Payson, "the public and private evils which infest our otherwise happy country backward to their source, I doubt not we should find that most of them proceed from a general neglect of the education of children. With this neglect those parents are chargeable, who suffer their children to indulge without restraint those sinful propensities to which childhood and youth are but too subject. Among the practices which have this dangerous tendency are a quarrelsome, malicious disposition, disregard to truth, excessive indulgence of their appetites, neglect of the Bible and religious instruction, profanation of the Sabbath, impious and indecent language, wilful disobedience, improper associations, want of scrupulous integrity, and *idleness*, which is the parent of every evil. When youth are thus unrestrained, they almost invariably fall into courses which tend to undermine their constitutions and shorten their days. Parents who are guilty of this neglect, it is true, may have a blind fondness for their offspring, like the instinct of animals; but it does not at all resemble a virtuous, enlightened affection, and is altogether unworthy of a rational, and still more, of a Christian parent.

"The fact is, they love their own ease too well to employ that constant care and exertion which are necessary to restrain children and to educate them as they ought. They cannot bear to correct them, to put them to pain, not because they love their children, but because they love themselves, and are unwilling to endure the pain of inflicting punishment and of seeing their children suffer, though they cannot but be sensible that their happiness requires it."

BEAUTIFUL TRAINING.—LOOK AT IT.

"Mamma," said little Mary, "I want some candy. Give me some." This she repeated some half a dozen times, with cries each time louder and louder, till they became a shriek; mother meanwhile taking no notice. At last, unable to endure it longer, she said: "Hush, Mary, hush, and go away!" But Mary didn't hush—only repeated more emphatically, "I want some candy!" and screamed more fiercely. "I declare, I never saw such a child. Mary, hush, and go away!" Mary still screams, "I want some candy!" "Why, Mary, don't you see Mr. Amos? What will he think of you? His little girls don't do so!" Mary screams, "I want some candy! Give me some candy!" "Mary, I'll whip you if you don't hush and go away. I haven't any candy!" Mary knows her ground well, and bates not a jot or a tittle of her demand and earnestness. "I want some candy! give me some candy!" The mother, by this time, is somewhat excited herself, and thrusts her hand into a pocket, takes out a key, passionately thrusts it into the little hand, and says, "Here! go to Aunt Jane, and tell her to look in the drawer and give you some!" The little victor stops her cries at once, and trots off with the key to Aunt Jane.

Mother, is this little daughter yours? Is it possible? Well, what sayest thou to your little son? "He is too young to be punished or restrained; he will grow out of his badness, and do better when he is older." So have a thousand mothers said, while their children have been growing up with unsubdued wills, and ere they were aware, they have found a serpent within their own family circle.

Alas! that parents and guardians should so often forget that "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

LOVING LITTLE FOLKS—HOW MUCH?

PARENTS, how much do you love your children? enough to correct them betimes, subdue their evil tempers, restrain them from evil doings? What kind of love was Eli's toward his libidinous sons Hophni and Phinehas—sons of Belial? What did God think of Eli's love in household discipline? Turn to 1 Saml. ii. 27. How readest thou? What kind of love was David's toward his children, in letting them do as they pleased, serve Satan and their own lusts, pride, and ambition?

How many parents love their children in the same way! Eli and David suffered their little ones to grow up in idleness, in all manner of sin and folly, to live as they listed, to be "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." Instead of love, God calls this hatred. *Love spareth not the rod.*

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son."

1. Love will lay every restraint upon children necessary to save them from ruin.

2. Love does not spare the rod, because it spares nothing necessary to insure the *highest happiness* of the son. If severe chastisement is necessary, it unhesitatingly adopts it.

3. Love does not spare the rod, because God does not. No one can love more than God. His love is the strongest, purest, best; and yet he does not govern by moral suasion alone. He never abandons law, penalty, or severe chastisement. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." This is absolutely necessary to secure the end of his moral government.

Diseases, calamities, sufferings, afflictions, persecutions—these are the *rods* of the Almighty.

Severity of chastisement may be equally necessary in

governing children, and love is the principle that impels it. He that spareth the rod, hateth his son: he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes.

1. We learn from what has been said, that those who would expel the rod do really *hate* the rising generation.

2. This subject suggests one reason of the present disobedience and immorality among the young.

No period in the history of our country has presented such alarming features of vice among the young, as at present. The time was, when parennal government had the throne. Once parents ruled, now children hold the reins.

CORRECTING LITTLE FOLKS—MISBEHAVING.

The object of paternal correction should be the ultimate good of the child; and to make it effective—

1. The character of the punishment should be according to the disposition and temperament of the child.

2. The punishment should be in proportion to the nature of the offence.

3. It should be inflicted with the utmost self-possession; for if done in a towering passion, it takes the character of revenge; the child sees it and resists it with defiance, stubbornness, or with a feeling of being the injured or oppressed party.

4. Place the offence or sin committed in its true, just, and clear light, and act accordingly; and always, as much as possible, appeal to the child's conscience, to its sense of right, to its magnanimity, to its benevolence toward men, and its gratitude toward God.

SLEEPY FOLKS—FOLKS THAT SLEEP.

SLEEPY-HEADS, SLEEPY-HEARTS.

Little readers, you have seen them—so have we. It is sleep, sleep, lying down to sleep. "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." *Prov.* vi. 9–11.

> "Wake while yet the sparkling dewdrops
> Gem each flower's tiny bell;
> Kneel with calm and thankful spirit—
> Kneel and breathe thy morning prayer."

Where the head is sleepy, the heart is sure to be sleepy. Persons that sleep, doze away precious, golden moments, when they ought to be awake reading God's word, or on their knees before the Lord in prayer, how is it possible for their hearts to be alive and on fire for salvation?

Little folks, are *you* among the guilty ones that doze away the precious season of early morn? Up! wake up!

> "Sweet is the breath of morn! her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
> When first on this delightful land he spreads
> His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
> Glistening with dew."

Up, wake up, ere the glorious king of day streaks the east. Up betimes, and on your knees ere the sun streak the east!

The morning is the prime, the golden season. The morning air is sweet, delicious, charming! Hail, lovely morning, precursor of brighter day!

The morning air adds brightness to the blood, fresh life and vigor to the whole frame. "The freshness of the lip is one of the surest signs of health." Would you be well, enjoy health, life, vigor of soul and body, have your heart dance joyfully, like an April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook? Up! wake up, tune your hearts in grateful praise!

EARLY RISING.

"WAKE! for behold the rising light
Of morning gilds the sky!
Its glories call for thankful songs,
For action, prompt and high.

"Wake, slumberer! lest in fatal dreams
Thy spirit shall be lost;
And thou too late shalt wake, to be
Ever with anguish toss'd."

TRAINING CHILDREN TO PURITY.

Says a mother, "I cannot instruct my child on the subject of chastity. She is rapidly growing older, and soon she will know without my training." So, in accordance with this resolution, when her daughter asks questions on this subject, the mother gives false or evasive answers. The child perceives she is not fairly dealt with, and has her curiosity greatly excited.

"While men slept the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." *Matt.* xiii. 25.

Rest assured, mothers, if *you* do not impart instruction to the rising age on this delicate question, the enemy of all righteousness will, even to your sorrow and tears of bitter weeping! "For the lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil." "Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life." *Prov.* ii. 18. "Her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword." "He goeth after her as the ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool goeth to the correction of the stocks. Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not it is for his life." *Prov.* vii. 22, 23. "Hearken unto me," says Solomon, "now therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thine heart incline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

The sources from which information is gathered, and the temptations to indulge in the sin of impurity, are innumerable. Their name is legion. Exciting food and drink, ex-

citing company, exciting amusements, etc., all tend to impurity. The libertine is everywhere. The vile woman, that prowls about the country to procure victims for houses of death, is everywhere, vile prints and publications are everywhere, the licentious fashion, the thousand and one excitements are everywhere. They cluster around those unshielded by parental instruction and parental example, or urge them forward into the gulf of pollution.

And now we ask again, would you have your children among those who are thus neglected, thus unshielded, thus tempted to go down to the chambers of death and hell?

God has directed parents to teach all the commands to their children, has given line upon line and precept upon precept on the subject of purity; given some of the most thrilling incidents, has shown the fearful effects of licentiousness on nations and on individuals, and shall parents now excuse themselves, saying, "I don't know how to teach my children?" Will they not rather seek, and shall they not find, that guidance the Lord is ever ready to grant?

Did parents realize the infinite importance of seeking to promote the purity of their children, did they feel as deeply, think as strongly, and act as efficiently as they do in reference to some other subjects, the supposed difficulties would flee as clouds before the wind.

"My son, if sinner sentice thee, consent thou not. If they say, Come with us, let us lay in wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: my son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." *Prov.* i. 10, 11, 15.

WALKING IN WHITE, SPOTLESS.

HINTS TO YOUNG FEMALES.

"Modesty, like diamonds, shines most fair,
More worth than pearls or rubies are."

A WELL established character for morality and virtue, of purity of thought and action, is of great importance to people of every class and in all circumstances. But to a young lady, a good name is a priceless jewel. It is everything to her; in some sense it will clothe her with an attraction, a value, an importance in the estimation of others, which nothing else can impart. Possessed of a spotless character, she may reasonably hope for peace and happiness. But without such a character she is nothing.

Youth, beauty, dress, accomplishments, all gifts and qualities will be looked upon as naught when tainted by a suspicious reputation! Nothing can atone for this, nothing can be allowed to take its place, nothing can give charm and attraction where it exists not. When the character of a young woman is gone, all is gone! Thenceforward she can look for nothing but degradation and wretchedness.

The reputation of a young woman is of a most delicate texture. It requires not overt acts and actual wickedness to tarnish its brightness and cast suspicion on its purity; indiscreet language, careless deportment, a want of discrimination in regard to associates, even when no evil is intended, will often bring into question her character, greatly to her injury. Many are the instances of a single word, spoken at random, in the giddy thoughtlessness of youthful vivacity, without the slightest thought of wrong, casting a shadow upon the character of a young woman which it required years to efface.

FOLLY AND FASHION—FASHION AND FOLLY.

Look at her, little folks and great folks—is she beautiful? *If she thought as much of her soul* and the souls of others as she does of fixing her head, plaiting her hair, adjusting her curls, gewgaws, "mantles and wimples," what a happy and useful woman she would be! "The Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, making a tinkling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion." *Isaiah*, iii. 16, 17.

The wearing of gay and costly apparel tends to increase vanity, the love of being admired and praised.

"Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer." *Prov.* xxiii. 4.

In simplicity is real power. Ostentation is the shadowy semblance of it. Plain people, plain deeds, plain thoughts, and plain words tell most in the results of life and in the affairs of the world.

The godly Bishop Cox, remarking on the fashions and follies of the present day, says:

"When I see the tawdry fashion, the costly vulgarity, and the wicked extravagance of the times, I feel sure that thousands of American women are strangers to the first laws of refinement, simplicity in manners and attire.

"When I see that thousands of American women read the most shameful romances and the most degrading newspapers, frequent the vilest dramatic entertainments, and join in dances too shocking to be named among Christians, I feel that Christian matrons are becoming too few, and that civilized heathenism is returning to the fields we have wrested from the Indians.

"When I read daily of the most ungodly divorces, and of crimes against social purity and against human life itself, which are too gross to be mentioned more particularly, I feel that too many of our countrywomen are without God in the world, and that radical reforms are necessary in the system of education on which the young women of America are dependent for their training.

"When I see thousands of households in which young girls are reared for a life of pleasure, without reference to duty, I cannot wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind!"

The gayety and folly displayed in our churches make infidels faster than all the writings of Paine and Voltaire. It is an outrage of every doctrine, every example of the meek and lowly Jesus.

FASHIONABLE MOTHERS.

Fashionable mothers, what are you doing to make the world better and happier—to elevate, purify, and sanctify? How are you training your sons and your daughters? On Gospel principles, to habits of industry, economy, purity, and sobriety; and is your influence for good or evil; on the side of virtue or of vice?

Who ever knew a great and good man, or a great and good woman, reared under the tuition of a fashionable mother? Whence our Moseses, Miriams, Samuels, John the Baptists, our Timothys, Wesleys, Doddridges, the John Newtons, the Washingtons—whence are they—who trained them—moulded their infantile years—fashionable mothers? Not one! These great, good, holy, and eminently useful men had great and good mothers—plain, practical, industrious, economical, diligent in business, prayerful, God-fearing. See Prov. xxxi. 10–31.

Read the biographies of all our great and good men and women, from early time till the present—not *one* of them had a fashionable mother. They all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds. Away, then, with your starch, your aristocracy, your gewgaws, your pride, and your folly. Live for something—live for God and for glory.

A pious mother, then, is the greatest of all earthly blessings. The influence she exerts is the most excellent known on earth. Children brought up by a godly mother—who knows her duty and does it—who doubts their salvation? She makes the earliest, the deepest, and the most lasting impressions on their hearts. In their minds, religion is associated with all that is kind, winning, and pleasant in

home-life. They grow up with reverence for the Bible, the Sabbath, the house of God, and the ministers of Christ. They do not remember when first they heard the name of Jesus, or bowed their knees in prayer, or lisped the praises of God. They are instructed to hate and shun vice, and the seductions to it, and to admire and practice virtue. Having been trained up in the way they should go, when they become old they will not depart from it.

How great is their responsibility! God has committed to them the salvation of their own offspring. To secure the faithful discharge of the trust, he has planted in the maternal heart an affection which no toil, care, or sacrifice can exhaust. No mother who studies her responsibility or the interests of her children, can consent to be without the sustaining and guiding influence of Divine grace.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the law of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarcely a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. It is a sad truth that the fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life. They have but little force of character, they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong-minded women who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

In some neighborhoods, parties for little folks are frequent in low life and in high life. Mothers, have you no fears lest the serpent that beguiled Eve beguile your little ones?

One little girl, not yet in her teens, must have a party, then another, and yet another, until the whole circle of their associates is completed. Here the different sexes mingle, numerous plays are introduced, great familiarity is indulged, and that reserve, that modest delicacy so much to be admired in females, especially the young, gradually wears away. As these feelings disappear, strange thoughts enter the mind—thoughts that for a time they are scarcely willing to acknowledge, even to themselves, can find a lodging-place within. By and by, when too late, parents may learn and children may learn that these thoughts, and feelings connected with them, are beyond control.

Consequences have resulted, that caused ears to tingle, eyes to weep, and hearts to bleed! Mother, could you expect less, considering the unhallowed associations, the unnatural excitement, the unreasonable hours, the intemperance in eating, the wicked waste of time and money?

Again, these parties tend greatly to retard the progress of mental improvement. How much will a young girl improve her mind, who is thinking about a rich entertainment, an elegant new dress, and a good time with her associates? Some schools have been well-nigh broken up by these parties.

Such parties are likely to fill the mind with vain anticipations, with hopes of happiness that can never be realized. Hence a fondness for fictitious reading.

Once more. By means of children's parties, the morals

are greatly endangered. So closely woven, so linked together are the results, that the danger is that they will all unite in weaving the great fabric of licentiousness. Whatever tends to weaken the intellectual powers, retard the progress of knowledge, to waste property, blunt the conscience, injure the disposition and impair the health, inflames the passions, and leads to vice of the most appalling nature.

And now, dear mothers, let us ask, What will you do? Will you, in view of consequences so deplorable, run all risks, and let your child attend parties? Or, will you not rather rouse up all your energies, and in a firm, decided voice, utter the emphatic "No!"

OVER-DRESSED CHILDREN.

Look at the over-dressed children we see constantly; see them at church and everywhere, scanning the dress of their companions—annoying one, despising another, coveting this or ridiculing that article of dress, aping the manners of the mothers in receiving visits from their little friends, which are now as formal an affair, and as much a matter of fashion, as are the fashionable morning-calls of the elder members of the family. Hear them talking about *beaux* and *sweethearts*, of how *they will live when they get married;* see the simpering little beau of ten gallanting home the little coquette of eight, each so full of self-conceit and admiration of their own dear self, as to have but little to spare for any one else, and confess that the sight is both ridiculous and distressing, as everything in nature must be which is wholly out of place and disproportioned.

BUTTERFLIES! BUTTERFLIES! BUTTERFLIES!

Little reader, are you a butterfly? What better if your heart is vain—placed on fine things, trifling gewgaws, and artificials? Proud, are you? of what—fine clothes?

We never see a person proud of his dress but we think, Well, he has only cast-off clothes, after all; he has the jacket of the lamb, and the old great-coat of the sheep; from head to foot he is dressed in what the trees or the animals have used before him. His shoes are made of hides, his stockings of the cotton-shrub, his shirt of the flax-plant, his handkerchief is spun by the catterpillar, and his gloves are the waistcoat of the angola. Why not say,

> "Then will I set my heart to find,
> Inward adorning of the mind;
> Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
> These are the robes of richest dress."

Want you to look pretty? Certainly we do, young friends, pretty as pretty can be; beautiful as the morning

rose, as the lilies of the field. But what is beauty, and what will make you beautiful? Heaven in your souls, Jesus, the Lamb of God! Meanwhile adorning yourselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness), "with good works"—"with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Such a spectacle of the morally sublime is the admiration of angels. They stoop to gaze upon it with joy seraphic, bend their golden plumes. God himself smiles complacently. O lovely sight, *ecstatically* beautiful!

This conquest is not an army merely, but of the *whole* world. In a word, it's daring to be singular—to face the enemy, the world, the flesh, and the devil—saying joyfully, "Get thee hence, Satan; it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve."

It's taking God for your portion: exemplifying the religion of Jesus, the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity. Oh for a cloud of such witnesses! such angels of mercy! soon our dark world would be transformed, beautified, and blossom as the rose.

Behold the daughter of innocence! How beautiful is the mildness of her countenance; how lovely is the diffidence of her looks!

Her cheek is dyed with the deep crimson of the rose; her eye is placid and serene, and the gentleness of her speech is as the melting softness of the flute.

Her smiles are as the enlivening rays of the sun; the beauty of her presence, as the silver light of the moon.

Her attire is simple: her feet tread with caution, and she feareth to give offence.

LITTLE FOLKS FIXING UP NEATLY, GENTEELLY.

Little friends, fix yourselves up neatly, genteelly, especially when you rise in the morning, come to the table, to family prayers, or attend the house of God. You'll feel better, hear better, pray better, do everything better. No slovenly person feels as he ought. Make this a matter of conscience. See that your bodies are fit temples for the Holy Spirit.

With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves and put their plumage in order, and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant do they appear. Among the beasts of the field we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment, and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth.

In advocating gospel simplicity in costume, the entire avoidance of display or worldly conformity, the adorning of gold, pearls, or costly array, we should be careful not to fall into an opposite extreme, and neglect our exterior deportment. The neglect of the outward appearance indicates either a little mind, or a disregard to the opinions of our neighbors. One should always be neat and clean in person and dress, because this is an evidence of respectability and the fear of God. No lady, who has any regard for herself or any respect for the society in which she moves, will be slovenly in her appearance or careless in her attire. To dress simply and without ostentation is not only a mark of modesty, but of gospel simplicity and purity.

GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

Every person, but particularly every mother, should be careful to preserve a sound mind in a sound body. The soul should dwell in her body as the strong man who keepeth his house, and she should take care that no *thief* enters to steal away her senses. Anything which impairs health, injures her mental powers; and a sickly woman, unless she is one of a thousand, and has great grace, is a fretful woman, and a fretful woman is not fit to have the charge of children.

A mother should take care that her children get none but wholesome food, have pure air night and day, are sufficiently washed, which should be the entire person once every twenty-four hours—loosely and comfortably clothed, have plenty of exercise in the open air, and employment suitable to their ages. Preserve them, at all cost, from improper associations. Never trust children to the care and companionship of persons you esteem your own inferior. Have no *servants* about them. Intrust them *only* to the care of persons whom they are taught to respect, and who are worthy of that respect. We should as much think of giving our child a bottle of vitriol to amuse it, as hiring a girl out of some alley, of whose morals we know next to nothing, and placing her as the child's attendant.

If you do not have the entire charge of your child, employ some one the nearest possible approach to your ideas of a model lady and a Christian, to take your place.

If you thus place your child in proper conditions, and are careful to keep the command of your own spirit, acts of *wilful* disobedience will be rare. But when self-will does manifest itself in the least, be sure to check it instantly.

MOTHERS MAKING DRUNKARDS!

SHOCKING thought! What cheek does not blush to hear it—what ear tingles not?

"Every mother knows, from the sermons, and books, and essays upon the subject that have flooded the land, but more still from her own instincts and heart-beats, that no one in all the world has such an influence as she has over the future men and women, now the little confiding child on her breast.

"The weal or the woe of her unborn babes depends greatly on her dietetic habits. Does she realize that the food she prepares to eat, if rich, heavily spiced and salted, gives them an appetite for stimulating things; that the domestic wines, which she manufactures as innocently as she does her jellies and cakes, give her children their first taste of something stronger than water to drink?

"Does she ever think that the ale and porter which her physician advises her to use freely while nursing her children, are nursed into their stomachs, carried into their blood and brains, and thus—the last thing she would dream of—their taste is forming for them, and the natural, instinctive dislike of a child for liquor taken away?

"Does she know that the bourbon and brandy, a few teaspoonfuls a day for strength and medicine before the birth of the child, all through the early intimacy of child and mother, has its influence and effect, until, when the temptation comes for him to drink for the pleasure of it, her warning, "My child, do not touch the cup," loses its force; for against it rise his strong appetites, and the remembrance that he had seen her take of the same?

"If every mother would be convinced of the importance of all these seemingly *little* matters, would not the coming generation see fewer men sinking into drunkards' graves?"

MADAM LIAR TELLS LIES NOT A FEW.

LIE! tell lies? Yes, you do, madam. When you tell your servant to say, "you are not at home," when you are at home; or to say to a visitor, "you are so busy that you cannot be seen." What are these but lies—barefaced, heaven-daring? You not only tell direct, positive falsehoods yourself, but you teach your servants and children to do the same. A lie is a lie in the parlor or in the kitchen, up stairs or down stairs, and "*be sure* your sin will find you out." "A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall perish." *Prov.* xix. 5.

You ought to be thankful, friend, for the calling of any one at your door—king, queen, governor, man of state, cobler, scavenger, boot-black, or chimney-sweep. "What for," say you, madam? To do them good, hand them a tract, drop a word of kindness and mercy, to point them to Jesus. "To do good and communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices the Lord is well pleased."

FALSE DIGNITY EXPOSED.

Is a person at the door, seeking admission, does the door-bell ring? *Quick! quick! keep no one waiting* at the door or in the parlor a single moment.

It is surprising how some *would-be* gentlemen and ladies are so very dignified that they seem to delight in showing their aristocratic pride by keeping their visitors some ten or fifteen minutes in the parlor, before they make their appearance. It is well to inform these dignified ones, that the time of others is worth something as well as theirs; and, after waiting some twenty minutes for their appearance, leave them to their own meditations.

THE LITTLE THIEF CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"THEFT will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye."

MAKING LIARS AND THIEVES.

SPEAK the truth always in the presence of your children; never prevaricate, or manifest the least particle of guile or deception. Children are eagle-eyed. One great reason why we have so many liars, deceivers, and false accusers in the world is, children acquire the habit of telling lies from the example of those around them. Some people tell lies to children with a view of enjoying a laugh at their credulity. This is to make a mock at sin, and they are fools who do it. The tendency in a child to believe whatever it is told, is of God for good. It is lovely. It seems a shadow of primeval innocence glancing by. We should reverence a child's simplicity. Touch it only with truth. Be not the first to quench that lovely truthfulness by falsehoods.

Lying is the first step or next door to thieving. No one becomes a thief at once. The beginning is small, but unless checked the work goes surely on till great crimes are committed.

Stealing fruit from orchards and gardens is generally the first step that leads to a thievish character. Boys in their teens or even younger, do this; that is, some boys do—those whose parents think little of moral discipline, and who regard pilfering rather as a cunning trick than as a crime to be abhorred and corrected at all hazards. There are such parents in every community, and they are breeding thieves who are to curse society. We have known an indulgent mother, a zealous Church-member, who, as such, is bound to train up her children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," to send her son out in another's cornfield before noon to get an armful of corn for the family's dinner, without his consent. This is the way to make thieves.

TESTING FOLKS, INDOORS AND OUT.

How is that parent's walk, daily conversation? How is his family trained, what his habits of economy, temper, sobriety, punctuality, purity, and consistency—of justice, mercy, and truth? Is he benevolent, just and upright in all his dealings, kind and liberal to the poor? Is the family altar kept burning brightly and statedly, night and morning? Is his temper mild, sweet, heavenly? How is his tongue, the little mischief-maker—kept bridled always, especially before the wicked?

These are questions of moment, and cannot be passed over lightly. God is witness. A man or woman may talk fluently, pray fluently, make loud professions, go so far as to shout "Glory!" and still be very loose, inconsistent, and unchristian in things about home. Here lies the test. We know a woman on the church-list that can talk like an angel—her tongue flows glibly, smoother than oil, religiously—and still she is extravagant in her costume and etiquette, personal adornments—dresses stylishly, imitates the world in gewgaws—and indulges her children in pride and folly; consequently many look upon her with a suspicious eye; her good is evil spoken of, and her good deeds lose their heavenly fragrance—the fine gold becomes dim. Alas, what a pity!

"Let your conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ." What is the mind of Christ with respect to Christians adorning their persons with jewelry and gay and costly attire? And what is the effect of such adorning on the individual, the church, and the world? How sadly a single dark spot mars the beauty of a white robe!

SIGNING THE PLEDGE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

See them at it, little and big, colored folks and white folks. What do you think of it, readers; would it not be better, by far, to go to Jesus for a new heart of love and a right spirit, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?

The first pledge given should be for Jesus, the Lamb of God, then temperance follows, every Christian grace, what things soever are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. Why begin at the wrong end, put the cart before the horse?

Hereabouts lies the sad mistake of parents, teachers, and preachers, little folks and great folks. Let every parent obey the Lord in training the little folks on Bible truth, God-fearingly, all the way from babyhood, what need of temperance societies, moral-reform societies, peace societies,

missionary societies? Multitudes of little folks and great folks sign the pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and return to their cups, like the dog to his own vomit, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire, die miserable, drunken sots! Wherefore? They did not begin where God begins, lay the axe at the root of the evil, where every parent, every child should begin with Jesus, seek first the light of heaven, angel's food, which if any one eat thereof he shall never die.

God is dishonored in the outset. "My glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images." Train little folks for Jesus, body, mind, and soul, and they are teetotalers, not only from strong drink and tobacco, but from everything God hates, and against which he denounces wrath, damnation here, damnation forever! "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," is imprinted indelibly on their inmost souls!

Temperance societies—what for? Every man, woman, and child thus ordained of God "is temperate in all things." Peace societies—what for? Every child on the way to glory from the nursery in God's order is "peace, peace, henceforth and forever." "Blessed are the peace-makers." Children trained as God requires, "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." *Heb.* xii. 14.

Soon swords would be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks. Nation would no more lift up sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more. The glorious period spoken of by Isaiah would be here:

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid: and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall

lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." *Isa.* xi. 6–9.

Missionary societies—what for? Train the little ones for God, for glory all the way, and every man, woman, and child is a missionary for the Lord, flying here, flying there, the world over, on wings of mercy, love, and truth, so long as one sinner is unsaved. Salvation *streams!*

Moral-reform societies—what for? Obey God in household duty—what now? Virtue, purity of thought, word, and action is breathed out, lived out. Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness would cease, even the look libidinous.

"My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light: and reproofs of instruction are the way of life: To keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of a strange woman. Lust not after her beauty in thine heart; neither let her take thee with her eyelids. For by means of a whorish woman, a man is brought to a piece of bread: and the adulteress will hunt for the precious life. Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burnt?" *Prov.* vi. 20–28.

BE CONVERTED, ELSE NO HEAVEN FOR LITTLE FOLKS OR GREAT FOLKS.

"*Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.*" Matt. viii. 3.

No wise, or good, how just soe'er they seem,
Can saved be, unless the Lord redeem.
No blood can flow from veins of man or beast,
Sin's stains to cleanse, that can blot out the least.
'Tis Christ alone, by whom we live,
Who can the vilest sins forgive.

The best, the worst, most stubborn or profane,
May hope in various ways this Heaven to gain,
But never one shall reach that heavenly land,
Until a penitent, child-like he stand.
'Tis then the Lord his pardon gives,
And joy the purest in him lives.

BRING FORTH FLOWERS WITHOUT JESUS? NO YOU CAN'T.

How can little children's hearts
Bring forth flowers of love,
Unless Christ, the Lord, impart
Sunshine from above?

Oh! how patient and how kind
Jesus used to be!
He will put his gentle mind,
If I ask, in me.

SEE THIS MAN IN THE PICTURE, LITTLE READER?

Do you know who he is, and what he is doing? He is a Chinaman, with a dingy, dirty, murky pipe in his mouth. Shameful! And yet, look abroad, and see what multitudes are slaves to opium and the "Indian weed." Even little boys, street urchins, ragamuffins, have acquired this villainous habit by seeing big folks bowing to the dirty tyrant!

Bad, young readers? The use of tobacco in *any* way is bad—bad as bad can be. Leads to strong drink? In thousands of instances.

Said a poor Indian, "I want three things: all the rum in the world, all the tobacco, then more rum! I smoke because it makes me love to drink."

Some eighty diseases are traced, by Dr. Shaw, to the use of this poisonous narcotic.

The effect of its use on boys is terrible, ruinous, deadly!

Dr. Decaisne, while engaged in investigating the influ-

ence of tobacco on the circulatory system, had his attention called to the large number of boys between the ages of nine and fifteen years who were addicted to smoking. Of thirty-eight boys who smoked, twenty-seven showed symptoms of disease; thirty-two had various disorders of circulation; *bruit de souffle* in the neck, disordered digestion, palpitations, slowness of intellect, and more or less taste for strong drinks. Eight showed a diminution of the red corpuscles of the blood; three, had intermittent pulse; twelve, quite frequent epitaxis; ten, disordered sleep; and four, ulceration of mucous membrane of the mouth.

Look at the enormous expense in New York city. More than twice the amount is puffed away in cigars that is expended for bread.

Consider the indecency of smoking, chewing, or of snuffing tobacco. The breath of every smoker and chewer is intolerable.

No lady, at the present day, can *walk* in a city, travel in any of our public conveyances, without the annoyance of *tobacco juice*, or turn a corner without meeting a puff of smoke in her face.

No person has a right to make the sanctuary of home disagreeable by the use of anything that offends. The smoke of a pipe or a cigar penetrates clothing, injures books, pictures, and nice furniture, and it should be banished at the threshold.

Opium-eating, like the use of tobacco, is weaving a winding-sheet for thousands annually. The effects of opium on the system is fearful—next door to the quid and the rum-bottle.

Oh what a curse is this opium and tobacco business, in every sense of the word—on the whole system is written, Death!

SLEEPING SWEETLY, REFRESHINGLY—HOW?

"*So he giveth his beloved sleep.*"

"How giveth he to his beloved sleep?
Not by the opiate of the orient,
Or drowsy drugs of human pharmacy,
Not by the whisperings of philosophy,
Or the soft lull of transcendental dreams;
'Tis by the ministrations of a faith
Strong in his promises."

WITHOUT sleep we languish, we perish, we die. "The vital energy is dried up and withered, and we waste away as a tree would deprived of the sap that nourishes it. The physical effects of sleep are, that it retards all the vital movements, collects the vital power, and restores what has been lost in the course of the day, and separates us from what is useless and pernicious. Therefore the utmost care should be taken to do justice and mercy in this matter; avoid sedulously, as you would a viper, all undue bodily or mental effort and excitement, every species of intemperance."

The man that lives and labors for God, sleeps for God, does everything for God. There is no peace to the wicked. Even his unconscious moments are like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt.

"Weary of heart, with guilt oppress'd,
I wander'd when the night was falling."

Sweet sleep—how refreshing! What a blessing! It repairs our exhausted nature; and we rise from our slumbers with increased energy, capable of again renewing the fatigues of the day.

THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

HUSBAND, are you influenced by your wife? All right, if on the side of truth, righteousness, love, salvation, virtuous purity unsullied. Otherwise, beware! there is danger—fearful! Some husbands are so completely bound up in the "weaker vessel," as to leap in the dark, swing loose into fire and water, coals red-hot! Man, open your eyes—keep them open.

Look! here is a poor, deluded, hen-pecked husband, so completely under the jurisdiction of madam, that he scarcely thinks, moves, or has a being, save when his dearest says "yes" or "no."

One day, in conversation with this good brother, touching reformatory subjects, we suggested the propriety of one step in advance of the conservative or expediency doctrine. He startled at the thought—trembled! His eyes rolled fearfully.

"What will my wife think? What will she say?"

Thus he is tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, always on the fence, halting between two opinions, scarcely knowing his right hand from his left. Pity him? certainly we do; and yet, with all the pity that can be mustered, does he not deserve the severest reproof? No man, woman, or child, should *deviate* or swerve *one iota* from truth, lower the gospel standard of purity, love, and mercy a hair's *breadth.* Come life, come death, though the heavens fall, wife and all. Stick to your text; let God be first, midst, last, *always.* "Stand up for Jesus." Go forward!

This poor man has no will of his own, and is led into awful mistakes and blunders.

Again, there are others who place their affections so intensely and absorbingly on their bosom companions, as to be

totally blinded to their faults, their indiscreetness, errors of judgment and practice. The result is fearful in the extreme. This undue, all-absorbing attachment is idolatry, nothing short—the worshipping "the creature more than the Creator, God over all, blessed *forever!*" an open violation of the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Furthermore, being thus hoodwinked plunges one headlong into the quagmire of misleadings! Strange infatuation! woful!

Beloved reader, what right have you or any others to be influenced by a wife, except that influence is good, wise, prudent, scriptural, God-fearing? "A prudent wife is from the Lord," a blessing unspeakable; otherwise, a trap, a snare, "a continual dropping." Ahab found it so when he married Jezebel; so did Herod when he "married his brother Philip's wife." These men were very wicked before marrying, but ten times more wicked afterward. Solomon was led astray by his idolatrous wives. Are these solitary cases? Look, and see. With the truth of God in our hands, what right has a husband to be influenced by a wife, or a wife by her husband, unless this influence be Godward, on the side of virtue, purity, and love? "To the law and the testimony." The counsel of a prudent wife, God-fearing, is of value inestimable.

It is well enough to please your wife—indispensable, indeed, when you can do so and not displease your heavenly Father. First ascertain whether or not God is well pleased with this or that.

If an angel from heaven preach another gospel aside from the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, "let him," as Paul says, "be accursed."

WOMAN'S POWER FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

"Nor steel nor fire itself hath power,
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Do thou but fair—mankind adore thee!
Smile, and a world is weak before!"

THE influence of woman is wonderful for good or dreadful for evil! With a principle of piety ruling in her heart, her influence acts like a charm and becomes almost irresistible. A young lady, by her consistent Christian example, may exert an untold power. We know the respect, and almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old.

The safeguard of woman's happiness rests on the sanctity of home. If her influence there is not thrown in the scale of right and humanity, if she gives way to a great moral wrong which has crushed thousands of her sex, then is home and community doubly cursed.

Female influence is omnipotent for weal or for woe. When the destinies of men are all unfolded in the final day, how many of the lost will reflect with anguish on female influence! We need it all for good and none for evil. We need it in the nursery, where mothers can imbue the minds of children with temperance principles. We need it in childhood and youth, when a mother's example and a mother's warnings and kind admonitions are like a golden chain. We need it in society, in the social circle, and even in the business of life, wherever woman reigns supreme. Thanks be to God that we have it so extensively throughout the land.

"HER children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." *Prov.* xxxi. 28.

WOMAN AT HOME.

Home is the throne of empires on which woman sits, the sceptre with which she wields the destiny of nations. All that is dear and holy, noble and divine, in society or the nation, centres back to home, where woman presides as the angel of love.

If she would seek the honor of exerting an influence which shall last after the present order of the universe is changed, a philanthropist whose name, though not lauded by the fickle multitude, shall be remembered by the good and pure in the ages of eternity, let her not, for any social interest or cause, neglect the hallowed duties of home, but watch over them with jealous trust, with devotional constancy, with unruffled vigilance, to keep that home the nursery of all the virtues, the sanctuary of the heart's deepest loves, the "holy of holies," where the divine presence may shine forth in her looks, and be manifest in her actions.

Home is woman's true sphere. There is nothing in this wide world that will confer greater honor upon her than for her to make that home a type of what society should be, and of what heaven is in the graces of exalted character. As a wife, she should be to her husband a guardian angel; as a mother, charged with the high trust of directing the child, she should see that, like the work of the skilful artist, she moulds it "true to nature," beautiful and pure.

> "Nor steel nor fire itself hath power,
> Like woman in her prayerful hour!"

The poet has disclosed the whole secret of woman's conquering power. Fair in her virtue, smiling in her goodness, she wields an influence which a mailed warrior never could.

BOARDING-SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Parent, watch o'er thy child,
Keep back no goodly thing.

TAKE heed, mothers, walk softly here—danger is near! Ten to one, if God is not in the soul, love divine, rooted and grounded in your daughters, they learn more evil than good in these seminaries; return to you changed wonderfully, heartrendingly! They left (may be) the kind, paternal roof, sweet, modest, virtuous, God-fearing. How now? the coquette? worse yet, in all probability. Unless girls are trained *altogether*, from the start, gospelly, and their whole being, heart, and life stamped indelibly for purity of thought, word, and action, rooted and grounded in the love of God, where is safety—oh where?

The tempter lurks at every corner—the road to ruin is gradual. It often begins in those little attentions of the other sex, that excite no suspicion. The presentation of a souvenir, a bouquet, the social chat, the evening walk. These are frequently the beginnings of evil—the letting out of waters—that bring desolation to many a once happy home, and eternal ruin to an immortal soul! Christians, mothers, and teachers are not *half* awake on this subject. Pupils, young, inexperienced daughters, are permitted to attend meetings and other public places, unaccompanied by any protecting guardian, and young men, of whose moral character they are almost entirely ignorant, gallant them home, and often at a late hour. Allowing no evil is contemplated, we respectfully inquire if this course is wise, safe, or prudent? Is the example worthy of imitation, the influence on the mind and heart salutary?

TAKING A PLEASURE TRIP.

All right, no harm, if so be God is in it, truth and love. Little folks and great folks have no right to do this, do that, go here, go there, by sea or by land, except God permits, says "Go!" "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

It's our pleasure to please God, do his will. Young readers, are the angels happy, think you? What makes them happy? Because they fly on wings obedient? Don't *you* want to be an angel? Well, fly, fly! *fly!* on angel's wings, to do good, to make others happy. Are you born of the Holy Spirit, regenerated? Have old things passed away, and all things become new? Do you love the Lord with all your heart, soul, and strength, your neighbor as

yourself? Are your little hearts full of faith and the Holy Spirit? Are you going forth weeping, bearing precious seed? Is holiness written on your foreheads and your door-posts? What now—any time or relish for cricket, dominoes, checkers, fox and geese, and other games of chance, that kill time and lead to gambling?

Every description of gambling is unsafe, because of the irresistible tendencies of indulging in games of hazard. No one can deny that the mental passion for gambling is as terrible and as destructive as the physical appetite for strong drink, and they are to a great extent concomitant or supplementary, one of the other. No one can doubt that the *love of hazard* is a natural, mental passion. The tendency of the whole system of gaming is to an undue stimulus of this *love of hazard*, and there must evidently be somewhere a line that divides the safe from the dangerous. Where is that line?

It is at least safe for every lover of humanity to discountenance and renounce every type and instrument of gaming which is *ever employed in gambling.* It is dangerous enough to encourage games which stimulate this passion, though they are not capable of awakening the enthusiasm necessary for gambling; but to use the very tools of the gambler is hazardous indeed.

We speak from experience and wide observation. When a boy, we became so infatuated with whist, checkers, fox and geese, that we lost all relish for study, and sometimes the day broke to find us still at the table.

No question is exciting greater interest in the Christian public, than that of amusements, or pleasure-seeking. The "Watchman" says: "This spirit is penetrating our churches and coloring our Christianity. The demand is, that our sanctuaries, and our Sabbath-schools, and our

prayer-meetings should be amusing. Attractive is the word used. Opera music is furnished in the sanctuary. It attracts: it fills the pews. The Sabbath-school must be attractive. The children must be amused. Sabbath-school concerts and anniversaries must be spiced with witty anecdotes, and prayer-meetings must be made attractive by holding them in rooms furnished with the apparatus for popular games. A brother in the ministry described to me the furnishing of a room for a Young Men's Christian Association in one of our cities. Along each side of the room were tables for playing dominoes, backgammon, and checkers, and around these young men sat absorbed in their games till the moment for the prayer-meeting came, and then the tables were cleared and worship began. Now in the name of all that is proper, and serious, and sacred, we protest against this combination. The experience of years has taught us that the prayer-meetings which have been most profitable to us have been those to which we have gone from the closet and from our knees. Can these young men turn at once, and without leaving their places, from an exciting game to acts of prayer and praise? Is this the fitting preparation for an approach to the presence of Him before whom angels veil their faces?

Little Christian, your soul is alive in God, on fire for salvation; you can say with the Psalmist, "O, how love I thy law: it is my meditation all the day." What now—fall into this trap of Satan? Not a word of it, not a golden moment will be wasted in the pursuit of mere worldly amusements, however innocent in themselves they may be considered. Your *pleasure* is in doing good, in social and religious meetings, in the most earnest and energetic efforts for the promotion of every enterprise that is calculated to glorify God, and bless any portion of the human race.

All the pleasure that is found in social parties or games of chance, for mere amusement, will prove in the end to have been too dearly purchased. Such pleasure-seeking on the part of Christians distracts their attention from worthy objects, renders them barren of religious enjoyment, and destroys their Christian influence with the impenitent. It is equivalent to acknowledging that there is not enough in the religion of the Bible to employ and satisfy the mind. This is an alarming inference; but there is no escape from it.

The religion of the Bible rejoices the soul, fills it with unspeakable delight. The word of God is sweeter to the taste than honey or the honey-comb. Those who most fully appreciate the magnitude of the duties of life—*the work of living for eternity*—will have the least concern about *pleasure* of any kind.

> 'Fathers, mothers, when your sons
> Look to you for daily bread,
> Dare ye, in mock'ry, load with stones
> The table that for them is spread?
> How can ye hope your sons will live,
> If ye, for fish, a serpent give?"

"Why do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." *Isa.* lv. 2, 1. "O that men were wise, that they understood this!"

"A MAN'S heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." *Prov.* xvi. 9.

STEAL, LITTLE FOLKS OR GREAT FOLKS?

NOT a pin, a pear, a peach, a plum.

"On the goods that are not thine,
Do not dare to lay thy finger;
On thy neighbor's better things,
Let no wistful glances linger.'

A BOY or girl who will steal an apple, a pear, or bouquet, will doubtless, by and by, steal other things and greater things.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS—TOYS FOR CHILDREN.

WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?

VICE and infidelity assail even childhood and infancy, and by means so insidious and infamous, yet so seemingly innocent, that the child is not only captivated, but even the watchful and pious parent is likely to be deceived and beguiled, until the secret poison, thus artfully disguised, has been injected into the unsuspecting victim.

Parents rack invention, study day and night to find out new methods of amusement for their children, fly from one thing to another, purchase this fancy article and that, this doll-baby and that, this hobby-horse and that hobby-horse, this new novel and that new novel. Fancy-stores are ransacked during Christmas holidays, the amount expended on trifling toys and playthings would scatter millions of leaves for healing the nations, cause millions of widows' hearts to sing for joy. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. "All is vanity," and less than vanity, and "vexation of spirit." Parents begin at the wrong end; they "seek the living among the dead."

"O ye simple ones, how long will ye love simplicity?" "Doth not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice?" "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." "Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?" (See Job, xxviii. verse 12 to the end.)

Parents, teachers, preachers, why not begin where God begins, and begin with God, with Jesus, where happiness begins, pure, eternal—glory on glory? "Wisdom's ways are pleasant: all her paths are peace." Happy is the one that findeth her, man, woman, or child. "For the mer-

chandise of wisdom is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her." *Prov.* iii. 14, 15. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest; whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." *Isa.* lvii. 20, 21.

Seeking happiness in amusements, save in those which God hath appointed, is seeking it where it cannot be found, and will be a broken reed, whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it."

Waste not the prime of youth in idle dalliance; but plant rich seeds to blossom in manhood, and bear fruit when old.

Obey God in household discipline. Seek first for your little ones, the pearl of pearls, the "wisdom which is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy;" teach them what it is to fear God, love God, obey him, have respect unto all his commandments, to delight in the law of God after the inner man, to say with David, "How sweet are thy words to my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." Teach them "the way the holy prophets went," Moses, Samuel, John, and little Timothy, who became wise unto salvation from his childhood, through the holy Scriptures; in a word, see that your children *grow up* in the Lord from early infancy. Where now the relish for trifles light as air, things that perish with the using? How was Samuel's time occupied when a very little boy, whose mother had dedicated him to the Lord ere he saw the light of the sun, before "curiously wrought in the lower parts of the earth?" Holiness to the Lord was written on his forehead, stereo-

typed in his heart, his words were words of wisdom seasoned with salt, edifying, administering grace to his hearers. His little soul was on fire to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God. His chief and only amusement was, doubtless, meditation in God's word, searching for truth day and night, in diffusing light and life. Did Hannah or Elkanah rack their brains to find out something to amuse this child of promise, whose entire being was consecrated to God's service, whose whole soul was intent on glorifying God? Did Zachariah and Elizabeth study day and night to find out something of a trifling nature to amuse their little son John, who was full of love and the Holy Spirit from his birth?

Beloved parents, we repeat the interrogation renewedly, Why not begin where God begins, and where every wise master-builder begins—on solid Rock, a sure foundation—the "ROCK OF AGES?" Save your time, your money, your anxious cares, sleepless nights in search for amusements that never satisfy. When children are once in Jesus, the new and living way, born of the Spirit, regenerated, sanctified, rooted and grounded in love, what will amuse them so much as prayer and praise, redeeming the time, gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost?

It will be their meat and their drink to do the will of their heavenly Father, imitate Jesus in going about doing good.

The only justifiable amusement, the only amusement that is pleasing to God, that will count for time and eternity, is a change from one good thing to another good thing; from one act of useful employment to another act of useful employment; from performing one deed of mercy and charity to another deed of mercy and charity. Our whole lifetime from childhood to old age, exclusively Godward, is none

too long to prepare for heaven, glory everlasting, made up of good things, benevolent, merciful, gracious, glorious.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" said Jesus, when only twelve years of age. Christ is our exemplar, and "if any man or any child have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." Children are bound by the same law and Gospel as those of riper years. There is one law and one Gospel for great folks and little folks. The burden of our testimony, all we contend for, all God requires, is expressed in this one precept, "Train up a child in the way he should go." This way is the way of holiness, truth, and love.

God's precepts are as binding on the lambs of the flock, as on those of advanced age. Does God anywhere make distinction between little folks and great folks, touching their moral deportment?

This amusement of doing good, of making everybody happy, flying on wings of mercy, is what all holy beings delight in on earth and in heaven—angels and spirits glorified. Little children, likewise, will delight in this same heavenly and blessed amusement when trained in the way of God's commandments.

The responsibility of this godly training rests upon parents and guardians. Every parent is solemnly bound to educate his sons and daughters in this delightful way in which they will abjure all other amusements, turn away from them with disgust, except the amusement which God in his holy word has pointed out.

Parents beloved, will you train your little ones thus to be living epistles, known and read of all men, ornaments in society, "olive-plants around your table," precious, lively stones in God's house, active in the divine life? "According to your faith be it unto you."

RUINS OF TYRE.

Little readers and great readers, what proved the utter destruction of this once great and beautiful city—sin? Nothing else. God's wrath was visited upon it for the same reason that it was upon Sodom and the cities of the plain; the Canaanites, whose cup of iniquity was full; and upon Babylon the great, now no more forever! "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low." *Isa.* ii. 12.

Old Tyre withstood the mighty Assyrian power five years. It afterward held out thirteen years against Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, and was at length taken. There are now no signs of the ancient city; and as it is a sandy shore, the face of everything is altered, and the great aqueduct is in many parts almost buried in the sand. Thus has been fulfilled the prophecy of Ezekiel, "Thou

shalt be built no more: though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again." *Ezek.* xxvi. 21.

When Alexander stormed the city, he set fire to it. This circumstance was foretold. "And Tyrus did build herself a stronghold, and heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as mire of the streets. Behold, the Lord will cast her out, and he will smite her power in the sea; and she shall be devoured with fire." *Zech.* ix. 4, 5.

Do not these lessons teach us, in blazing fire, that it is a fearful evil and bitter thing to sin against God?

If God in justice flashes thus terribly upon nations favored with the mere glimmerings of gospel light, what may not *we* expect, exalted to heaven, basking in the mid-day sun of gospel glory?

Will it not be said of us as a guilty nation, as of Capernaum, "Thou which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee."

Judgments terrible, heartrending, upon little sinners and big sinners, that continue to sin, defy Omnipotence to arms? Who doubts it?

God calls; we answer not,—"like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear—which will not hearken to the voice of the charmers, charming never so wisely."

"Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Spirit; as your fathers did, so do ye." *Acts*, vii. 50.

We have as a nation, as a church, become vain in robbery, and have received robbery for burnt-offering, which God hates!

AMUSEMENTS—WHEN INNOCENT, WHEN SINFUL.

Object to amusements for little folks or great folks? When—on what occasion? Not a breath of it. We delight to see every one, little and big, mounting up on eagle's wings joyfully. The whole world is alive, on *fire*, with things beautiful, musical.

The twinkling stars, the sun, the moon, all nature pours forth her sweet melodies. The little hills skip like lambs, the mountains break forth into singing, and all the trees of the forest clap their hands joyfully; the birds of the air amuse themselves; the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea. Sooner hush the tuneful lark, tie the legs of the skipping squirrel, stop the flowers from blooming, or the woods and the fields from growing green, as deprive the buoyant youth of innocent recreation.

The question is not between amusements and no amusements, but between those that are innocent and those that are hurtful. The world is on *fire* for something to feed the passions, gratify a corrupt taste. Volumes on volumes are written, regions above and regions below ransacked to kill time and murder the soul! The rush is perpetual after the ephemeral or evanescent, the *thirst* to sip at the foul sediment of corrupt pleasure, which, at last, biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder! when every sunbeam is winged with glory, every snow-flake drops heavenly benedictions from the skies for our pleasure.

God is love. Gladness meets us at every step; our walks, our rides, our pleasant labor, our social interviews, our books, our innocent, virtuous, hallowed festivities, afford ample and varied means for rational exhilaration. Who, then, but a fool or a madman, would plunge into the whirl of fashionable dissipation?

All amusements and recreations, lawful and innocent, are those, and *only* those, which tend to promote health of body, vigor of mind, purity of soul, and thus qualify for a better discharge of higher and more important duties.

We consider all amusements or pastimes which tend to stimulate the passions unduly, excite impure emotions, and corrupt the heart, sinful, and to be strictly avoided. Oh, that parents and children would *see* this and *feel* this! How many are now weeping tears of *blood!* yea, lifting up their eyes in torments, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, for the first step in this downward path. One wrong step prepares the way for another: the way of evil is downward.

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass by it, turn from it, and pass away." *Prov.* iv. 14, 15.

Dancing-parties, masquerades, every species of gambling, chess, checkers, marble and card-playing, prize-fighting, cock-fighting, betting of all kinds, horse-racing, the public revel, the barbecue, the circus, the theatre, the billiard-table, the fancy fair, the soirée, the tea-party, going from house to house on the first day of the new year, partaking to surfeiting rich and costly dainties, sipping the wine-cup, deemed by some innocent, are more or less expensive, foolish, hurtful, soul-destroying, pitfalls of Satan.

The most popular amusements are inconsistent with the principles of Christianity, hazardous to the soul's life. Theatres in all ages have been nurseries of vice, sinks of iniquity, places of abominations, and strongholds of the devil. The very atmosphere around these haunts of iniquity is polluting! In these strongholds of Satan are personated the worst characters in vivid colors, utterances given to profane and immoral sentiments, and they are

resorted to by the most vicious characters. Thus they offer the contamination of corrupt associations, and are prolonged to late hours, which are additional sources of danger. Every diversion, beloved reader, attended with dissipation, cruelty, immorality, and impiety, everything giving pain to a fellow-creature, everything tending to vitiate or pollute the mind, or render it indisposed to devotion, must be wrong and strictly avoided.

We have no right to visit any place of amusement from which we cannot return to our closets with as ardent a flame of holy devotion as when we left them. Some of the amusements we consider lawful and innocent, and which may be safely recommended to persons enjoying health, strength of body and mind, are gardening, walking and riding, sacred music, drawing, painting, botany, a survey of natural and artificial curiosities, the use of the globes, the telescope, the microscope, useful company, agreeable conversation, and entertaining books.

"Let us not so wrong and vilify the bounties of Providence, as to allow for a moment that the sources of innocent amusement are so rare that men must be driven, almost by constraint, to such as are of doubtful quality. On the contrary, such has been the Creator's goodness, that almost every one alike of our physical, intellectual, and moral faculties, and the same may be said of the whole creation which we see around us, is not only calculated to answer the proper end of its being by its subserviency to some purpose of solid usefulness, but to be the instrument of administering pleasure.

"Our Maker, also, in his kindness, has so constructed us, that even mere vicissitude is grateful and refreshing, a consideration which should prompt us often to seek, from a prudent variation of useful pursuits, that recreation for

which we are apt to resort to what is altogether unproductive and useless.

"Yes, rich and multiplied are the springs of innocent relaxation. The Christian relaxes in the temperate use of all the gifts of Providence. Imagination, and taste, and genius, and the beauties of creation, and the works of art, lie open to him. He relaxes in the feast of reason, in the intercourse of society, in the sweets of friendship, in the endearments of love, in the exercises of hope, of confidence, of joy, of gratitude, of universal good-will, of all the benevolent and generous affections, which, by the gracious ordinance of our Creator, while they disinterestedly intend only happiness to others, are most surely productive to us of complacency and peace."

We might mention numerous other things equally innocent and useful; but this is sufficient to prove how easy we may be amused, without running after the silly frivolities of an unsanctified world, and which, under the pretence of enjoying necessary recreations, debase our nature, and involve us in misery and disgrace.

A passion for amusement wastes time, enfeebles the body, dissipates the mind, destroys usefulness, and leads to great expense. "He that loveth pleasure," says Solomon, "shall be a poor man."

"Be thou not envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them: for their heart studieth destruction, and their lips talk of mischief. Through wisdom is a house builded; and by understanding it is established." *Prov.* xxiv. 1–3.

SEE THEM AT IT, YOUNG READERS?

DILIGENT? Every moment is grasped eagerly, for good things. They read and write, write and read. These you see seated at the table are students. They study for God—to glorify him; and no one, male or female, little or big, should be permitted to study the languages, law, or theology, things scientific or historical, cultivate the intellect, improve the understanding, in any way, save to be *exclusively* Godward, or heaven here, heaven above, heaven forever. All our studyings for high things or low, this science or that, this particular branch of literature or that, at home or abroad, should be *unreservedly* for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, salvation now, salvation *forever.*

Are you, little readers, enjoying the facilities of a good education? What your motives in pursuing your course of study day by day? Unlimitedly for Jesus, to promote the best interests of your Lord and Saviour, and the demolishing Satan's kingdom, root and branch? If so, go on! "amen!" *go on!* speed your course, store your mind richly with a sanctified literature, human and divine. But *stop!* are you for certain, and in very deed, newly born, regen-

erated, following on to know the Lord? Are you *in* Christ Jesus, rooted and grounded, is your soul mounting upward on eagle's wings heavenward, with faith, permanent, unshaken, a hope sure and steadfast—is it truly so? Well, on and *on*, intellectually and spiritually; study, study—pray, pray—believe, believe! Get your little souls on fire for God and his glory, and we care not how scientific, richly laden with intellectual lore, how far you go in the cultivation of all the powers of your being. We rejoice to see every one of the rising age eminently learned, on the mountain-top of all that is glowingly eloquent, beautiful, majestic, soul-inspiring, soaring to the third heaven, swaying the minds and hearts of millions in virtue's path.

CHILDREN are the *property* of the Lord. As such, no created being has a right to misuse that property. But the parent who does not educate his child so as to glorify God, does misuse that property; he robs God of his own, yea worse, he takes that which belongs to God, and gives it into the hands of the devil. What sin more base than to rob God of his heritage, and transfer it into the hands of Satan? A steward is held responsible for the office and authority with which he is invested. How great, then, are the responsibilities of parents! Nor can they be shunned without incurring the curses of the Creator's law. Look around and behold the testimony. The consequences of the neglect and mismanagement of parents may be seen in nearly every direction. You see it in the wayward boy in the streets, in the outbreaks of his rebellious temper at school, and in his savage deportment going to and from the house of God.

SALVATION SCHOOLS—SCHOOLS OF SALVATION?

CERTAINLY, what else thought of—talked of—dreamed of? Every school, public or private, seminary, college, university, prophetical or scientific, for little folks and great folks, male and female, should be for Jesus—salvation on salvation! "Holiness to the Lord" written in golden capitals on its walls and door-posts.

Teachers, superintendents, professors in every department, should be salvation—on salvation—*fire* on fire heavenly—glory eternal.

The face of the janitor even, or door-keeper, of every institution of learning, should shine holiness, beautifully, glowingly!

No teacher should be allowed to impart instruction to the rising age (not even the first rudiments) save God dwell in him richly in all wisdom.

What! build up a seminary for little folks and great folks, and not for Jesus—*altogether* for Jesus, from first to last? Educate boys and girls, with hearts wicked, unblessed, without a spark of redeeming grace? What good will an education do to those on the side of Satan? The more intellectual-light educational they have, the more speedily will they build up the kingdom of darkness, death and damnation! This is true of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Hume, and others despising the day of grace.

> "There is no God, the fool in secret said—
> There is no God that rules in earth or sky.
> Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
> That God may burst upon his faithless eye."

What avail learning, of the highest order, while the heart is at enmity with God?—while in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity, exposed every moment to the pains of hell? An education, merely intellectual, without

saving grace, proves a curse instead of a blessing. A learned man, without the fear of God before his eyes and grace in his soul, has it in his power to wield a more powerful and fearful influence on the side of evil. "He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

"What is the world without Christ? What is human life without Christianity? What is knowledge without grace? Nothing but a showy deception, nothing but a specious vanity! If the age needs any one thing above another, it is Christ in the schools. It needs sanctified learning. No one has either a call or a right to teach the youth of the land, except those who are able to answer the question of the great Master, 'Lovest thou me?' Only to those who can say yes to this searching question, has Christ ever given the commission, 'Feed my lambs.' An institution of learning where the Christian life is not made to underlie all knowledge, and held to be the principle that ought to control and direct all knowing, is nothing but a manufactory of brighter and sharper rogues than those which spring up from the vulgar crowd. Build up knowledge upon a bad heart, and you furnish its possessor only with a greater power of mischief. 'Educated nature is educated vice.' A wicked youth is only the more dangerous for his smartness."

THE FIRESIDE SCHOOL BLESSED.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

CHARLIE'S STUDIO.

Do you see him, young reader, how entirely absorbed he is in his lessons? His eye is fixed on the one thing; so much so, he neither sees nor hears his approaching sister.

"Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

THE FIRST STEP—BEWARE OF IT.

"*Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.*"
Prov. iv. 23.

THE first step in a downward course should be shunned as a deadly serpent! None become abandoned at once; we cannot have too clear an idea of the *danger* of the "first steps" in any sinful career. Those whose business and profession it is to ruin men, well understand this danger. What kindly allurements and tender cords of enticement do they use as first to decoy the unsuspecting and unwary young men! The most unsuspected traps and snares have at first been laid, until thousands of interesting youths of both sexes have been led on, hardly aware at first that they were in the ruinous course, until they have fallen, drawing others along with them into the lowest vortexes of infamy. And so it is always bidding us beware of the *first steps* in sin. So Bunyan's path over the stile, or that leading into by-meadows, lay apparently almost straight along with Pilgrim's true road.

Nor should those parents and others, whose business and profession it is to educate mind, and train undying spirits for virtue and heaven, be less conscious of the influence of "first steps," whether in vice or virtue. Guard these with unsleeping vigilance. Among the pernicious activities of our time, is the prolific production of novels and romances. These are of every grade of mischief in their composition, but they have to a large extent a property in common, viz., the *policy* of *artful disguise.* The debasing tendency is not only veiled, but many times greatly enhanced by the arts of rhetoric, and an elaborate and polished diction.

PERDITION LITERATURE!—SATANIC!—THE WORLD IS FULL OF IT!

THIS new enemy does not wait to be sought out; it refuses to be avoided. It meets us on the street-cars, in the boats, is before us and stares at the passer-by from every news-stall, around which groups of young men and boys may hourly be seen, eagerly feasting their fancies on scenes of debauchery. We may keep our children from the theatre, and so train them that they shall never desire to frequent it; but there is now an educator presented within their reach which soon may undermine all the home lessons of purity, and, by easy steps, lead them to perdition.

The teachings of our schools and our churches must be to a great extent in vain while these wretched panderers to depravity are undoing the work of the school and the church. One such periodical may do more evil than many pulpits can correct. If this raid of license remains unchecked, preaching, teaching, and warning will be alike in vain.

The demoralizing tendency of a large part of the issues of the press is positive and wide-spread. The brains of authors and writers are taxed to their utmost to write and re-write tales of the most extravagant and startling description, to meet the popular taste. Cross-eyed and fevered visions are invoked, the hellish inspiration of the intoxicating beverage is called into play, to furnish sensation stories, and tragic tales of love, seduction, desertion, suicide, and death—murders, elopements, assignations, and crimes of damning hue—all written to order to "sell" the sheet, and to "sell" the purchaser.

The tale being written, immense placards decorate the walls of the city, illustrated with pictures of assassinations, or desperate leaps from mountain cliffs, or midnight

plunges into the sea, while the pale moon looks down on the saddening spectacle. And the eye and heart of the young, as they pass along the street, are educated into familiarity with the base and sensual passions of the vicious, the abandoned, and the lost. The reading of these exciting and "thrilling" tales follows, and the serpent winds his snare around the heart, which loses not its hold until thousands are swept into the damning pool whence so few return to the atmosphere of purity or of hope.

It is the duty of every man and woman who loves his country, and its better and nobler social life, to exert a positive influence against this entire class of perdition literature. It is poisoning and corrupting the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the youth of our country to-day. It is leading scores of thousands insensibly but surely into the maelstrom where they will be swallowed up forever.

> "Life's hours are short and few,
> As transitory as the morning dew.
> 'Tis meet that they should be
> Well spent; for, oh! if wasted, they but bring
> A present cloy, and, for their closing time,
> Treasure remorse, the spirit's deathless sting."

NOVELS, ROMANCES, FASHION-PLATES, AND COMICALS.

Are writers and publishers aware to whose tastes they cater, in sending this trash all abroad? Do they know what they are doing and what must prove to be the inevitable result of their work when human accounts and human destinies are settled for eternity? The responsibility of dealing with *mind*, mind in its forming stage—mind, destined to expand forever, and perhaps receive its bias from a single character or principle presented by their agency, has been quite overlooked.

A RAGE FOR FICTION—THE LIGHT, THE FRIVOLOUS.

A HARPER, a Godey, a Ledger, a "Norwood!" Was there ever a period like it, a time when ministers and religious editors succumb to this awful, shameful abomination? The flood-gates of iniquity are open wide; the fever is raging intensely, fires are kindling, blazing! Thus the tittle-tattle of the day, the idle, frothy chit-chat, the silly laugh, the nonsensical giggle, the empty prattle, the fondness for the gay and the fashionable, worldly adornments and pleasure-seeking, the looseness of morals, the loss of virtue, the death of the soul! Fiction is the starting-point, the letting-out of waters, the sparks that kindle the fires of hell! And yet the work goes on.

"I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young lady; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else." Poor girl! much to be pitied—and a pitiful appearance she will make through life—and what in death? She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her times, nothing intellectual, soul-saving; nothing but newspaper novels! Empty heads they must be, that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousand its sheets of shallow, insipid, and disgusting fiction; and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, Christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destitution of all taste and fitness for life's duties. Doubtless the periodical press does more than any other one instrumentality to decide the opinions, habits of thought, and general character of the age. A family will very soon begin to show a sym-

pathy with its weekly or monthly paper, and parent and child will soon begin assimilating to it in sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large. Blind and stupid therefore—yea, worse—are those parents who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are good for nothing, then bad—made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be "at the foot" in the town school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation.

SOWING? YES, WE ARE.

"*And whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*" Gal. vi. 7.

"We are sowing, we are sowing,
In eternity to reap;
Day by day are harvests growing
For us, after death's long sleep.

"We are sowing, we are sowing,
Thoughts are seeds cast in a field;
Every act that we are doing,
Every word its fruit shall yield.

"We are sowing, we are sowing,
And if to the flesh alone,
Then corruption ever knowing,
We our sad mistake shall mourn.

"We are sowing, we are sowing,
Let it to the Spirit be;
Then to light and glory going,
We shall reign eternally."

THE FOX IN SEARCH OF HIS PREY.

Are foxes cunning, crafty? No animal more so. So are the wicked—little folks and great folks in the service of Satan, that cunning, subtle old serpent that deceived our first parents in the garden of Eden. (See Genesis, xxx. 1–4.) The fox is not only cunning but voracious and mischievous. (Ezek. xiii. 4. Luke xiii. 32.) He is fond of grapes, and does much harm in vineyards. (Song, ii. 15.) The fable of the fox and the sour grapes is well known both to our little folks and big folks. Herod, that monster of wickedness and cunning craftiness for Satan, is termed a fox by our blessed Saviour. Turn to Luke xiii. 32, and see. Christ said to a certain scribe, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

"And didst thou, Saviour, have no home,
Nor place to lay thine head?
Was all the universe too poor,
To offer thee a bed?

"Wearied with teaching day by day,
And for the poor distress'd,
Making their sorrows all thine own,
Thou sure hadst need of rest.

"And shall we, thy disciples, then,
Be greater than our Lord?
Since thou wert poor shall we be rich,
In all earth can afford?

"Oh no! to imitate thee, Lord,
We would our all forsake;
Our 'bread' upon the waters cast,
Alone for Jesus' sake."

Little readers, have you forsaken all for Jesus? This must be to inherit the kingdom: the Lord says so. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." *Luke*, xiv. 33. Forsake all and keep on forsaking, and heaven is yours—glory, glory. For Christ says, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

But many that are "first shall be last; and the last shall be first." *Matt.* xix. 29, 30.

WITHHOLD not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hands to do it. *Prov.* iii. 27.

A WARNING TO STUDENTS IN COLLEGES AND SEMINARIES.

BEWARE OF THE SERPENT'S SUGAR-COATED POISONS—POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

Upon no class of persons does the habitual reading of this branch of our literature exert a more pernicious influence than upon the young men connected with our colleges and other institutions of learning. We have heard it asserted by those whose positions enable them to judge intelligently in this matter, that there is scarcely an instance on record where a young man, who habitually and regularly peruses works of fiction during his undergraduate course, ever received that degree of mental discipline which is necessary for a successful entrance upon the great duties of life, and which it is the aim of a collegiate course to furnish. And, indeed, it is hard to conceive how the case should be otherwise; for, besides the enormous waste of time, which is a necessary consequence of any considerable indulgence in novel reading, the mind accustomed to follow some sentimental hero or heroine through all sorts of silly, unheard-of adventures, and to revel amid scenes of fancied pleasures and happiness, takes little delight in attempting to grapple with the more profound truths of philosophy and mathematics, even when it is not wholly incapacitated to do so.

It is a lamentable fact, that at least half of the young men who graduate each year at our colleges, hardly possess even the rudiments of a sound and substantial education. Many, after spending three or four years within the walls of a university, possess, in return for their time and money, little besides their "diploma," to which, certainly, in our day, no great importance can be attached. We hazard little in saying that the evil in question may, to a very great extent, be traced to the "popular novels," which

form so important an element in the composition of the students' libraries in many of our colleges. And so long as our young men are content to spend the precious moments which ought to be devoted to the acquisition of substantial knowledge, and to fritter away the knowledge which God has given them, in poring over books and periodicals worse than profitless, to the neglect of all that is useful and instructive, just so long are we to expect superficial thinkers, instead of profound thinkers; mere triflers instead of men.

The indirect tendency of nine-tenths of the popular novels of the present day is to inculcate false views of life, and to corrupt instead of cultivating the imagination.

HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD.

"I HAVE set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, who shall never hold their peace, day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence."

"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me.

"When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul."

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?"

SOMETHING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS TO CONSIDER.

Some decisive and immediate steps should be taken to protect the community from the evils resulting from the spread of novels and romances.

There is no greater danger to a people than the spread of a light and frothy literature. It is a poison which strikes the heart of society, and causes its pernicious influence to permeate every vein of the social system. It contributes more than any other cause to prepare the young for a vicious career, to lay the foundation of criminal life, to fill prisons and penitentiaries, promote licentiousness in both sexes.

How many boys of good promise have been turned into the path of vice by reading novel-books and papers! How many girls have been led into immorality, debasement, and ruin by the same cause! Cases frequently transpire in which some lost one, at the close of a life of crime, tells how he or she was led from the ways of rectitude by nonsensical reading. And the instances which thus come to light are only as one in ten thousand. The power of the press, when directed aright, is understood and appreciated by everybody, and, of course, its power must be equally great when perverted to evil use. In a great city like our own, the danger resulting from the light, popular, fascinating literature is beyond conception. The influences with which the young are surrounded in such a city, the traps and pitfalls which beset both sexes on every side, make it a comparatively easy thing to lead them astray.

The mind of youth, yet in the tender and plastic state, receives evil impressions readily, and permits them to be moulded into a form which time cannot erase. There is no

subject, therefore, to which parents should give greater attention than the character of the reading matter that they introduce into their homes. The father, in the fable, who took the half-frozen serpent into his house to warm it, and then left it with his family, did a less dangerous thing than the father who now takes a vitiated paper into his household. The serpent could only poison and destroy the body; but the vicious journal leads to the destruction of both soul and body.

No age or sex escapes the blighting influence of novels, romances, and silly love-tales, advertised and puffed by religious editors. Novel-reading kills time, cultivates a vicious taste, sears the conscience, hardens the heart, begets false views of life and the world, indisposes and unfits for the ordinary duties and trials that await us, destroys the benevolent sympathies of our nature, unfits the mind for devotion and Bible-reading. It leads to levity, silly or trifling conversation, foolish talking and jesting, idolatry in dress, folly and fashion, the ball-room and the theatre. It undermines the principles of virtue and chastity, drives individuals from the sanctuary, closes the Bible, alienates the heart from God, and plunges the soul into temporal ruin and eternal death!

The habit grows with our growth, and if permitted to run on will pollute the soul even in the world to come! The Church is asleep in regard to this evil, this curse of curses—this artful stratagem of Satan to ruin soul, mind, and body! Ministers and editors are asleep, parents are asleep, while these serpents are crawling in their midst. Awake, will they, ere the very foundation-stones of our social and religious edifices fall to rise no more? A flood, such as the world never saw, of corruption and crime overwhelms us, against which no one lifts up a standard.

NOVEMBER.

"The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling;
But let me tell you, dear child,

"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

"And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

"The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

"The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, sweet darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

"There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, dear child."

"So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow."

WORK TO DAY.

"LIFE's hours are short and few,
As transitory as the morning dew:

'Tis meet that they should be
Well spent; for oh! if wasted, they but bring
A present cloy, and, for their closing time,
Treasure remorse, the spirit's deathless sting."

SOMETHING NOW ESPECIALLY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

YOUNG friends, a word to you now, if you please—*exclusively.* We have been talking and talking to the great folks, chapter after chapter, without a lisp scarcely to our little readers. Indeed, we have been so completely absorbed for some time in pointing out the duties and privileges of parents and teachers, how they should walk softly, obey God in rearing the tender thought, in keeping little folks in the strait and narrow way, that leadeth unto life eternal—glory here, glory forever—that for the time being we almost lost sight of the little members of our audience. This is not as it should be; we intended in the outset to say a great deal more to the little folks than to the great folks; nor have we lost sight of this intention. Here is the point on which everything good, beautiful, merciful, and gracious turns. Only get the little folks to do just right at home and abroad, in doors and out, keep the peace, do justice, love mercy, walk humbly with God, "*strike while the iron is hot*," and the work is done, and *well* done; salvation goes forth *streamingly*, blazes out, Satan's kingdom totters, shakes to its foundations. Everything pernicious, evil-disposed, contrary to sound doctrine, purity, and love is scattered to the four winds.

It is the little ones, even the very littlest, we labor for; stretch every nerve to elevate, purify, and sanctify, qualify, for eminent usefulness, and make them meet for the kingdom.

You have listened, we hope, with profound attention to what we have said to your dear parents and teachers on the subject of holy discipline, the indispensableness of watching over the little folks with more than human vigilance, of keeping them as the apple of the eye, hiding them

under the shadow of the Almighty's wing. Moreover, you heard us say pointedly, how exceedingly important it is to subdue evil tempers in little folks, their stubborn, selfish wills, and bring them into sweet, heavenly, lamb-like subjection at once. We exhorted parents, as you very well know, in this book, not to allow children to play truant, mingle with evil associates in the street-school, or at any public resort, to avoid all evil and contaminating influences, and keep their little hands busily employed every moment in good things, useful, profitable, praiseworthy. Again, you remember we said to the parents, that every little boy and girl should be richly imbued, gospelly, in things heavenly and divine, qualified amply for every good word and work, be blazing firebrands of holiness, go about missionating, doing good as Jesus did. We were very particular, also, in specifying every minutia touching how little folks should be trained "in the way they should go," from the start; how well they should behave at home and abroad, be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," be the salt of the earth, cities set on hills, lights in the world, bright and shining.

We dwelt on these items from the fact that this heavenly training of the little folks was the only sure way of making the world better and happier; to do away with the prevailing abominations, intemperance, profanity, lewdness, unbelief, hardness of heart, the desecrating holy time, the heaven-daring infidelity that stalks boldly in open day, sins in high places and in low. Indeed, we said, and do now say emphatically, we see not how it is possible for better times till there be an entire revolution, turning and overturning in family order, the governmental in the nursery, a complete renovation in educating little folks in the way marked out in God's Book.

EXCUSE LITTLE FOLKS FOR MISDOING? WHEN—WHAT FOR?

WHY should we excuse little folks for doing bad things any sooner than big folks, when they do wickedly or things they ought not, which God forbids? Such an idea is not even dreamed of.

Make a difference in this respect? Not a particle. God don't—why should we? God threatens all sinners alike: "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness, and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath shown it to them." *Rom.* i. 18, 19. What little boy or girl don't know it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God?

We warn little folks, when unruly and doing wicked things, as readily, forcibly, minutely, with as good grace and as certain as we do the biggest of the big, when they do wrong, take the scorner's seat. And ought you not, little readers, express heartfelt gratitude to God for any one to be kind and faithful enough to stay your downward course, hedge up your way that leadeth to destruction? Say you not, "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, that shall not break my head?" *Ps.* cxli. 5. Besides, we must clear our own skirts of your blood: "Thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him."

Silence gives consent. If we suffer you to go on in sin unrebuked, the guilt rests upon us. Do you doubt this, young readers? Turn, if you please, to Ezek. iii. 17–19; here you see the fact verified—stated clearly and forcibly. Remember, also, the person who exposes your wrong-doing is your best friend—and instead of taking offence, you should express your hearty thankfulness, your devout

gratitude to the reprover. Suppose you are left to yourself, your own deceitful heart—that no one exposes your folly and wickedness, your disobedience and recklessness, pulls you out of the fire—what then? Where your reputation, your welfare for time and eternity?

Some little boys and girls, and some big ones too, take offence, are quite huffy and puffy, even *wrathy*, when their faults are exposed, their sins brought to light! Does not this indicate a proud, haughty, rebellious spirit—a case almost fit for burning?

"Correction is grievous to him that forsaketh the way—and he that hateth reproof shall die."

"The soul that scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a fiery day;
No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men:
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin."

Them that sin openly, rebuke openly. Where does the Bible spare offenders—great heads or little heads? No matter who it is that sins—kings or menials, princes or the man on the dunghill—his name is called out, that all heaven and all hell may hear, and rebels against the Most High, in open day, are held up to the gaze of the universe.

BEHOLD! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!

AWAKE! shake off thy slumbers! put thee on
Thy beautiful garments, let thy lamp be trimm'd,
For lo, the cry, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh!"
Is ringing in the air. Then come thou forth,
Forth from the world, with all its vanities;
Forth from the world, with all its vileness;
Forth from the world, that hates thy Lord and thee;
Make thyself ready—lo! he is at hand.

DECEMBER.

HERE THEY ARE, HUDDLETY-HUDDLE, LITTLE FOLKS AND BIG FOLKS,

All mixed up, grandpa, grandma, little babies, and all. Beautiful scene, ain't it, little folks? Cold? Cold as Freezeland!

"Cold the wind is blowing,
Fast has it been snowing!
The lambs are in the shed,
Well-housed and fed."

Old December has come round again with his white locks. He is pretty cold, almost freezing. His very breath has Jack Frost in it. But how cheerful he makes things. The sleigh-bells are ringing; sleds are running. He brings merry Christmas; and what heaps of presents for the children! Nor does he forget little Bare Toes and Ragged Knees. He nips them, to be sure; but only to make us remember to look in our drawers and find socks and flannels to keep them warm. Do not forget the poor. That is what December whispers through the keyhole, breathes on the window-pane, and howls round the house.

It says, "Make home happy." Brothers and sisters round the same fireside, get out your nice books, and see that you spend the winter evenings in a way to make each one happier and better.

No matter how many little folks and great folks, fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers in a family, in summer or winter, and babies also, heaps on heaps, if so be all is clock-work, peace, joy, salvation; if so be all the little ones are trained for Jesus. The more in number the better, the happier, the more joyful.

Every additional new-comer to the common stock adds renewed joyfulness and thanksgivings, just as heaven above is made more joyful by the increased numbers washed clean, made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Oh, what blessed encouragement have parents for obeying God in household duty. Remember, Christian parent, it is not enough to *pray* for, or even with your children, if you do not also *instruct* them; and it will be in vain to instruct them, if your *example* contradicts your teaching; and in vain will be the prayer, example, and instruction, if, like Eli, when your children do wrong you restrain them not.

DRAWING THE CORDS A LITTLE TIGHTER.

Does any one of our little readers say by way of apology for sinning, my parents are wicked, and take no pains to train me for Jesus, in the way I should go, care not whether I am good or bad, on the way to heaven or on the road to hell? Suppose your father and mother, little reader, are as wicked as Ahab and Jezebel, or a bloody Manasseh, will their sinning exonerate you, or be a safe plea for walking in their steps? Were not little folks, in the days of Noah, swept away in the flood with the big folks? What for? For their sins? Unquestionably! Mark, also, what God says in Deut. xxiv. 16. "The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers: every man shall be put to death for his own sin."

Turn to Ezek. xviii. 20. "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son. The soul that sinneth it shall die."

Did little Samuel sin, yield to temptation, though surrounded by evil examples on every side? Iniquity stared him full in the face, even in the house of God. Read, if you please, the second chapter of the first book of Samuel, and you will see how this blessed little boy was situated, and how he kept his garments unspotted in the very midst of corrupting influences.

Take the case of Josiah; what a blessed, good child *he* was. What his father? Wicked? Look and see: read his life. "He did evil in the sight of the Lord." And Josiah kept on being good all the way. As he grew older he grew wiser and better. Very few kings did more blessedly than he.

He began to reign at the age of eight years and reigned

thirty-one years. (See 2d Kings, xx. 23. 2d Chron. xxxiv. 35.)

Again, what think you of those forty and two little children that were torn to pieces by two she-bears from the wood, who mocked that good man Elisha, saying, "Go up, thou bald head." (Turn to 2d Kings, ii. 23, 24.) These children wicked? No doubt of it, wicked as Satan could make them, and their parents likewise; but did God spare them because they were little, and because their parents were wicked and neglected to train them in the fear, wisdom, and love of God? Judgments came duly, terribly! They knew it was wrong to mock the holy prophet Elisha, and every little boy and girl knows it is wrong and a great evil to sin against God. These inspired instances are left on record for all to look at, little folks and big folks, with fear and trembling!

"How far may we go in sin—
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

"An answer from the skies is sent:
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart."

"Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.

"For thou shalt eat the labour of thy hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." *Ps.* cxxviii. 1, 2.

OPENING EYES—KEEPING EYES OPEN.

"*The light of the eye refresheth the heart.*"

YOUNG friends, do you open your eyes wide, keep them open, when you speak, when you sing? In speaking to persons, do you look them in the face smilingly, with humble confidence? Some little folks when spoken to, and when addressing others, look down, or sideways, to the right or to the left. Is this commendable? Again, some great folks and some little folks, when addressing an audience or speaking before a public assembly, close their eyes! Is this polite or graceful? Is it doing themselves and those to whom they are speaking justice? What are eyes made for? The eyes of the dead are closed. When sleeping, our eyes are closed. When awake, our eyes should be open wide for good, love, and mercy. The eye is beautiful, significant; it *speaks*, tells the thought within. Boys and girls that are honest, walking uprightly, keeping a conscience void of offence toward God and man, need not fear or be ashamed to look everybody full in the face, in little circles or in great circles, before an audience of thousands, with holy boldness. A holy look, beaming from a holy, sanctified soul, frequently rivets conviction on the minds and hearts of sinners. If we live holily, we shall look holily, speak holily. The eyes mean something, for good or for evil. If the eye is single, it utters a voice, eloquent, soul-piercing, soul-cheering. It preaches powerfully; but how can it, if closed? All the passions of the human soul are vividly portrayed in the eye. The Christian graces, likewise, the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, love. God is either honored or dishonored by the eye. Let your eyes speak for God, for glory, for salvation.

HIS FINGERS ARE COLD, AIN'T THEY? TERRIBLE!

Poor boy without mittens, don't you pity him, little folks? Winter? Certainly it is. See the snowflakes falling.

SNOW, EMBLEM OF PURITY.

"There is something so *pure* in the falling snow,
As it comes on its wings so light,
And mantles the valleys and plains below
In a robe of spotless white;
That I love to gaze thro' the misty air,
Where the broad flakes are at play,
And offer a silent, earnest prayer,
That my heart was as pure as they;
That every thought and wish might be
The emblem of such purity."

HINTS TO BOYS AND GIRLS ON GOOD MANNERS.

1. Never look over another person when he is writing a letter, or reading that which does not concern you.

2. Never enter another's room abruptly. Have you special business? knock gently at the door, or ask permission to enter.

3. Never select the best articles of food at the table. Wait till you are helped. Be modest, polite, temperate.

4. Never ask trifling or foolish questions, or inquire about things with which you are already familiar. "A fool's voice is known by a multitude of words."

5. Never speak unless you have something to say—think twice before you speak once. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise." *Prov.* x. 19.

6. Never dissemble, feign yourself sick or asleep, or unwell, to avoid correction or some unpleasant thing. This is a species of lying, for which the Lord will not hold you guiltless. "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." "Put away from thee a forward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee." "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

7. Never be glad or rejoice at another's calamity or misfortune, even though he be your enemy. "He that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished." "Does thine enemy hunger, feed him. Does he thirst, give him drink; by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." "Overcome evil with good."

8. Never mock or ridicule the poor, the infirm, or the aged. "He that mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker." "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his lips and is a fool." *Prov.* xix. 1.

Read the fearful doom of those wicked children who mocked Elisha, the holy prophet of God. (See 2d Kings, ii. 23, 24.)

9. Never set up your own will in opposition to your parents or teachers: submit calmly, sweetly, cheerfully. "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry."

10. When addressed by your parents or superiors, give immediate attention.

11. Be kind and gentle to your brothers and sisters, invariably.

12. When a favor is conferred, always express your gratitude politely to the person who bestows it.

13. Little folks, whenever you enter a room, always be careful to notice, respectfully, your superiors, or those older than yourself.

14. Never interrupt persons engaged in conversation, reading, or writing, but wait till a suitable opportunity is given you to speak.

15. Never ask when you know.

16. Never whisper in company, or make remarks on the dress of those about you, or about things that are in the room where you are.

17. Never flatly contradict any person, and especially your superiors. Rather say, "Are you not mistaken, sir? I had supposed differently." Meekness and modesty are more precious than rubies.

18. Be polite or courteous to everybody; true politeness is giving attention to little things, little acts of self-denial, kindness, and love, striving to make everybody happy. It is benevolence flowing from a noble, generous, pious heart. It is, in a word, doing to others as we would that others should do to us.

GOOD BEHAVIOR IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

A FEW HINTS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

YOUNG friends, go in time; be in your seats quietly ere a prayer is offered, a song of praise is sung, the word of God is read or expounded.

One very important part of your religion should be not to disturb the religion of others.

2. Never loiter by the way, mingle with evil companions, or indulge in worldly conversation. "Keep your hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life."

3. When you arrive at the place of worship, enter immediately, and not remain outside a moment.

4. As you enter, walk softly to your seat, and always be ready to give place to ladies and your superiors.

5. Engage in silent aspirations; lift your little hearts to God beseechingly for a special blessing to accompany the word of life to your own souls and to every one present.

6. Never gaze about to gratify a vain curiosity. Keep your eye and heart fixed intently, prayerfully, on "things above." "Be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools."

"*Take heed how you hear.*"

"Can ye not hear within that sound,
Some strain of heavenly melody?
A note to bear thy mind away
To regions of eternity?

"'Tis holy time—a day of rest,
Which God hath made and sanctified,
And every worldly hope and wish,
From all thy thoughts should be denied."

7. Never indulge in lolling, lounging, dozing, or sleeping a moment. The example is bad; besides, it is manifestly disrespectful to God, to his ministers, his house, and to yourself. "Awake, thou that sleepest."

"These hours are passing fleet away,
These golden days will soon be gone:
And while ye list so carelessly,
They're stealing from you, one by one.

"Then wake, oh, wake! lest by and by
Some deep regret shall give you pain,
When you lament the sad mistake
Of having heard the word in vain."

8. Avoid reading books or periodicals during the time of the religious exercises.

9. When the text is referred to by the minister, turn to it in your Bible and notice its purport.

10. Never leave your seat or the house until the close of the meeting, unless absolutely necessary.

11. Never leave the house hastily or abruptly; but when the exercises are closed walk softly and deliberately out.

12. Retire immediately to your residence, avoiding all intercourse that will tend in the least to dissipate the mind or counteract the influence of the solemn truths you have heard.

13. On entering your home, retire to your closet as soon as possible, and pray God to bless the exercises of his holy day to your souls and the souls of others, that it may be as seed sown in good ground, that will bring forth some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold.

14. Give the outlines of the discourse, sermon, or other

instruction and exercises of the sanctuary to which you have attended, to your parents; endeavoring to fix every admonition and word of instruction deeply and firmly in your heart, searching the Bible to see whether these things are so, that fruit may abound unto eternal life.

15. *Practise what you hear.* "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

"Can other themes your heart engage,
And meaner things your thoughts employ?
Why make the glittering things of earth
Your greatest good, your chiefest joy?

"Know, then, for every gracious word
That falls upon your listless ear,
A future day will sure reveal
The guilt you seem not now to fear."

MORAL TRAINING NEGLECTED IN CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

Many children have abundant religious instruction at home and in churches and Sabbath-schools, and yet are suffered to grow up with the idea that there is no harm in robbing birds' nests, or cruelizing bugs, snakes, toads, and the lower species of animal life.

The exercise of this spirit is sure to engender a tyrannical love of power and dominion over everything, either brute or human, that is *weaker* than themselves, and generally leads to wickedness and cruelty.

THINGS NOT IN ORDER IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

1. To stand before the church-door before service.

2. To engage in any kind of conversation, even religious, between the time of your going in and the commencement of worship. That interval should be spent in composing the thoughts for the solemnities of the approaching services.

3. To salute persons coming in by bowing, smiling, &c.

4. To look around to catch the eye of a friend, and smile at any remark from the pulpit.

5. To allow children to be stuffing themselves during the services with apples, sweet-cakes, candy, or anything else.

6. Sleeping in church is not in order.

7. To be reaching for garments or adjusting the dress while the blessing is pronounced.

8. To commence laughing, talking, and saluting one another, as soon as the people are dismissed.

9. To stand in the door or aisle, and detain others from getting out, is not polite or in order.

10. To stand around the door, gazing at the ladies as they leave the church, to see who conducts them, and many other things, which as little concern others, is decidedly out of order.

MISBEHAVIOR IN THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP

Shows a want of common respect and decency; hardens the heart, sears the conscience, meets the frowns of the Almighty. It is a disgrace to parents, and shows how greatly and wickedly they have neglected parental discipline.

December has not left us yet, little readers. You see—

Cold winter is here, and all nature looks drear,
  The streamlets in ice-fetters bound;
The leaves on the trees are all yellow and sere,
  And the snow-mantle covers the ground:
The tempest now darkens the face of the skies,
  And the sharp, whistling storm-winds with terror arise.

How cheerless and sad is the home of the poor,
  When the storm rages mournfully round!
When the northern wind blows, how hard to endure
  The privations which ever are found
In the home of the needy, where poverty dwells,
And the breast fill'd with anguish, painfully swells!

Oh! ye who glide on with prosperity's tide,
  And numberless blessings possess,—
Surrounded with comforts on every side,
  And hunger and want ne'er depress,—
Pause and think of the poor, whose hopes have all fled,
Their hearts chill'd and wither'd, and starving for bread.

Go visit their homes; go witness their grief,
  And listen to misery's plea;—
Beholding them desolate, offer relief
  Of the bounties which Heaven gives thee:
Provide for their children, whose shivering forms
Plainly tell how they suffer 'neath winter's bleak storms.

Bestow then your sympathy, kindness, and prayers,
  On those whom misfortune has crossed;—
Oh! ease their afflictions, and soothe their dark cares,
  Poor wanderers o'er life's billows toss'd;
And God will reward you with mercies most sure,
For "*blessed* is he that *remembereth* the poor."

THE FALLING SNOW.

There's something so *rude* in the falling snow,
  As it drifts through the mountain air,
And scatters its broad flakes to and fro,
  In the face of the old and fair;
And then, with a careless dance it flies
  O'er the graves of dear ones in the vale,
And puts out the violets' tender eyes
  With its frigid tones and dismal wail:
Oh! lightly rest on the new-made sod,
Where we gave our dear ones back to God.

A WORD TO VISITORS MAKING FRIENDLY VISITS.

VISIT? make friendly visitations? As often as you please, little folks and great folks; go here, go there; run here, run there; fly here, fly there; scatter the good seed here, scatter the good seed there; make *haste!*

Jesus visited, for what? Paul visited from house to house, for what? In visiting, go prepared with souls alive, on fire for God's glory.

1. In visiting, give your friends as little trouble as possible.

2. Aim to impart blessings as well as to receive them—to do good as well as to receive good.

3. Some visitors give offence, cause trouble and vexation; exhibit a proud, selfish, ungrateful spirit; leave a stench behind, instead of a sweet, heavenly perfume.

Those who entertain *such* friends may be glad to see them *come*, but much gladder to see them *depart.*

4. In visiting, never use tobacco in any form—smoke, chew, or snuff; it is impolite, and to many exceedingly offensive.

5. Have you crying, unruly, or disobedient children, unmanageable at home? never on any account take them abroad in your visitations. One sinner, though a very little one, destroyeth much good. Evil communications are sure to corrupt good manners.

6. Never find fault with your food. This is impolite. Some visitors, with dainty palates or perverted tastes, are very troublesome. Eat what is set before you, asking no questions.

7. Never indulge in bed till a late hour. Be up in time for family worship and early breakfast. Never keep the

family waiting a moment for prayers, breakfast, or any other duty.

The famous philosopher, the great Peter of Russia, whose memory will ever be the admiration of Europe, always rose before day, and when he saw the morning break, would express his wonder that any man should be so stupid as not to rise every morning to behold one of the most glorious sights in the universe.

8. Beware of intrusion, of trespassing on benevolence, kind hospitality. Let your visits be short, sweet, heavenly. "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee." *Prov.* xxv. 17.

9. Finally, in visiting friends, do them all the good you can, temporally and spiritually—body, soul, and mind; impart a holy influence.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." *James*, i. 27. Beloved reader, are your visitations of this character? The Lord speed you!

> "Arrest the present moment; stay its flight,
> Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
> 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms; far more precious
> Than all the richest treasures of the earth!
> Oh, let it not elude thy grasp; but like
> The good old patriarch of God's holy word,
> Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"

Has any one a right to visit, except to do good and receive good, to be a blessing to those he visits, temporally and spiritually?

FORSAKE the foolish and live; and go in the way of understanding.

TAKE CARE, DON'T FALL, LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

"*Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.*"

Look up, friends, keep looking up; "lift your eyes to the hills, whence cometh your help."

But what are these busy folks doing—gathering grapes? Very well, grapes are good, wholesome, delicious, nutritious. Think, young friends, how many precious things

God bestows continually, multitudinous, past numbering; mercies high as heaven, broad as the ocean, overflowing: mercies past, mercies present. Begin to enumerate? Scarcely. Fill volumes? Octavo on octavo, quarto on quarto. Indeed, the whole world would be insufficient to contain all the books recording God's superabounding goodness.

Is it not evident, clear as the noonday sun, that God is *very* good; that he is trying all the time, to the very *utmost*, to lead sinners to repentance, and make everybody happy, little folks and big folks? Nor is he unmindful of the lower order of beings, creatures animate and inanimate. Hark!

"The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him: to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them. The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever." *Psalm* clxv. 15–21.

"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." *Matt.* xii. 6.

"For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." 2 *Cor.* v. 10.

LITTLE FOLKS RECORDING MERCIES.

KEEP a journal or diary, little readers. Begin right away, put down daily some of the choicest, sweetest mercies bestowed. The more frequently you do this—think over and over the little good things and the great good things, coming *directly* from the Father of lights—you have no idea how they loom up, magnify, spread abroad. You will be constrained to say with the Psalmist, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." And your little hearts will burst out overflowingly with grateful praise, saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is in me bless his holy name, and forget not all his benefits."

> "Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
> My daily thanks employ;
> Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
> That tastes those gifts with joy."

Go right at it, little folks; don't wait; take your pens, sit down, consider how good and gracious God is; reckon up in order his inexhaustible mercies—mercies on mercies—mercies past, mercies present. Especially recall God's goodness every night before retiring to rest; cast your eye over the day past, bring to mind all the merciful dispensations, the blessings received from above, whence cometh every good and perfect gift, blessings temporal, blessings spiritual, the gift of life, health, food, raiment, friends. Has God kept you safely from all harm, from all danger? Have you enjoyed social, friendly, and religious interviews around the fireside, the family altar, the table spread with choice bounties of Heaven? Can you, *dare* you close your eyes in soft slumber ere you bow the knee in humble, devout thanksgiving—open your lips wide in heartfelt gratulations?

Be sure, young friends, to acknowledge God's goodness; bow the knee gratefully, ere reclining your head on the nightly pillow. God, though so great, so glorious, so *infinitely* above our comprehension, is well-pleased with our grateful remembrance of his favors. How frequently the Lord reproves his people for their forgetfulness of his mercies! "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." *Isa.* i. 3.

Think again: keep on thinking, turning over and over these daily and hourly mercies. Have you eyes to see, ears to hear, a tongue to speak, hands to handle, feet to walk, reason, understanding, good judgment, is your conscience tender, enlightened by the Word and the Holy Spirit? What now? Any gratitude expressed, any soul alive to praise God? Have you been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb? Are your sins pardoned, washed away in the fountain open for sin and uncleanness? Have you a lively hope of glory everlasting, founded on the rock Christ Jesus, a spirit of prayer, agonizing, prevailing? Have you a peculiar delight in the holy Scriptures? Is the blessed Bible your guide, your sun and shield, a lamp to your feet, a light to your path? Is it food for your soul? Do you meditate in it day and night? Are all the Christian graces in you aboundingly—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness? What now? Any expressions of humble adoration and praise? Can you say, do you say—

"Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew?"

LETTER-WRITING—WRITING LETTERS.

YOUNG readers, begin early to correspond with your friends at a distance. Communicate good things—heavenly. Begin just as soon as you can hold a pen. Write as you talk—plain, simple, intelligent gospel-language, God-fearingly. Tell your little friends and great friends abroad, far and near, about the blessed Jesus—how he died to save sinners, and how blessed it is to serve him with a perfect heart, to do good and communicate. Tell them the only sure way to *be* happy is to *make* happy—that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

In all your correspondings and communicatings, by pen and by word of mouth, be sure to keep wisdom which is from above vividly before you; let no corrupt communication proceed from your pen or out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers and the readers. "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how to answer every man." *Col.* iv. 6.

Write to your friends just as you would speak to them if present; condense your thoughts; compress your ideas; say what you say in as few words as possible; use correct language—pure, idiomatic; mind your pauses—interrogation points. Aim at everything graceful, lovely, and of good report.

Parents beloved, will you see to this? Encourage your little sons and daughters in this excellent method of improvement—a special means of grace.

In this epistolary exercise the blessed truths of the Bible may be developed, early impressed, indelibly fixed—grace on grace—things heavenly and divine.

ANOTHER WINTER SCENE, AND THE LAST.

By and by, little folks, it will be spring-time. Joyful, the merry songsters of the grove will resume their sweet melodies, tune their little harps afresh in praise. The beautiful flowers will show their smiling faces—all nature will put on her fairest, richest robes.

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

What now, little friends, praise the Lord? Certainly, for "it is good to sing praises unto our God: it is pleasant, praise is comely."

"From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue."

GOD IS LOVE.

THIS fact is everywhere evident in nature. The little streamlet winding over hill and through valley speaks to us in bubbling tones, "God is love."

The lofty trees of the forest, swayed to and fro by the Lord of the winds, proclaim in piercing tones, "God is love."

The bird soaring through the air and anon lighting on some tree-top, warbles forth in his sweetest notes, "God is love."

The passing cloud, which for a moment obscures the sun, seemingly comes but to tell us, "God is love."

Mighty ocean, with its foam-crested billow, exclaims in tones of thunder, "God is love."

And every leaf and blade of grass joins with every other voice of nature in shouting, "God is love." And Echo answers, "God is love."

FLOWERS.

"YE are the scriptures of the earth,
Sweet flowers, fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That woos the summer gale.

"Ye lift your heads at early morn,
To greet the sunny ray;
And cast your fragrance forth to praise
The Lord of night and day."

THE wise shall inherit glory: but shame shall be the promotion of fools.

LOST FOLKS—FOLKS THAT ARE NOT LOST.

Are you lost, little friends? Well, then, there is hope, glorious hope. Jesus came to seek and save the lost, both little and big.

"How am I to be saved, mother?" said little Herbert.

"By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son."

"But have I nothing to do?" said the boy. "I thought I must do something; for I was once told I must be good, or else God would have nothing to do with me."

"My child, Jesus has done what was needed; and you are saved by believing that all is done."

"But I am not good," said Herbert. "Will God have anything to do with me unless I am good?"

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"Well, that is good news," said the little fellow.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God."

GOD CALLING LITTLE FOLKS

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

DEAR children, God is calling to you every day, through his word, through kind teachers and ministers of the gospel, to come to him. Every sin you commit takes you further and further from God and heaven; and if you continue on in your sins you will never reach that happy home which he has prepared for those that love him. When you hear the Saviour saying to you in the tenderest accents of his love, "Child, give me thy heart," will you not listen to his voice? If you come to Jesus now, he will take you in his arms and bless you, and make you happy while you live, and when you die, will take you to dwell with him forever.

LITTLE children, Jesus loves you:
  Once he left his home on high,
Suffer'd on the cross to save you,
  Died that you might never die.

Little children, Jesus loves you;
  From his arms no longer stay:
He is waiting to receive you;
  Children, come without delay.

Little children, Jesus loves you,
  And when life with you is o'er,
To his heavenly home he'll take you,
  There to dwell forevermore.

AID TOTTERING FEET? DO YOU, PARENT?

"As freely we ourselves receive,
So freely must we ever give."

Do you ever send a little infant into the highway to walk by itself, unsupported, because it has limbs of its own? Nay; you aid those tottering little feet till they are strong enough to walk alone, and then let them go forth. Even so we are bound to sustain and guide the feet of prayer, till indeed the little ones *pray*, not merely *say their prayers.*

We are bound to take them to Christ now, till they meet him, and we are sure we have put their little hands in his. In other words, parents are under the most sacred obligations to superintend the private devotions of their children till their little hearts catch from them the true flame of prayer, till they love prayer, delight in it, and will pray alone, in the spirit, in faith, in the name of Jesus, prevailingly.

God said to his ancient people, "Thou shalt teach these words which I command thee diligently unto thy children . . . when thou liest down and when thou risest up." The quiet hour, when "he lieth down," when the day can all be calmly reviewed in the light of conscience, is the time when the door of the child's heart is most open, when evil can be best turned out of it and Christ be brought in.

Lead the children directly to Jesus, rest not till you are sure they are in his arms. Never let go their hands till then.

"A WISE son heareth his father's instruction: but a scorner heareth not rebuke." *Prov.* xiii. 1.

LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE JESUS? YES, THEY CAN.

Every child knows what it is to love his mother, but can he tell you anything more about it than that he feels it? Can any man say more?

Every child can take hold of his father's hand and go with him in the dark, and that is having faith in his father; but he cannot tell what faith is.

The child Samuel could say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," though he could not know the voice of the Lord from the voice of Eli.

So the little child can believe in Christ, and love Christ, though he cannot know all the deep things in religion. He can live upon the sincere milk of the word, and grow thereby, and that is all that is necessary for his being gathered to Christ.

So the little one does not know how he believes in Christ, and how he lives by faith, but he does. And the tall trees of the forest, and the giant oak on the hill, can no more tell how they are nourished by the rain and the sunshine, than the little violets that grow in the crack of a rock; and the lofty tree in the garden and the frail lily are alike fed, they know not how. When the child has said that he feels love to Christ in his heart, could a Newton, with all his great mind, say more?

Hasten, O Lord! that happy time,
  That dear, expected, blessed day,
When men of every race and clime
  The Saviour's precepts shall obey.

In one sweet symphony of praise,
  Gentile and Jew shall then unite,
And all the wrongs that man has wrought,
  Sink in the abyss of endless night.

MARY'S PET LAMB.

CHRIST is the Lamb of God, as the accepted sacrifice for our sins, and for his innocent, meek, mild, and gentle character, and for his spotless holiness. Please, little folks, turn to John, i. 29; also to Isaiah, liii. 4–9. Little Christians, washed clean in Jesus' blood, are called lambs

> "Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
> I would disdain to feed?
> Hast thou a foe before whose face
> I'd fear thy cause to plead?"

Are there those that believe that the Good Shepherd has not many lambs to feed? Certain it is that they are often overlooked by all but him, and that he is often carrying them unheeded through our midst.

"THE lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of the field." *Prov.* xxvii. 26.

THE LITTLE LAMBS.

"*He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom.*" Isa. lx. 11.

JESUS always had children among his auditory. They are often mentioned. In the enumeration of those whom he miraculously fed we read, "*Besides women and children.*" His triumphant entry into Jerusalem gathered among the most conspicuous of the jubilant throng those children who were heard crying "Hosannah" in the temple. When Jesus "took a little child and set him in the midst," he had not to go far for the living illustration, for the little children were always near the "holy child Jesus."

Our Lord Jesus was so guileless, so gentle, the child-like nature was so eminently conspicuous, that he attracted the little ones to himself. We shall never forget the voice of the Saviour, the Lord of angels, as he cries, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

First of all, gather the lambs for Christ. "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

"Shepherd of the chosen number,
They are safe whom thou dost keep;
Other shepherds faint and slumber,
And forget to watch the sheep;
Watchful Shepherd!
Thou dost wake while others sleep."

"DOTH not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice? Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man." *Prov.* viii. 1, 4.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONS.

"Children by our Lord were honor'd,
When on this poor earth he stay'd;
Fondly he embraced and bless'd them,
Though a frowning throng forbade.

"To his side a child he summon'd,
Placed him in the midst, and told
Those that simple guide to follow,
Who God's kingdom would behold.

"Still his gospel honors children,
Bids them to Christ's service move,
And their little rills of beauty
Swell the ocean of his love;

"Bids them strive with zealous pity
For the desolate and sad,
Till the dark and desert places
Are for them exceeding glad.

"Children, to our dear Redeemer
Yield the grateful homage due,
And by love to every creature
Pay the love he bears for you."

Parents, in training your little ones, take the Bible, begin with the Bible, keep on with the Bible, end with the Bible.

LITTLE FOLKS KEEP ON DOING GOOD? YES, THEY DO—

MISSIONATE here, missionate there, sow the good seed here, sow the good seed there. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

> "Thou know'st not which may thrive,
> The late or early sown."

There is hanging on the wall of a shepherd's cottage, amid the ruins of an old castle in North Wales, a card, on which is printed, in large letters, these lines:

> "For Jesus Christ's sake,
> Do all the good you can,
> To all the people you can,
> In all the places you can,
> At all the times you can,
> And as long as you can."

Very simple words, but they lay out work for a Christian's lifetime.

Dear children, will you commit these lines to memory, and not only be able to repeat them, but to put them in practice by doing deeds of kindness and speaking words of love to all around you, remember the poor, the sick, the afflicted, "and him that hath no helper," for Jesus Christ's sake evermore? If you wish to be happy, *be* good and *do* good, and true happiness will be yours now and forever.

> "OH, happy they who in their youth
> Are brought to know and love the truth;
> For none but those whom truth makes free
> Can e'er enjoy true liberty."

LITTLE FOLKS PREACH? YES, THEY CAN; THEY DO,

When their little hearts are in tune, full of faith and love. Hear what an infidel's child said to her father. "Father, why don't you talk to me about God and Jesus, as mother does?" said a sweet childish voice of four years. The father was dumb, and left the room quickly. A day or two before his father left to join his regiment, Harry plucked from the garden a beautiful flower, and holding it to his father, asked, "Pa, who made this pretty flower?" No answer was given; but deep thoughts were stirred in this infidel's heart.

Nearly three thousand years ago, the Psalmist wrote, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

A dear young girl, whose heart Jesus had touched, was burdened with sorrow and anxiety for her worldly, impenitent father. She prayed for him in agony; and how dare she approach one so deeply loved and reverenced, upon this subject so near her heart!

But at length summoning all her courage, she resolved to speak with him on the all-important matter.

"Father, I wish to speak to you," she said, with a beating heart and faltering lips.

"Well, daughter, what is it?" he asked pleasantly.

The burdened heart could contain itself no longer. Bursting into an agony of tears, she said only,

"Your soul, father, your soul!"

That man of the world felt his heart pierced as with one of God's own arrows. He could only answer with a choking voice,

"Daughter, I will."

Ain't this preaching, effectual, soul-saving?

A LITTLE GIRL FEEDING THE BIRDS.

Pretty, ain't it, little readers? The birds must be fed, the chickens must be fed, and who can attend to this business any better than a sprightly little girl, always on the jump to make everybody happy, even the beautiful, innocent birds that sing so sweetly. Hurt them, destroy their nests or their young ones? Not for the world! She loves, as every little boy and girl should, the song-birds dearly,

That flit o'er hill and plain,
That leave when chilling winter comes,
But soon return again;
That warble out their hymns of praise
With many a gleeful voice,
Which calms the daily cares of life,
And bids the heart rejoice.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED BOY AND THE PRETTY BIRDS.

A LITTLE black-eyed boy of five
Thus spake to his mamma:
"Do look at all the pretty birds;
How beautiful they are!
How smooth and glossy are their wings—
How beautiful their hue!
Besides, mamma, I really think
That they are pious, too!"

"Why so, my dear?" the mother said,
And scarce suppress'd a smile—
The answer show'd a thoughtful head,
A heart quite free from guile;
"Because, when each one bows his head
His tiny bill to wet,
To lift a thankful glance above
He never does forget;
And so, mamma, it seems to me,
That very pious they must be."

"Dear child, I would a lesson learn
From this sweet thought of thine,
And heavenward with a glad heart turn
These earth-bound eyes of mine;
Perfected praise, indeed, is given
By babes below to God in heaven."

"O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever." *Psalm* cxxxvi. 1.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Young readers, do you wish to know this secret of secrets? A beautiful little girl, trained in newness of life, full of faith and love, sweet as a lamb, innocent as a dove, always on the wing, was asked why she was so joyous, cheerful, and happy. The reply was, "I love to make others happy."

Here was the secret of her happiness. This little girl had been early instructed to deny herself, exercise benevolence, to imitate Jesus in going about doing good.

Children, will you promise to do something every day to make others happy, to lighten somebody's toil, cheer some sorrowful one, cause a cheerful smile upon some disconsolate face, cause some widow's heart to sing for joy? Do thus in the name of the Lord, and for his glory, and you are sure to be happy. Your light shall rise as the dawning sun.

No wonder some little folks and great folks are unhappy in the world. There always is clashing when the machinery is out of gear. There is always trouble when the wheels are off the track. Man seeks to live for himself. God made him to live for others. How swells that mother's heart with joy, when she can make her children happy! What a thrill of delight comes with that look of gratitude, that tear of joy, and that one of love, which are all that the widow and the orphan can render to their benefactor! The cup of happiness is an overflowing cup. It is like a bubbling fountain, ever pouring forth its blessings to refresh the weary and fainting, and made pure only by its own overflow. It is like the quiet meadow-rill, fringed all along with flowers, yet concealed by the very exuberance of beauty and verdure itself doth nourish.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

"How many sheep are straying,
  Lost from the Saviour's fold!
Upon the lonely mountains
  They shiver with the cold;
Within the tangled thickets,
  Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges,
  Wander the poor lost sheep.

"Oh! who will go to find them?
  Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search with tireless patience
  Through brier and through brake?

Unheeding thirst or hunger,
  Who still, from day to day,
Will seek, as for a treasure,
  The sheep that go astray?

"Say, will *you* seek to find them?
  From pleasant bowers of ease,
Will you go forth determined
  To find the 'least of these.?'
For still the Saviour calls them,
  And looks across the world,
And still he holds wide open
  The door into his fold.

"How sweet 'twould be at evening,
  If you and I could say,
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
  The sheep that went astray!
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,
  We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at nightfall
  Bearing them safely home."

"I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
  When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold—
  I should like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
  That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
  'Let the little ones come unto me.'"

CARRYING AWAY THE LAMBS.

When the shepherds of large flocks of sheep cannot succeed in separating the dams from the rest, because their young ones are among them, they will carry away their lambs in their arms to a better pasture, and then the dams willingly follow. Ah! "the Good Shepherd" has often to adopt the same method! To separate his chosen ones from the rest of the world, he is compelled to carry away the lambs of the human flock in his warm bosom to heaven, and then bereaved parents gladly follow. The poet has drawn a beautiful and touching simile from this well-known practice of pastoral life.

"A shepherd long had sought in vain
  To call a wandering sheep;
He strove to make its pathway plain,
  Through dangers thick and deep.

"But yet the wanderer stood aloof,
  And still refused to come—
Nor would she ever hear reproof,
  Or turn to seek her home.

"At last the gentle shepherd took
  Her little lamb from view!
Her mother gazed with anguish'd look—
  She turn'd—and follow'd too!"

The late Dr. Payson, when engaged in paying pastoral visits to his spiritual flock, happened one day to enter "the house of mourning," and there he found a disconsolate mother, whose darling child had just been "taken from the evil to come," whom he thus addressed: "Sup-

pose, now, some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear, and you knew it was for you; and that you was to receive and wear it as soon as it should be done. Now, if the maker of it were to come, and, in order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken away for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown?"

It is by the dark seasons of the night which is far spent that we are prepared for the dazzling effulgence of the eternal day.

GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

"GIVE, in the days of childhood,
When the heart is pure and light;
Give, when thy manhood cometh;
Give, in life's deep twilight.

"Give of thy worldly treasures,
What thy God hath lent to thee;
Bless with thy heart's pure feeling
The homes of misery.

"Give words that are kindly spoken,
Make fertile the roughest sod;
But above all earthly giving,
Give life, in its morn, to God."

"HE that trusteth in his own heart is a fool: but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered." *Prov.* xxviii. 26.

ROOM FOR THE LAMBS? PLENTY!

LET little folks come in? Certainly! The lambs of the flock, whose hearts are touched by grace divine, the finger of the Lord. The privileges and ordinances of God's house are theirs, the communion of saints. When we can discern in them a knowledge of their lost state without Christ, and that they have submitted themselves, and rest upon Christ as their Saviour, who may bar them from the sanctuary? They have a right there, and it is the duty of God's people to bring them in, and nurture them up in the Lord.

Childhood is, indeed, the spring-time of the year, the time for the singing of birds, the lambs to skip, the mountains and the hills to break forth in joyful praise, and the trees of the forest to clap their hands. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength." When we find the seeds of heavenly grace springing up in the hearts of little children, as there always should be, we may trust that Spirit's power. Such members prove in after years the strong pillars of the Church. One trouble with those Christians brought in at mature life is, that they are often uneducated for the work before them, and life itself may be gone before they comprehend it.

DR. ADAM CLARK, in his last days, wrote: "The prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me; and the simple hymns I sang when a child, I still remember with delight."

"HEAR, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding." *Prov.* iv. 1.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*" Eccl. xii. 1.

"Live, while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live, while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view, let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to thee."

How lovingly the dear Saviour—the Lamb of God—welcomes little children to his happy fold! He numbers the lambs among his flock. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." *Luke*, xviii. 16.

Dear children, now in the spring-time of your lives, be sure to plant choice seeds, which may burst forth in beauty, bloom, and bear "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Jesus was as young as any of you, who "never did sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." He is the perfect example for all. Do you not wish, children, like Jesus, to go about doing good? He loves little children, and will *never* refuse to hear their cries.

"Then lift your little hands in prayer;
The Saviour bids you come;
Safe in his bosom he will bear
The lambs to his bright home.
Then lay your little hand in his:
He'll lead you gently on,
Through trials of a world like this,
To scenes of bliss beyond."

THE GARDENERS RESTING IN THE SHADE.

"Out-door employment gives pleasure and gain,
And makes us our troubles forget;
For those who work hard have no time to complain,
And it's better to labor than fret."

THIS garden-service was one of Eve's chief delights while in Paradise, and when compelled to leave, after her fall, how grievous!

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil; these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods; where I had hoped to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
Which must be mortal to us both. O flowers
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last,
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From your first opening buds, and gave you names,
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?"

A CHILD, trained from infancy in the fear and love of God, is ready to "serve the Lord Jesus Christ with all humility of mind," in any work to which he is called, saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God," in a meek, heavenly spirit—"the meekness and gentleness of Christ;" and as he goes forward from duty to duty, will be able to say with David, "My soul is as a weaned child:" "I delight to do thy will, O my God!"

"THY kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

A WORD TO LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS ABOUT TALKING.

NOTHING to say? Well, then, *say nothing*—hold your peace.

Never talk merely for the sake of talking. Hush! Lift up your heart silently, in prayerful ejaculations, for wisdom, pure, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy; that the words of your mouth and the meditations of your hearts may be acceptable to God, edifying, administering grace to the hearers.

Again; never open your lips when unduly excited or ruffled. Keep still! look up. The art of silence is a great art, both with the old and the young.

Keep your mouth as with a bridle. Learn to be silent under oppositions, provocations, rebukes, injuries, or persecutions. How did Jesus do? Look and see. It is better to say nothing, than to say anything in an angry or excited manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent, the mind is enabled to collect itself, and calls upon God in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honor of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, when you speak from God.

"Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

"His fair example let us trace,
To teach us what we ought to be:
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee."

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS STANDING THE FIRE.

STAND salvation's fire, do you? What now? Lose friends dear as life—husband, wife, father, mother, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, houses and lands, all temporal good—life itself? Better a thousand times than displease your God, the Son of the Blessed, by shrinking from duty, withholding light, salvation, grace. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me." "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." *Matt.* x. 37–39.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Lose your boarders by standing for the truth as it is in Jesus, by holding forth gospel purity, love, joy unspeakable? Well, suppose you do, one by one till every room in your house is vacated? What now? Starve? Who says so? "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." *Psalm* xxxvii. 25. What! neglect family duty—reading God's word, prayer and praise—night and morning, for fear of losing your ungodly boarders, or cold, formal, backslidden professors? Where your consistency, your faith, your discipleship? Can you, *dare* you shrink from family duty, lower the standard, gospelly, for fear of losing a single member of your household, or all the members of it, and the gains thereof? *At your peril you do it.* Better beg from door to door, live on a dry crust, breathe out your life in the poorhouse.

AN ARABIAN HORSEMAN.

SEE him, little friend? What do you know of Arabia? Are you familiar with geography? Look on your map of Asia. Arabia is a vast country, extending one thousand five hundred miles from north to south, and nearly the same from east to west. The northern part of this immense territory, bounded by Palestine and the Dead Sea, is the place to which Moses fled from cruel Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to save his life. (See Ex. 2d and 3d.) Here in the land of Midian he kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law forty years. God appeared to him in a flaming bush of fire, and told him what to do. Was he obedient? Turn to Hebrews 3d, and you will see how faithful Moses was in everything God told him to do. He was a great and good man, a prophet and legislator. He led God's chosen people from Egypt to the promised land, and though he was learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, yet he was very humble: in Numbers xii. 3, he is termed "the meekest of men."

BOARDERS IN THE FAMILY—WHO ARE THEY, WHERE ARE THEY?

"Don't know," say you, Christian friend? Is it possible—can it be? What kind of a Christian are you? "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" What! a boarder, a member in your family, sit at your table morning, noon, and night, for weeks and months, and you, forsooth, calling yourself a Christian, know not whether he is on the side of the Lord or that of the devil; on the way to heaven or on the way to hell! Moreover, you have friends, relatives, and may-be some of your own children, lying down, rising up, going out and coming in before your eyes, for days, weeks, and months, and what do you know of their spiritual standing, the welfare of their souls, their hope of heaven, glory eternal? Do you know whether they are for life or for death—for salvation or damnation? Again; here is your servant-girl, waiting at your table, serving you in the nursery, in the parlor, how long? four weeks, three months, six, a year? What has she heard from your lips about Jesus, his love, mercy, his willingness to save to the uttermost the very chiefest of sinners? Have you said anything definitely, pointedly, to this maid-servant of yours, on her soul's eternal welfare, pointed her to the "Lamb slain?" Have you exhorted her affectionately, entreatingly to repent of her sins, and do works meet for repentance, flee the wrath to come? Have you ascertained for a certainty, whether her course is upward or downward, onward and upward, to glory eternal; or downward, to dwell with devils and spirits damned forever and *forever?* "Nay," say you, "nay?" Then what kind of a Christian are you; a dead one or a live one; a wide awake one, or one sleeping; a wretched formalist, or miserable backslider?

You talk about religion! Oh yes, you talk *about* it—*round* about it, over it, and under it; and what sinner don't? what painted hypocrite don't? what "dumb dog" don't? But where the "home-thrusts," "the sword that cuts, the fire that burns?" Where the life, the power, things practical, experimental, soul-kindling, soul-saving? If your own soul was alive, on fire for God, truth, and love, if you had any just and proper view of God's justice, mercy, truth, and love, of the worth of the soul, the glories of heaven, the torments of hell, of your own duty and responsibility as a servant of the Lord Jesus, would you, *could* you hold your peace, sleep and dream, dream and sleep, talk and eat, eat and talk, laugh and talk, talk and laugh, and not speak a word about Jesus? What kind of a Christian are you? You talk and laugh about everything that the world talks and laughs about, but what do you say for Jesus? What do you *do* for Jesus?

Where and when have you taken one in your family, little or big, young or old, aside with glowing heart, flowing tears, weepingly, for earnest prayer, faithful beseeching, exhortation, and every look, moving muscle, meanwhile, indicating deep concern for the soul's salvation?

"Ah! 'tis a high and holy work
To reap this harvest rare;
Oh, hast thou thrust thy sickle in,
With humble, fervent prayer?

"Or hast thou *loiter'd* all the day,
Nor bound a single sheaf?
If thou hast wasted thus its hours,
There's cause for bitter grief!"

A WICKED WOMAN IN THE FAMILY, ONE OF THE WICKEDEST, PROFESSING DISCIPLESHIP.

"Sinner! oh! lift thy thoughts above,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying love—
Forever telling, yet untold!"

WICKED? No telling how wicked she is! Pen cannot describe it—words utter it. The very hairs of our head rise up when we think of it! What! profess to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus, a follower of the Lamb, and see sinners go down to hell before your eyes, under your own roof, and not a thought, a single breath of salvation or redeeming, sanctifying grace in you or about you on their behalf—not a ripple, the least sign of uplifted, spontaneous exhortation to flee the wrath to come? Awful! shocking inconsistency! Blood-guilty? Angels stand aghast.

Again, you let that servant dwell in your house, day in, day out; week in, week out; go up stairs and down stairs, do this and that, sit around your table, lie down and rise up before your eyes, and not a word about the welfare of her immortal soul! You know not whether she is bound for heaven, glory on glory, or in the broad and frequented road to the pit of woe everlasting, where devils dwell and spirits are damned! Is not this indifference of yours cruel as the grave, reckless, outrageously—this stupidity unpardonable, infernal?

You talk about kitchen duties, parlor duties, this thing and that thing touching the world, things that perish with the using, fluently; and not a word about the soul's salvation, life eternal, joys unspeakable! You talk and laugh, laugh and talk, have a gleeful time; but nothing about Jesus, the Lamb that was slain!

DUTIES FOR ALL, GREAT AND SMALL—OUT-DOORS AND IN-DOORS.

DUTY is *the* thing—*everything*—at home and abroad, in the house and out of it, in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the field, in the workshop, in prosperity, in adversity, in sickness, in health, in the sanctuary, in the Bible-class, in the Sabbath-school, in the social circle for prayer and praise, in all places, under all circumstances; husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, ministers and people, male and female, little folks and great folks, men-servants and maid-servants, in every station and occupation, be sure and do your duty. The path of duty is the path of safety. Go forward 'mid opposition, persecution, fire and water; shrink not, stem the flood, be firm, resolute, determined, unflinching, let nothing prevent from duty—not all the hosts of darkness, wicked men and devils, Satan and all his legions. Push forward in duty, never fail, come life or death. Duty, in the strength of God, is our life, our prosperity, our happiness—happiness here, happiness forever! Our hope for life eternal depends on duty. The moment we omit any known duty, great or small, in public or private, to God or man, that moment we lose ground. Let the Christian neglect his closet, his family duties, holy discipline, prayer and praise—what now? Any hope, comfort, consolation? Friends, go forward in duty, in God's strength, wisdom, grace. Go forward everywhere—go *forward.* God will bless, fill you with love—bless you here, bless you forever. *Go forward!*

"THE righteousness of the upright shall deliver them: but transgressors shall be taken in *their own* naughtiness." *Prov.* xi. 6.

SWIFT AS A DEER.

Are you, little readers, on the leap for things beautiful, sublime, heavenly, enduring forever? What animal swifter on foot? David and Habakkuk both allude to the character of the hind or deer. "The Lord maketh my feet like hind's feet, and causeth me to stand on the high places." *Psalm* xviii. 33. *Hab.* iii. 19.

Again he says: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"

Little friends, are your souls on fire thus for God and his glory? Is it not your privilege, your duty?

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." *Isa.* lv. 2.

QUICK AND WELL.

THAT'S it, little folks, do things quick, do things well. "Hurry up!"

When you do this or do that, be sure to put on the steam. Whatever father or mother says "do," haste to do it, quick as possible, cheerfully, up stairs or down stairs, indoors or out, in the kitchen or in the parlor, in the garden, the field, or the workshop—off, OFF! in a *twinkling*—quick as a *flash.*

Run, hop, skip, fly! in the way of obedience. Haste to do every good thing your little hands find to do, with your might; *be sure*, also, to do everything in the best possible manner.

"Work well done is twice done." Never mix up things; do one thing at a time; begin one thing and finish one thing—make clean work as you go. Have order, system, regularity; a place for everything, and everything in its place. Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate, insensibly, into bad workmen.

Training the hands and the eyes to do work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

A rival of a certain great lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots, once."

"Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed; "and I did it *well.*"

CLOCK-WORK IN THE FAMILY, NEATNESS AND ORDER

> "The gentle child that tries to please,
> That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
> And would not say one angry word—
> That child is pleasing to the Lord."

EVERYTHING in this clock-work family is neat, clean, sweet, and tidy—the floors, the carpets, the kitchen, the parlor, the centre-table, bookcase, the chambers, bedroom, and bedding, the wardrobes, the furniture of every kind, the table spread with heaven's bounty. Everything in the house and around the house bears evident marks of order, system, regularity, and good taste.

The children are neat as a pink, quiet and harmless as doves, brisk as larks, clad neatly, modestly, simply, gospelly; their heads are combed, their hands and faces washed.

At family worship all is clock-work; every one is present at the instant, hush as heaven, calm, sedate, solemn, peaceful, orderly. Oh, what a blessed, happy, peaceful, joyful family—a little heaven on earth!

Little friends, is not this beautiful? How is it with you? Order, system, life—a time for everything, a place for everything? A time to sleep, a time to rise, a time to work, a time to praise and pray? Is every day, every hour, every moment duly arranged, systematically, beautifully? Order is heaven's first law.

View the heavenly orbits, the sun, moon, and stars, the varied seasons, nature in all her movements. The heavens declare God's wisdom and glory, system and order. How in business matters? Are you active, studiously, perseveringly, unceasingly? Do you move on with light, life, vigor, strength of purpose, vivacity, *stretching every nerve*, doing what your hands find to do with your *might?*

PUNCTUALITY THE LIFE, THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

"METHOD is the very hinge of business, and there can be no method without punctuality."

These precepts cannot be taught too early in life, or impressed too strongly. Punctuality in the slightest matter, in every engagement to others, in every promise to a child, should be strictly regarded. "Every child should be taught to pay all his debts, fulfil all his contracts exactly in the manner, completely in the value, punctually at the time. Everything borrowed he should be obliged to return uninjured, at the time specified; and everything lost belonging to others, he should be required to replace." Were these rules strictly enforced in education, there would be less suffering in society from disregard of obligations.

Want of punctuality is injustice. We have no right to intrench upon the time of others by our negligence. It is like taking their purse because your own is empty. "Time is money."

Be at the Time, the *very* time, the moment, the *instant;* fail not, stay not, linger not, hinder not. Moments *are* moments more precious than gold. Time lost is lost *forever!* Have a time, a regular time, a specified time for duties public and private, for lying down, rising up, going out, coming in, for prayer and praise, for secret prayer, social prayer, family prayer. When the moment arrives for these sacred duties, be on the spot *instantly.* Have a specific time; adhere to it consistently, perseveringly. By being in time, you save time. Golden moments are lost by lingering, for want of punctuality. One lingers, another lingers; one is behind the time, another and another. Thus, often, a whole family, a whole audience is delayed by the delay of one negligent, slack, sleepy, tardy soul.

THE FARM-HOUSE AND GOD'S HOUSE.

SEE them contiguous, in sight of each other. This is as it should be; religion first, salvation first, for the little folks and the great folks. Then all things move on smilingly, joyfully, prosperously. Never begin at the wrong end. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and every good and necessary thing is sure to follow. David said: "For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God: with the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holy-day."

Farmers beloved, one word if you please.* Be sure and

* These suggestions are applicable not only to farmers, but to every one.

make it a rule to read a little every day, even if it be but a single sentence. A short paragraph will often afford you a profitable source of reflection for a whole day. Keep the Bible, or a good book, or a good paper always within your reach, so that you may lay your hand on it at any moment when you are about the house.

We know a large family intimately acquainted with history, probably more than any one other family in the United States, by the practice of having one of the children, taking turns week by week, read every morning or at noon, while the rest were at breakfast or dinner.*

> "Give me the farmer's peaceful home,
> Beneath the maple high,
> Where nature's warblers wake the song,
> The waters prattling nigh."

COUNTRY FOLKS BEWARE, YOUNG AND OLD.

How perilous the case of the young who flock to our large cities, and are frequently for weeks and months without employment! They would work, but no one will hire them. Soon they are assailed by feelings of loneliness and discouragement, lose self-respect, esteem their good character and name of less and less value, since the world has no care for them, pays them no honors, affords them no sympathy. Here Satan is sure to find them, pretend great friendship, deep interest in their weal; sin offers employment or indulgence at least, and soon they are on the swift race to ruin. Thousands of dependent females have suffered the loss of virtue and peace under this pressure.

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* The long winter evenings should be employed in the same exercise.

FORGETFULNESS IN LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

"Oliver, did you carry that basket to the store?" "Oh, I forgot."

"Why did you not come directly home from school, Oliver, as I requested you?" "Oh, I forgot all about it."

"Why did you not study your sabbath-school lesson, Oliver?" "Oh, I forgot it entirely. Indeed, I forgot to bring my book home."

Thus on every occasion of neglect and unfaithfulness, the excuse was, "I forgot." Did God forget? No! This forgetfulness showed his wicked heart—his disobedience. "Be ye doers of the word," says the apostle James, "and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

As it is with little folks, so it is with great folks. "Oh, I forgot it." Forgot it, indeed; and *why* did you forget it? Why vow and pay not? Why make an engagement and fulfil it not? You forgot to comply with your promise! How is this? Do you forget your breakfast, your dinner, your supper? Do you forget to provide your bodily comforts or necessities? And yet you forget to do a thing that might have saved a soul from death eternal. Wicked man, wicked woman! Is this you—brother, sister, forgetting to do good, and that good you *promised* to do? This indicates obtuseness of conscience, a lack of God's fear, love, and mercy. Besides grieving the Holy Spirit by this omission, you forfeit your reputation for strict honesty, curtail your usefulness greatly. We beseech you, consider engagements binding to the very letter, for conscience' sake. Do you promise to visit the sick, the poor, the oppressed, to attend to such a meeting, to deliver such a message, such a book, such a tract, for the soul's salvation? and then will you say, when questioned, "I forgot it?"

BEAUTIFUL SPEECHES FOR LITTLE FOLKS?

HEAPS on heaps, in prose and in poetry, on every page nearly, pure as gold, choice as silver. Parents, in selecting for your children articles for school or for home recitations, be sure to select those, and only those, that tend to virtuous purity, salvation; that breathe love, Bible-reform.

Never allow your sons or your daughters to commit pieces in prose or poetry, insipid, foolish, trifling, nonsensical, to excite the fool's laughter. They leave a stain and a sting behind. What children store in their minds may be for time, for eternity, for good or for evil, for salvation or damnation! How infinitely momentous, then, to sow good seed, "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land!

"Then duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

"Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

"Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing 'Harvest-home!'"

A WORD ABOUT SWEARING.

SWEAR, little folks? Oh, oh! how dare you! Wicked? heaven-daring!

> "It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
> Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
> Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
> To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

There are little oaths and great oaths, little swearers and big swearers. The boy that makes use of little oaths, is almost sure, by and by, to swear big oaths, and to keep on swearing.

Some who would not swear by the name of God, think nothing of swearing "by George," or, "by jingo," or by something else. Others often cry out "good gracious," "my conscience," or "mercy on me," and the like.

These are the *beginnings* of swearing; they are to profane swearing what acorns are to the oak.

Our Saviour, when on earth, said: "Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. This means we should use plain, simple language.

David had a short prayer to this point; "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

Children, make this your constant prayer, and repeat, day by day, the third commandment:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"KEEP my commandments and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye." *Prov.* vii. 2.

PLANT TREES.

Plant trees? Certainly. Delay not; begin early to beautify your premises. A house with shade and fruit trees set around it, a neat fence or hedge in front, a row of box or pansies growing by the walk, and a climbing rose by the door, will sell for more than if there were none of these to any intelligent purchaser, so that aside from the pleasure one takes in enjoying a pleasant and attractive home, it pays in a pecuniary sense to beautify the premises. Fathers, husbands, make home beautiful. Children, follow suit.

It is the duty of every one to adorn and beautify his home, for every man will be what his most cherished thoughts and feelings are, and those thoughts and feelings will receive impress and color from the character of his habitual surroundings. Let home be in his eye the loveliest spot on earth, and his aspirations will be elevated, his enjoyments refined and virtuous, his impulses pure and uplifted above the humiliations and degradations of the outer world.

Every family that owns a lot of ground, or has one

leased or rented, should set apart at least a small plot for trees and flowers. If they have not the ground, any family, however humble their circumstances, can adorn and beautify their cottage with a few flowers in pots or boxes.

If we would take more pains to plant trees and shrubbery around our dwellings, our children would be more attached to the old homestead, and we would hear less of the young people wandering away from home in quest of pleasure. We can usually judge of the refinement within by the surroundings of a dwelling, and among these the flower-garden is a prominent indicator.

The cultivation of flowers, besides being a healthful exercise for young ladies, softens the disposition and refines the taste. You will almost invariably find that the woman who likes to cultivate these beauties of nature is a kind and affectionate companion, and keeps a well-ordered household. It also gives them a taste for the beautiful, and the mind will naturally pass to a love of all that is grand and sublime in nature. Even the Saviour drew some of his most excellent illustrations from the "lilies of the field."

What is better calculated to ennoble and elevate the human mind than studying the works of the Great Architect of the universe?

"Behold the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields,
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
All the genial ray of morning yields,
All that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

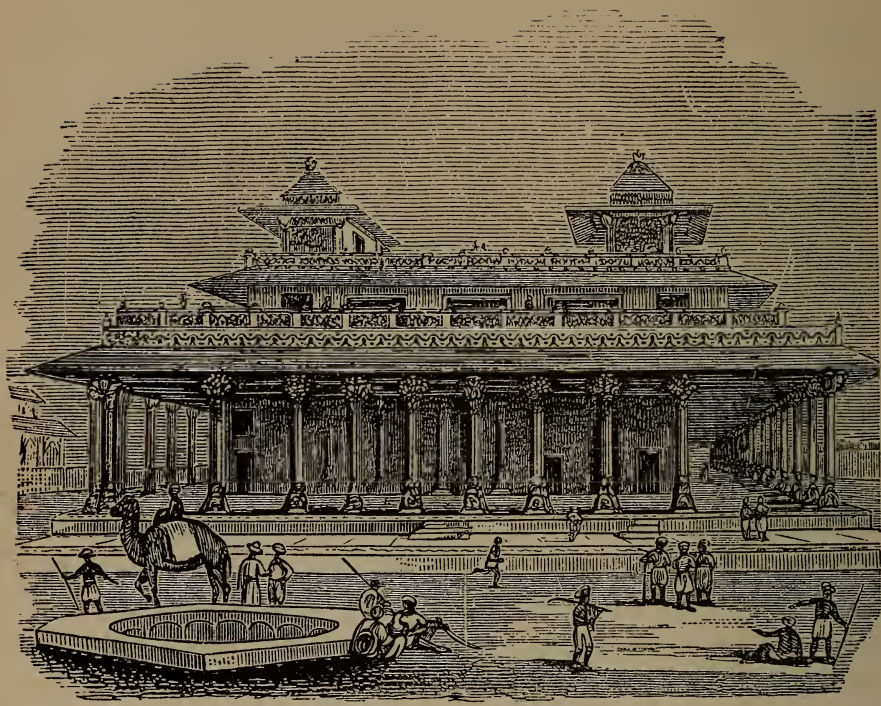
THE LOVELY DAUGHTER.

LOVELY? Sweet as heaven! More precious than gold. Beautiful as beautiful can be—angelically! The very quintessence of all that is true, pure, virtuous, heavenly. Every look, thought, word, deed, moving muscle, indicates a soul alive in God, on fire for goodness, justice, mercy, and truth. Her whole exterior and demeanor, her wardrobe, costume, etiquette, familiar conversations, at home and abroad, exhibit gracefulness, gospel purity and simplicity. Wherever she moves, in whatever society, she diffuses goodness around her like the essence of sweet flowers. Her adorning, what is it—gay, worldly, fashionable, the wearing of gold, pearls, plaiting the hair, the putting on costly apparel? Nay, but "the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible. Even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

The modesty of this beautiful daughter is unaffected and results from purity of mind and heart, godly fear. Modesty in this sense is the loveliest, sweetest charm of female excellence, the top-stone of the graces superlative, the richest diadem in the crown of honor.

Mother, is this daughter yours? Happy mother! blessed mother! "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

"FAVOR is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." *Prov.* xxxi. 29, 30.



THE PALACE OF ALLABAHAD.*

A SPECIMEN OF ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY.

We see from this engraving and from numerous historical facts, that the arts and sciences flourish where the gospel of Jesus never shines. The most valuable and wonderful discoveries have been by men destitute of heavenly light or saving faith. The mechanical arts were in great perfection before the Flood. Zilla, one of the wives of Lamech, bare Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. This same Tubal Cain was the great

* We introduce these engravings as texts to preach short sermons to great folks and little folks, to saints and sinners.

mechanic of the day, as wicked as he was. What could we accomplish in these days, if there were not numerous artificers in brass and iron? The railroads, the steam-engines, the iron-clad vessels, etc., are the results of diligent working in brass and iron. The spirit of this early inventor is still at work, and has been largely developed in these days.

Hence we see clearly that the intellect of man is not totally depraved by the fall. The natural faculties or powers of the mind may be exercised independently of the heart or will; although through the influences of the depraved heart, they are often devoted to wicked purposes. The heart is the seat or fountain of all evil. All its affections, designs, desires, volitions, and passions are selfish, sensual, and at enmity with the character, laws, and government of God.

"As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." *Rom.* ii. 10–12.

The Bible gives light and life, is a lamp to our feet, a light to our path. It instructs us in the nature, relations, duties, rights, and prospects of man. Wherever the Bible is not read, the people are in blindness. The Holy Scriptures teach us that our first duty is to God, and that virtue and sin will reap eternal rewards. This exalts man, makes his life sublime, solemn, of immense value and consequence to him, and inspires him with the purpose to live well, worthily, obedient to God, in the practice of all virtue, which alone leads to honor and peace.

Let us thank God for the Bible and keep it; and not only keep it, but study it, and fill our minds and the minds of our children with its purifying and ennobling truths.

RELIGION BEAUTIFUL IN LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, and wealth are like pitfalls in the brightest day, unless the divine light, unless religion throws her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is beautiful in health, in sickness, in wealth, in poverty. We never enter the sick-chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is, "Lo! peace is here." Could we look into thousands of families to-day, where discontent sits fighting sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, *want of religion in woman.* And in felons' cells, in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance, we should behold in all its most horrible deformity, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, religion! benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, for earth-clouds come never between thee and a truly pious soul; not beneath the clouds, for above thee is heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates shine in the splendor of jasper and precious stones, with the dewy light that neither flashes nor blazes, but steadily proceedeth from the throne of God. Its towers bathe in refulgent glory ten times the brightness of ten thousand suns, yet soft, undazzling to the eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary? it whispers rest, up there, forever. Art thou sorrowing? eternal joy.

Art thou weighed down with unremitted ignominy? kings and priests in that holy home. Art thou poor? the very street before thy mansion shall be gold. Art thou friendless? the angels shall be thy companions, and God thy Friend and Father.

Is religion beautiful? We answer, all is desolation where religion is not.

PREACHING SINNERS TO HEAVEN IN THEIR SINS.

Ministers of Jesus, how can you do it, how *dare* you, with the volume of inspiration before you? What authority have you from God, his holy word, for the slightest intimation that sinners, who remain sinners, continue to sin (little sinners or great sinners, young or old), will see or enjoy the realms of light and glory?

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Heaven to the unregenerate would be hell.

Some teachers in Israel, we regret to say, presumptuously assert that soldiers in the army, on the battle-field, up to the very moment of being slain, are sinners, enemies of God, destitute of saving grace, impenitent, Heaven-daringly, and yet because loyal, friends to the Union, are saved eternally. Are such teachers gospel-teachers? What doctrine more pernicious, better calculated to lower the Bible standard, give licence to sin and sinners, encourage the sensualist, the Sabbath-breaker, the bold blasphemer to trample on justice, mercy, and truth, deny the Lord that bought him, and still hope for heaven, glory eternal!

One of the most unhappy influences flowing from the present state of our country is the feeling that every man who sacrifices his life for the Union, dies a martyr, and

goes to heaven as a matter of course. Patriotism is not piety. Man may love his country, but have no love for God. It is as true of the soldier as of men in the other pursuits of life; "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"Ye shall not surely die," said the old serpent, the devil, to Eve, while gazing on the forbidden fruit. But what saith the Lord? "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." "Let God be true, but every man a liar." *Rom.* iii. 4.

Again; others preach children and youth to heaven, who are known to be impenitent, hardened in sin, conscience-seared, full of pride, disobedient, and self-willed; children that have lived in open rebellion against God, six, eight, ten years, in the mid-day sunbeams of gospel light, up to the very moment of their exit. Is not this awful, *shockingly* perversive of the truth of God, and the first principles of salvation? Woe to the foolish prophets. "Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying Peace, peace, and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed with untempered mortar." "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly." *Jer.* vi. 1.

"Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved: but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once." *Prov.* xxviii. 18.

LITTLE FOLKS, SEE THIS WOMAN ON HER KNEES BEFORE JESUS,

In the attitude of prayer, fervent supplication. Do you know her name or who she is? Turn, if you please, to Matthew, xv., and read eight verses, beginning at the twenty-first. Here you see everything described minutely and beautifully.

A Gentile? Yes; but she had heard of Jesus, what great and blessed things he had done—healed the sick, raised the dead, cast out devils; also, how he loved little children, took them in his arms and blessed them. Therefore, this poor Gentile woman felt quite sure he would have mercy on her afflicted daughter, possessed with a devil. And Jesus did; but oh! what a trial she passed through before Jesus granted her petition! She met with discouragements on every side, before and behind. Even the Lord himself seemed to throw a damper over her prospects for a little while. Her way was hedged and hedged, and yet she resolved and re-resolved not to take "No" for an answer. She pressed her suit, persevered like Jacob, who

said to the angel, "I will not let thee go till thou bless me." *Gen.* xxxii. 26.

Help she wanted, help she must have; and she knew none could help her but Jesus. She felt her need and her unworthiness deeply, and declared she would be satisfied with the crumbs that fell from the Master's table.

See, little readers and great readers, what she gained by faith and perseverance. By and by Jesus "answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." *Matt.* xv. 28.

See, also, what we may gain by following on to know the Lord, whose ear is open to the first and softest lispings of little folks and great folks for special mercies. "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory. And in his name shall the Gentiles trust."

SAYING PRAYERS.

"To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the things I say,
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart his favor seek.

"In prayer we speak to God above;
We seek the blessed Saviour's love;
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to make us pure within.

"My infant lips were early taught
To say, 'Our Father,' as I ought;
And every morn and every night,
To use my daily prayer is right."

PEACE-MAKING, PEACE-KEEPING.

PEACE AT HOME, PEACE ABROAD.

"*Blessed are the peace-makers.*"

KEEP the peace? By all means. Study to keep it, labor to keep it, pray to keep it. Prayer is the secret of secrets for making peace, and keeping peace when it is made. Have you enemies, indoors or out, at home or abroad? Give yourself to prayer, pray earnestly that you may obtain favor in the sight of all men, good grace, a patient hearing; for wisdom, that you may so order your conversation that your families, friends, and neighbors shall be *constrained* to acknowledge your uprightness, justice, mercy, and truth. Nothing is so well calculated to confirm and perpetuate harmony and good-feeling, strengthen friendship and love, as prayer. Why do families, friends, neighbors, and church-members so frequently fall out by the way, say hard things and do hard things, cause jarring discords, overturnings, heart-burnings, and upheavings? Is not restraining prayer one special cause of bitter envyings and strife, confusion, and every evil work?

Beloved reader, do you wish to keep the peace, perpetuate pure and lasting friendship, hush discords and heart-burnings, at home and abroad, up-stairs and down-stairs, live peaceably with all men? give yourself to prayer, remember your friends and enemies in the closet, around the family altar, pour out your soul for their temporal and spiritual welfare, specify them minutely. God has all hearts, and can turn them as the rivers of water, make even our enemies to be at peace with us.

"Blessed are the peace-makers." "Who is a wise man, endued with knowledge among you? Let him show by

prayer and good deportment, his works with meekness of wisdom." "And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace by them that make peace." "Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw." Prayer is omnipotent; it moves the universe, subdues kingdoms, turns stony hearts into hearts of flesh, enemies into friends.

"We tell you this, for we have tried it, too,
And know the thing which we affirm is true.
To-day a year of trial ends; we meet
To hear you witness, that true prayer is sweet;
We tell you that it bids dark doubt depart,
And brings true joy to every sincere heart:
It lightens care, and bids our sorrows cease,
And to the troubled soul it whispers, Peace;
It ever fills the heart, and ever can,
With love to God and charity to man."

PRAY ON, LITTLE FOLKS, KEEP PRAYING.

Prayer should be the watchword, the first thing, the last thing; always—rising up, lying down, going out, coming in, "lifting up holy hands everywhere."

"Let your first thoughts by morning light
Ascend to God on high;
And in the evening raise your thoughts
Above the starry sky.

"He loves to hear your infant prayers;
He bids you seek his face:
Go, like the children of his love,
And ask his promised grace."

GATHERING NUTS.

See that little girl holding her hat for the nuts as her brother gathers them? Is she not beautiful? Does not her whole countenance indicate modesty and purity—a

mild, heavenly sweetness, lovely? Exquisitely! Mild, docile, heavenly as a lamb, cheerful as a lark, sprightly as a bluebird or a little wren; always on the alert, to please, to do good!

There is nothing half so sweet in life, half so beautiful, as a little girl diffusing light and life, like the essence of sweet flowers.

Not a wrinkle of impatience or discontent is manifested, not a look or moving muscle of the morose or dumpish.

Whenever this little bluebird or robbin redbreast of a thing is bid to do this or that, to attend to this duty or that, she is off in a twinkling, smilingly, joyfully, like a skipping lamb, or a deer in the forest. She literally *flies* on the wings of joyful, heartfelt obedience.

"On that cheek and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

"One of the greatest signs of modesty is good sense. In a woman, modesty is one of the great charms of her sex; it is that which renders her so refined, so gentle, and so lovable; it hides a multitude of faults, and adds new luster to any virtue she may possess: the very fact of half concealing them doubles their lustre; for virtues are like flowers, more beautiful in the bud than when full-blown and blazoned out to all the world. A young woman, modest in conversation, modest in demeanor, and modest in her actions, inspires every sensible person with respect and confidence.

POST UP THE SISTERS—KEEP THEM POSTED.

FEMALES should be posted on things heavenly, divine, lovely, and of good report, pertaining to salvation, life eternal.

It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, for usefulness, you mnst give her something to talk about that ministers grace to the hearers, elevating, pure, gentle, sweet as the morning rose, blooming as May flowers.

Every fleeting moment should be grasped, for intellectual, moral, and religious cultivation, "that they may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

How noble is the sphere in which woman is called to act! To her it is given to smooth the couch of the dying one, to comfort the mourner, to instruct and form the young mind, and to make home what it should be.

"This, oh this is woman's lot—
To be a friend when others fail;
To look on death and fear it not;
To smile when other cheeks grow pale.
To trust 'mid danger and 'mid care,
To love when love seems almost dead;
To hope when other hearts despair,
And pray when love and hope are fled.

"EVERY word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him." *Prov.* xxx. 5.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of the duties of a housekeeper. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking-stove and pantry.

Children should be early taught to make themselves useful, to assist their parents in every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so. Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery; but those who have suffered the inconveniences and mortifications of ignorance can well appreciate it. Little folks should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a "troublesome help" which they afford, still it is a great advantage to them.

Daughters should thoroughly acquaint themselves with the business and cares of a family. These are among the first objects of a woman's creation; they ought to be among the first branches of her education. Everything domestic or social depends on female character. As daughters and sisters, they decide the character of the family. As wives, they emphatically decide the character of their husbands, and their condition also. As mothers, they decide the character of their children. Nature has constructed them the early guardians and instructors of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this end.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

The mother who indulges her daughter in recreation or idleness, while she performs the service which the daughter should have done, is doing a most serious injury to the child she loves. Many mothers, from a mistaken kindness, perhaps, are committing this error. In many families, even in very humble circumstances, where daughters will, sooner or later, be compelled to rely upon their own efforts for support, or else live in the greatest necessity, they are allowed to grow up without any fixed habits of industry, and with very little knowledge of those duties which they may be required to discharge in life.

The mother rises early in the morning, prepares breakfast for her household, while her grown-up daughter sleeps away the fresh hours, and only performs her toilet in time to take her seat late at the table which her mother has spread, with a pale cheek, languid air, and, perhaps, no appetite for the food which her mother has prepared. Both are committing a mistake which both will have occasion to regret in later years. The mother performs her daily routine of domestic duties, does her washing, ironing, cooking, house-cleaning, while the daughter, after some light and unimportant service, dresses herself to entertain company, make calls, take walks, or still worse, waste her hours in reading novels, and poring over light and trashy literature. A grave and lasting wrong is done to the child, a wrong which may entail sorrow for a lifetime. It is no wonder mothers sometimes say, "girls are not worth as much as they used to be when we were young." How can they be, when mothers do not train them to those stern, but needful social virtues, those habits of domestic industry, and that knowledge of home-duties, without which no daughter can

make a home happy, and fill with honor the station of a wife and a mother?

Mrs. Ellis, alluding to working mothers and idle daughters, says: "It is a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy-work, and their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as a necessary consequence of the neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their God for having placed them where they are.

"These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it is real?—that 'poor, dear mamma is working herself to death.' Yet, no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do."

Therefore, idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the master of time, the canker-worm of felicity. To him that has no employment, life, in a little while, will have no novelty; and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will soon follow.

"Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice? She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is unto the sons of man." *Prov.* viii. 1–4.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

Mark the progress of the ages and the advance of the world's civilization. They are as destitute of beauty as their builders were of taste. One hundred thousand men were employed ten years in building the causeway for transporting the stone from the river to Cheops, and then three hundred and sixty thousand men were engaged twenty years in building that one artificial mountain, covering more than twelve acres of land. And there are more than twenty of these monstrous tombs. They were old when Christ was born, and carry one back nearly four thousand years. They show the effect of combined, persevering effort.

PRAYING MOTHERS—WHAT A BLESSING!

YOUNG readers, have you a praying mother? You are highly favored, and are under very special obligations to bow the knee to omnipotent, saving grace forthwith.

We sometimes see children that have been brought up by irreligious parents converted, and become exemplary Christians. They are as brands plucked out of the burning. But will it not be sad if children nurtured in the lap of piety, accustomed from infancy to the voice of prayer and praise, should continue in sin and lose their souls? If they perish, theirs will not be the doom of common sinners. It is dreadful to perish under any circumstances; but to be lost in spite of a mother's faithful instructions, tender entreaties, lovely example, importunate prayers, and burning tears will fill the cup of woe to the brim. Oh! oh! what a hell!

How enduring is the influence of a pious mother! Long years have passed away since that praying mother offered her last prayer and closed her earthly toils; but her influence still lives. That daughter, whose first pious breath was spent in thanking God for a praying mother, is now the parent of a numerous family, and is sending down through another generation the gracious influence which she derived from her mother. May we not hope that the stream of heavenly influence descending from the praying mother will continue to widen and deepen, and flow on to unborn generations; and that in the day of judgment a numerous progeny, redeemed, ennobled, and glorified through her influence, will rise up to call her blessed?

What an inestimable blessing is a pious and faithful mother to any one. However unseen may be the results of her labors, those labors never are without blessed results in the case of every one of her children.

HOW TO SPEAK—WHEN TO SPEAK.

Young friends, be courteous. Speak when you ought to speak. Never engross the conversation in the social circle or at table, when older and wiser persons are present. Never interrupt others while they are reading or conversing.

Every child should be taught when to speak and how to speak. "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life, but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction." "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

How distressing it is to visit a family where the young members are allowed to go on unchecked like "wild asses' colts," with their laugh, and their play, as if no one were present but their own dear selves. How little profit or enjoyment in the midst of rude hilarity!

There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent; and well-instructed, modest young ladies and gentlemen understand this. Where the fountain is pure the streams are pure. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." "The tongue is an unruly member." Solomon says, "Thy tongue deviseth mischief, like a sharp razor, working deceitfully." "A fool's voice is known by a multitude of words." And "the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness." "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, able also to bridle the whole body." "Who is a wise man, endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom."

BABY-TALK—AWAY WITH IT.

What is termed baby-talk, when addressed to children old enough to understand and imitate it, is detestable. The parents must remember that when the child can comprehend one word its education is begun. The mother, especially, is called to officiate as professor of languages in the domestic university. But who, in teaching a foreigner the English language, would say to him that until he became further advanced he must call a horse a "horsey," and a dog a "bow-wow," and that for the present he will address his maternal parent as his "mudder?" This seems sufficiently ridiculous; but this is not all—it would be unjust to the learner; it would teach him pronunciations which he must unlearn as laboriously as he learned them. You would thus, in fact, double his task. The folly and the injustice are the same, when you teach a little child to speak a distorted, mangled, burlesque language, of which it becomes ashamed when older, and tries to unlearn it.

Little folks should be taught correct language as early as possible; not a slip of the tongue should pass without correction.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and in writing, and to abandon forever the use of slang words and phrases, else the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life.

The first infantile lisping should be marked with critical precision. Everything vile, vulgar, clownish, uncouth, impolite, ungrammatical, immoral, all slang phrases, should be sedulously avoided, and all things true, honest, just, pure, lovely, inculcated.

Habits once formed, are formed *forever!*

CHARLEY RIDING OUT.

What a noble animal the horse! Treat him kindly and gently, and he will treat you kindly and gently. See the sister of Charley placing her hand on this beautiful pony.

How exceedingly wicked it is to abuse any creature God has made for our use, and especially the horse!

"Who gave thee speech and reason, form'd him mute.
He can't complain; but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty—he hears his cry.
He was design'd thy servant, not thy drudge:
And know—that his Creator is thy Judge."

Children trained by kind, loving parents "in the way they should go," will never abuse or be unkind to any of the creatures God has made.

"The Lord who gives us daily bread
Supplies their wants and hears their cry,
And every wrong which they endure
Is mark'd by his paternal eye.

"And should we cruelly betray
Our trust o'er those who can't complain;
Beware! the measure that we mete
May be return'd to us again."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And the "merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"THE righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." *Prov.* xii. 10.

"THE merciful man doeth good to his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh." *Prov.* xi. 17.

LITTLE FOLKS HAPPY? HOW OTHERWISE!

If God's little servants, obedient in all things, early indoctrinated in full salvation, faith that works by love and purifies the heart, led on and on in ways of righteousness and true holiness, as they should be, how is it possible for them not to be happy as happy can be? Ask any little boy or girl born of the Holy Spirit, on the wing of burning, joyful hope, in the midst of turmoil and divers tribulations, "Are you happy?" What the quick, unequivocal response? "Yes, yes! joy, joy! glory, glory!" How can it be otherwise, so long as they do everything to please the Lord? Here, and only here, true happiness is found, joy unspeakable.

Celestial fruits on earthly ground may grow, but how? From faith and hope? Yes, from faith and hope! glorious hope. Nothing else is substantial, enduring, satisfying, worth seeking for, living for. "This world is all a fleeting show."

The longer you live, the oftener you will realize the truth of others' experience—

> "Human hopes and looks deceive us."

You may have friends to-day, but none to-morrow. You may have an abundance one year, but be in want the next. You may retire to rest, feeling peaceful and happy, and awake with a sad and sorrowful heart. You may have health and beauty, but it will soon fade and disappear. You may be loved one hour, and hated the next.

Enduring happiness, substantial pleasures, true riches, unfading joys, real honors, depend upon it, great folks and little folks, cannot be in these low grounds of sorrow.

> "This world can never give
> The bliss for which we sigh."

Look, then, from the changing to the changeless; from

the shadow to the substance; from poor, feeble man to the great and mighty Lord.

Alas, alas! what multitudes, even of the young, are this hour weeping over blasted hopes, faded beauty, decaying health, false friends, and bitter disappointments! All because they expected their immortal spirits to be satisfied with the things of this "vain delusive world."

Will you have a few of the thousands of illustrations left on record? "Xerxes crowned his footmen in the morning and beheaded them in the evening of the same day." "Andromacus, the Greek emperor, crowned his admiral in the morning, and then took off his head in the afternoon." "Roffensis had a cardinal's hat sent to him, but ere it reached him, his head was cut off." Severus, emperor of Rome, said, "I have been everything, and everything is nothing;" and when about to die, ordering the urn to be brought, in which his ashes were to be laid, he said: "Little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little." Constantine the Great, said, "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, and in a *few* days your grave will be all you will have."

But why multiply instances of this kind, since every day's life, and hour's experience teaches us the folly of seeking pleasure or happiness, peace or enjoyment from any other source than from religion?

"'Tis religion that can give
Solid pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
All our comforts when we die.
Be the living God our friend,
And our joys shall never end."

EARTHLY BLISS UNSATISFYING, EVANESCENT.

> "The spider's most attenuated thread
> Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
> On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze."

The pleasures of this world are so transitory and fleeting, that it seems a crime for man to pass his days in frivolous pursuits, or stake, as many do, their whole mind upon what, before to-morrow's sun shall go down, will become as mist and vapor. The uncertainty of life, the dark veil which covers the future from the piercing eye of man, the ignorance of what a day may bring forth, have a salutary effect upon the thoughtful, and wean them from a too great love of the world and its pleasures, or of themselves. Though there be a few that live to the age of threescore years and ten, it is no guarantee that we shall live till then. Health and youth are not to be relied on, for the nipping frost often destroys in an hour the fairest flower, and the lightning from heaven often rends the sturdy oak. If we place our hearts upon the riches of the world, they fade away before our sight, and the hard earnings of years perish in a day.

> "Why should we lay up treasures here below,
> Where moth and rust corrupt? Why fix our heart
> On that from which so quickly we must part?
> Why on an ocean where such tempests blow,
> Embark so rich a freight? Why, 'midst the snow
> Of so unkind a winter, plant a flower
> So fragrant, yet so frail! Why build Hope's tower
> Where lightnings flash and whelming torrents flow!
> But if our highest energies are bent
> In God and heaven a portion to insure,

'Midst every change our wealth will be secure;
When the destroying angels forth are sent,
When melts away the starry firmament,
Our bliss, unharmed, shall, e'en like God, endure."

The fairest morning often becomes clouded, and ends in gloom and sadness. Going forth to enjoy a day's pastime, and returning from it, are two very different things. A sudden storm may arise and disperse the merry groups, or a quarrel separate chief friends. At any rate, disappointments are numerous, and often weary and slow are the home-bound footsteps that at morn were so light and gladsome. So it is in human life. But if God is our friend who changeth not, and our refuge and covert from the tempests, if heaven is our happy home to look forward to, we need never fear the sorrows and troubles we may meet with by the way.

Youth is like a May-day, because the flower is the promise of the ripening fruit and the perfect seed. So, while you are young, it is the very best time to begin to serve the Lord, and then in old age you will bear much fruit to his honor and glory. Give him your hearts now, before the evil days come, when you shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." For

"A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

Improve the present: be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer! The present moment is yours while you have it—and only the present. Make haste, oh, mortal, make haste! Do what good thy hand findeth to do with thy might. Make haste ere your glass is run, ere "the silver cord is loosed or the golden bowl be broken."

THE MOTHER'S DEATH-BED.

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
And in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears.
Our fears our hopes belied,
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

ARE LITTLE FOLKS KIND TO THEIR MOTHERS?

THEY should always do everything to please and make them happy.

Come, little boy, and you, little girl, what answer can you give to this question? Who was it that watched over you when you were a helpless baby? Who nursed you and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sang the pretty hymn to please you as you lay or knelt down by the side of the bed, in prayer? Who was glad when you began to get well? And who carried you into the fresh air to help your recovery? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives, and works, and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own dear mother? Now then, let me ask you, *are you kind to your mother?* Do you always obey her cheerfully, try to please her in everything? When she speaks, do you hear her voice—listen attentively, saying, "Mother, what is it? Here I am, at your service." Does she say "it is time to retire?"—what now? Spring to your little bed-chamber in a minute? Is it time to rise? Do the birds sing? Up, *up!* in a jerk—*quick!* bounce up and on your knees before the Lord in thankful praise. Is it time for family prayer, for reading the big book, tuning harps in songs melodious? Be on the spot *instantly.* Is it time to labor, do this or that outdoor or in, up stairs or down? At it in a *minute*, make *haste.*

THE DYING MOTHER'S BEST GIFT.

A LITTLE boy about five years of age, entered the room where his mother lay on her death-bed. For awhile he stood silent and sad. At length the mother said, feebly—

"My child, will you not ask me how I do?"

Said the boy, "I know how you do, mother, you are very sick."

She called him to her side, and he stood leaning upon the bed, looking into his mother's face, as she said, "Do I look as I used to when I was well, Charley?"

"No, mother, your eyes are sunken, and your face is pale and thin."

"Well, Charles, sometimes people who are very sick, as I am, do not get well. I may not get well."

"I know it, mother; my little brother, Frankie, who was sick last year, did not get well: he died. Do you wish to die, mother?"

"I should like to get well to take care of you, if it is the Lord's will; but if not, I am willing to die. Do you not wish me to get well, Charley?"

"Yes, mother, I want you to get well; but if the Saviour wants you to go and live with him, I am willing you should go, mother."

Then for awhile they looked at each other; he earnestly, thoughtfully; she with all a mother's fondness beaming from her eyes, feeling that she saw him for the last time on earth. She then took from her pillow a little Bible, soiled with much use, and told her boy how she prized it, and how precious were its promises, and bade him read and love it for her sake, for it told him of the Saviour, and the way of life.

"And did the disciples write in this book *all* they knew of the Saviour?"

"Yes," said she, "all that God would have them write: it is all his word."

The boy took the book, promising to read it and to love it; but after a pause—

"Mother," said he, "this reminds me of some poetry I read the other day." And he repeated:

> "My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
> She, dying, gave it me."

The mother kissed her child, looked mournfully on him for a few moments, and thus they parted to meet no more on earth.

These lines, by the mother's request, were written in the Bible she gave her child, and in coming years, should his life be spared, he will read them, and who will doubt the beneficial influence of that parting hour?

> "This book is all that's left me now;
> Tears will unbidden start;
> With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
> I press it to my heart.
>
> "For many generations past,
> Here is our family tree;
> My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd,
> She, dying, gave it me."

"THE righteousness of the upright shall deliver them: but transgressors shall be taken in *their own* naughtiness." *Prov.* xi. 6.

THE WOMAN-TATTLER. AWFUL!

"Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling!"

TALK? No end to it! She takes the lead, engrosses the time, runs from one subject to another as fancy dictates, without instructing or edifying. How much precious time is worse than lost!

There are some few great talkers who talk sensibly, interestingly, edifyingly; but these instances are rare. Generally, as Solomon says, "a fool's voice is known by the multitude of words." "The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious: but the lips of the fool swallow him up." "The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things."

Is it possible a man or woman given to so much commonplace, senseless loquacity can be a meek and lowly follower of Jesus? "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." "Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee." "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." "He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life."

The right government of the tongue is a subject of vital importance, and which we cannot disregard with impunity. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain." "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Words are the index of the heart.

In short—when our hearts are right we shall never want for topics of conversation, which will "please our neighbor for his good to edification." "A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things."

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

Certainly, little folks, and we are delighted to hear you say so. It is a good sign; it shows at once how cheerfully and speedily you obey her reasonable commands. Such children never, on any occasion, set up their Ebenezers or self-will, but are always ready to fly on wings of obedience.

Nothing is so beautiful, lovely, praiseworthy, as obedient children—little boys and girls always ready, always willing to jump, skip, hop, and run in the path of duty, on the first *instant* the word is given. Never, *never* say "I can't," or "By and by," but *now*, this moment, *quick!* "Yes, mother; I *will* obey; it is right, it is reasonable, God so commands."

Some boys and girls, badly trained, are huffy, bristle up porcupinely when requested to do certain things. Is not this awful?

There are a great many occasions when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go where and do what they wish, and how often are they rebellious and pouting in consequence of it! But this is not pleasing to God. The true way is cheerful acquiescence in mother's decision. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and beautiful thought, "My mother knows best." It will save you many tears and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe her who has done and suffered so much for you.

Tell your mother? Certainly, young friends; keep nothing concealed she ought to know; never do anything you would be ashamed to tell her. Be willing always to open the secret recesses of your heart.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER AT FATHER'S GRAVE.

Look at this, little friends; see the mother and her lovely little daughter dropping tears of sorrow for one dear to them as life. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

"Fare thee well, my father,
Until the trump shall sound,
And wake thee from thy resting-place,
The cold and silent ground.

"'Tis then we hope to meet thee
In a better world than this,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And all is perfect bliss."

THE MOTHER'S DUTIES, THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

HOME is the centre of woman's duties and responsibilities; yet from this centre shines forth many a cheering ray to light up a gloomy world. "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife;" and many a believing husband is encouraged by the faithful wife. Brother, do you hold family prayer? Do you know how easy the task when the loving wife lights the lamp, lays the Bible by your side, and tells the little children to "sit down and be still, while papa prays?" And yet, how hard the task when the wife is cold, seems too busy with other things, and makes no preparation for prayer! Sister in the Lord, if your husband is a Christian and does not hold family prayer it is your fault. We need not tell you that it is your duty to continue the family altar when your husband is absent or sleeping in the tomb.

"The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The father should assist by every means in his power; yet, the training of a child must devolve mostly upon the mother. Every child should hear its mother pray. Many a great and good man has attributed his conversion to the labors of a Christian mother, who would constantly take him alone and lay her soft hand upon his little head and teach him to pray. Mother, do you thus cast bread upon the waters to be gathered up by your children when you are in the tomb? Will your children remember you as a praying mother? How do you expect to stand up in judgment and hear your lost child say, "I never heard my mother pray?"

Example has a powerful effect upon little children. They

will not remain little children long, therefore you must "work while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." If there were more Hannahs there would be more Samuels.

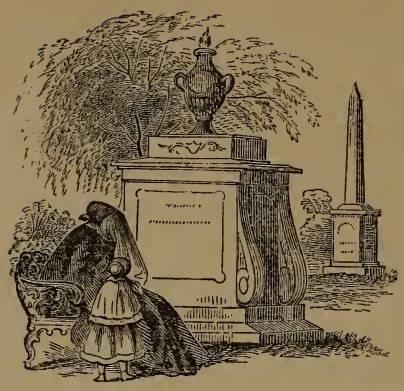
Said John Randolph, of Roanoke: "I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one reflection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me, on my bended knees, to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Well may woman rejoice in a mission so far-reaching and glorious in its possible results.

Man, then, owes to woman not only his childhood, but his manhood. The mother follows her child through life; her influence is illimitable and indestructible. Especially, and in a higher sense, is this true of the Christian mother. There is nothing more irresistible and permanent to man than the early impressions of a pious mother, enshrined in his heart, shielded by the simple charm of youthful remembrances. However silenced or neglected, the mysterious influence of a mother's love and faith will one day reassert the influence of bygone years.

"My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers!

"I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee."



MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The relics of departed worth
  Lie shrouded here in gloom;
And here, with aching heart, I mark
  My own dear mother's tomb.

Oh, as upon her peerless grave
  I fix my weeping eyes,
How many fond remembrances
  In quick succession rise!

Again her kind maternal voice
  Falls on my listening ear,
As when she taught my youthful soul,
  The God of love to fear.

Father of heaven! my mother's God!
  Before Thy blissful seat,
Among the glorious heirs of light,
  May I that mother meet!

TELLING MOTHER, AND ASKING MOTHER.

Girls, how is it—do you ask your mother if it is right and proper to do this, to do that, go to this place or that, say this or that, read this book or paper or that book or paper, mingle in this company or that company, attend this place of worship or that place of worship, this school or that school, this party or that party? Do you consult her in every particular, in little things and great things, things temporal and spiritual, concerning which you have the least doubt of their safety or propriety?

Mothers know, or should know, what is best for their children; what is safe, wise, consistent, modest, pure, lovely, and of good report. A discreet mother, God-fearing, influenced by heavenly wisdom, is a treasure, priceless, "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Girls, be sure and listen to mother, her wise counsels, every word of instruction that falls from her lips, lest one of you say, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof, and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!"

Oh, how many sons and daughters have been ruined, soul and body, by venturing on forbidden ground secretly, saying, "Mother will not know it, father will not know it."

"They hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord; they would none of my counsels; they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their way, and be filled with their own devices."

Whenever you do wrong, err from the truth, say things or do things you ought not, go to your beloved parent, in the simplicity and honesty of your heart, confess your fault, and pray God to forgive you.

THE NAME OF MOTHER, DEAR? WHAT NAME DEARER?

Oh! how much is in that name—"Mother!" It is the whispering of a gentle voice that rocks to sleep in the cradle of its love every care of life. It has a charm that sustains and cheers us when everything else earthly fails.

Mother! It is the voice that we never tire in listening to, and its sweet tones make us forget life's burdens.

A mother's love! can any one fathom it? Pure, deep, and truthful, springing from no improper or selfish motives, it is always ready to make any sacrifice, however painful, for the pleasure of the object of its affections. We look in vain through the world for another example of such love as hers.

Have you a mother? Cherish her, comfort her, cheer her by your pleasant looks and consoling words; devote the remainder of your life, if your are both spared, to the care and comfort of her "who had thine earliest kiss."

Have you no mother? None to go to in the trying hour? None to share your troubles and to whom you can tell your grief? Do you realize the absence of the hands, than all others most gentle and loving? Live, then, to meet her above! Let your life be a constant remembrance of her who has gone!

Dear child,

> "Be kind to your mother, for when thou wast young,
> Who loved thee so fondly as she?
> She caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
> And join'd in thy innocent glee."

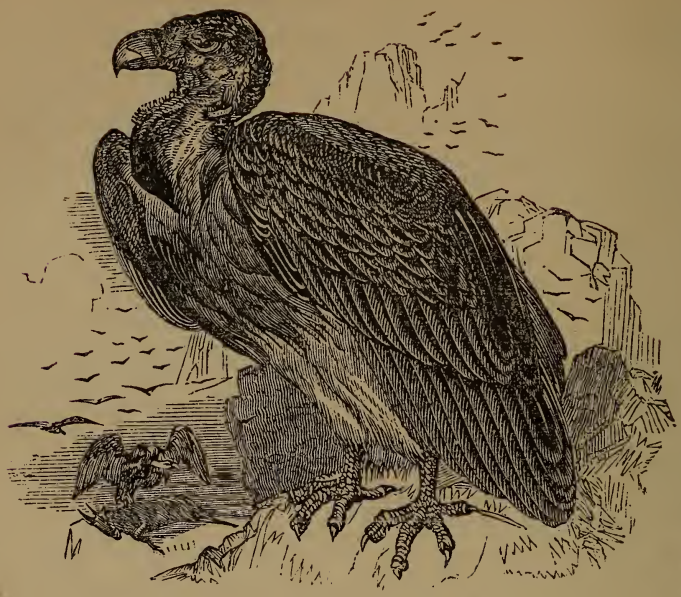
Youthful reader, thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget you—thy mother, never; the world

may wilfully do you many wrongs—thy mother, never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon your grassless grave; but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and if she survive you, will weep for you when dead such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother! Do you love her? What the proof? Jesus says, "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments." Now, if you love your mother it will manifest itself. Every little boy and girl who loves mother will be kind, attentive, obedient, ready to do quickly whatever told, cheerfully, smilingly. A son that will disobey his mother, exhibit a spirit of unkindness toward her, treat her disrespectfully or abusively in the least, is sure to smart for it sooner or later. Nature herself cries out in vengeance against it; all heaven gathers blackness. The most fearful, awful judgments are denounced against disobedient, recreant sons and daughters. Hark! "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother; and all the people shall say, Amen." *Deut.* xxvii. 16.

"The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." *Prov.* xxx. 17.

Be sure to make your dear mother a *special* friend, a friend above all others, and chief confidant. Conceal nothing from her; but make her acquainted with the company you keep, the books you read, and even the faults which you commit.

Happy the sons, happy the daughters who are not afraid to communicate to their mother their most secret or objectionable thoughts. Whilst they remain thus artless and undisguised they are free from danger.



THE EAGLE.

YOUNG friend, the eagle is a wonderful bird—marvellous; so are all God's works and creatures. The sight of this bird is quick, strong, and piercing. See Job, xxxix. 27.

> "Is it at thy voice that the eagle soars?
> And therefore maketh his nest on high?
> The Rock is the place of his habitation.
> He abides on the crag, the place of strength,
> Thence he pounces upon his prey;
> His eyes discern afar off.
> E'en his young ones drink down blood;
> And wheresoe'er is slaughter, there is he."

The flight of this bird is as sublime as it is rapid and impetuous. None of the feathered tribe soar so high. "They that wait upon the Lord shall mount up as eagles." "Riches," says Solomon, "certainly make themselves wings: they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." *Prov.* xxiii. 5.

THE EYES OF GOD ON LITTLE FOLKS.

"Never do a wicked action,
Speak no sinful word;
When you think there is no danger
You'll be seen or heard.

God's eye ever is upon you,
He is always near,
Knowing every word and action—
Cease that eye to fear?"

THE eyes of God are everywhere, in every house, field, room, company, alone, or in a crowd—always upon you; and they are eyes that read hearts as well as actions.

Recollect you have to do with an all-seeing God, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, who understands your thoughts afar off, and with whom the night shines as the day. You may lock the door, draw the blind, shut the shutters, put out the candle—it makes no difference. God sees you. You may go away, like the prodigal, into a far country, and think that there is nobody to watch your conduct; but the eye and ear of God are there before you. You may deceive your parents or employers, tell them falsehoods, be one thing before their faces, and another behind their backs, but you cannot deceive God. He knows you through and through. He heard what you said to-day. He knows what you are thinking of at this minute. He has set your most secret sins in the light of his countenance, and they will one day come out before the world to your shame, except you take heed, repent, put away your sins. God never sleeps, never slumbers. "His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men." God looks from heaven, his high and holy habitation, and beholds the evil and the good, even afar off. Read the one hundred and thirty-ninth

Psalm. Every thought is known to him. *Beware* how you sin in thought, word, or deed.

"You're not too young for God to see,
He knows your name and nature too;
And sees your actions through and through.

"He listens to the words you say,
He knows the thoughts you have within,
He's sure to see you if you sin.

"Oh, how can children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight;
If they remember God is by,
And has them always in his sight?

"Then when you want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
You'll always try to think of this—
You're not too young for God to see."

Spend your evening hours at home, boys. You may make them among the most agreeable and profitable of your lives, and when vicious companions should tempt you away, remember that God has said, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"Though others may seek far and wide
To gain but a moment of bliss,
Ah, who would be longing to roam,
When taught by the joy tasted here?"

BORN OF RICH PARENTS.

A BLESSING OR A CURSE—WHICH?

How few children of the rich succeed in life! They start high, but land low; they are born in sunshine, but die in shame. Wherefore? They are idle. With abundance of wealth they are indulged; they play the part of ease, luxury, leisure, lovers of sport and expensive pleasure. Not being obliged to serve humanity, toil to supply human wants, they fall into the evil snare.

> "So the issue of their sloth:
> Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,
> Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending,
> Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,
> And of theft comes hanging."

A large per cent. of these sons of the rich run wild in sin, tarry long at the wine, play high at the gambling-table, run into all manner of excesses, live a dishonor to their name, and die in disgrace; and all of this is the fruit of their unfortunate idleness. All counsels, examples, wholesome discipline, is lost upon them, unless they are honorably and usefully employed; they must be occupied by good purposes and pursuits, or Satan is sure to take them in his snare, and pay them off with the "wages of sin."

Christians often sigh to be relieved from their burdens, but the moment they are removed, they begin to decline in spiritual life, and in time they will totally apostatize from the faith and the Christian life. Satan prays that they may throw off responsibility.

Let no one ask to be idle, but pray for work, pray that all the strength, time, and talents may be employed in virtuous duty; then the enemy shall have no power to harm.

CAIRO, ONE OF THE LARGEST CITIES OF EGYPT.

Look on your maps, little readers. Beautiful? Externally! But oh, how wicked the people! The most beautiful of the beautiful is often marred by sin. Look at the beautiful cities of France; cities, also, in lands enlightened, gospelly, for centuries, as in England. Any sign of "the beast?" Cast your eye on Washington, D. C., the seat of our own Government, in the land of the free. Where is there a place more corrupt, heaven-daring?

How many among our legislators—law-makers—in both houses, with him, also, in the presidential chair, that does not bow the knee to Baal! What think you of one elevated to the high office of chief magistrate, a sottish slave to the vile "Indian weed," a regular attendant on the theatre,

the sink-hole of lewdness, where the most abandoned of both sexes congregate?

Then to cap the climax, what think you of the outstanding, high-handed, God-defying iniquity of trampling down of holy time, the Lord's day, unblushingly!

What else look for now but a general, simultaneous rush to the theatre, to the pipe and the quid! also in desecrating a day set apart especially for the service of the sanctuary! What saith the Lord? "The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted." *Ps.* xii. 8.

Walk on every side! What is still more fearful, heart-rending, grievous, is the profound silence of the pulpit! Where the minister, the watchman on Zion's walls, that has the moral courage to sound the alarm, raise the warning voice, that takes the bold and godly stand of Elijah, Daniel, Nehemiah, Paul, Peter, John, or James—that thunders, *thunders*, THUNDERS! How in New York city! Is not the sun darkened, and does not the moon fail to give forth her light—wherefore? "The fine gold has become dim! the most fine gold is changed! the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street." *Lam.* iv. 1.

The salt has lost its savor! What now is it fit for—the dunghill? Would it be thus if parents did their duty in the house, and ministers thundered the truth of God?

"DOTH not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice? Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man." *Prov.* viii. 1, 4.

"HE taught me also, and said unto me, Let thy heart retain my words: keep my commandments and live." *Prov.* iv. 4.

A WICKED WOMAN.

We speak of John Allen of the Water-street notoriety, as the wickedest man in New York; but is he not a saint compared with the woman under consideration—wherefore? She has had light additional, the glowing mid-day sunbeams of salvation shining brightly around her from her infancy. Once she professed purity of soul, perfect love, advocated publicly the doctrine of entire sanctification, "holiness to the Lord." Hear now a word from her own lips:

"I think if the different churches of a city would rent a building where there should be a billiard-table, one or two ninepin-alleys, a reading-room, a garden, and grounds for ball-playing or innocent lounging, they would do more to keep their young people from the ways of sin than a Sunday-school could. Nay, more; I would go further. I would have a portion of the building fitted up with scenery, and a stage for the getting up of tableaux or dramatic performances, and thus give scope for the exercise of that histrionic talent, of which there is so much lying unemployed in society."

Alas! how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished! Tell it not, publish it not! "Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." 2 *Sam.* i. 20.

There is no offence upon the face of earth which causes such deep, overwhelming, heart-burning grief and sorrow as does this one single crime of seduction, of leading the youth of our cities astray in paths of vice and sinful amusements.

Who knows what multitudes will go to billiard-rooms, to theatres, gambling-dens, and "the house of her whose steps take hold on hell," through the instrumentality of this

wicked woman, this traitorous apostate! Take another case of outstanding wickedness in high places. A professed minister of Jesus, a popular speaker in New York city, addressing the "Young Men's Christian Association," says in his public address—

"There should be at least one fraternity-room like that recently established in the neighborhood of St. John's Park, in every ward in the city. These should be in conspicuous locations, handsomely furnished, brilliantly lighted, and provided with facilities for study and social intercourse." The speaker believed the rooms should contain well-appointed gymnasiums, bowling-alleys, opportunities for playing chess, draughts, and dominoes.

Friends, what are we coming to! That the Church is rapidly conforming to the spirit and pleasures of the world, none can deny. The most alarming feature is, that prominent preachers lead the way, and the people blindly follow.

One of the most popular preachers writes a novel, and for a large sum of money allows it to be published in a paper devoted to the pampering of the corrupt tastes of lost sinners; and then with his clerical robes still wrapped around him, allows it to be dramatized and acted in the principal theatres of the country, thus lending his great influence to aid the work of soul-destruction, while he still claims to be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. And then, to cap the climax of this absurdity and wickedness, the book is advertised and offered as a premium for subscribers, by some of the principal religious papers of the country.

"While men slept the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." *Matt.* xiii. 25.

PARENTS, BEWARE OF THE SERPENTS.

Do not read bad books or bad papers, for the same reason that you would not associate with bad men. They will corrupt you. For the same reason, do not permit your children to read them. How many do this, when they would not suffer them to associate with the profane, intemperate, and obscene! and yet the former is the more dangerous. Your children or yourself might be disgusted with the latter, and be put on guard against corruption, while in the case of the former, the evil is accomplished inadvertently and unawares. As good company and good books will improve your manners and your morals, so bad company and bad books will impair and ruin them. A single volume may contaminate and lead to ruin; it may be the starting-point of departure from rectitude; it may place the reader beyond recovery. Then how careful all ought to be in this matter, especially parents, and keep the dangerous things out of sight!

The evil begins with the "Harpers," the "Leslies," the "Ledgers," the "Norwoods"—serpents in the grass, satanic transformations.

The enticing away giddy, light-headed females from the paternal roof is becoming more and more frequent. What the cause? Is it not in the character of the reading, the tendency of the so-called *literature* which enters into the reading of girls and young ladies? It is vitiating in its character, both to the mind and the morals, and excites a morbid taste for the mock-sentimental, undermines principle, and prepares many to become an easy prey to the wiles of the seducer. It is an insidious poison, and makes its approaches and develops its effects so gradually, as to be imperceptible until its work of ruin is accomplished.

The country is flooded with such "literature," and those having charge of either sex cannot be too vigilant in guarding against its introduction into their houses, for it is one of the most effectual instruments in the hands of the enemies of purity in accomplishing their purposes.

And who's to blame for these numerous elopements and this "elopement literature?" On whose shoulders rests the enormous guilt?

When will elopements, abductions, and seductions cease? How long ere lewdness, libertinism, and debauchery cease to stalk in open day?

When will the lips of a strange woman cease to drop as a honey-comb, her mouth to be smoother than oil—but her end bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword? When will her house cease to be the way to hell, "going down to the chambers of death?"

Never, till ministers cease to write "Norwoods" for "Ledgers" and theatres. Never, till religious editors cease to advertise and puff novels, the light, trashy literature of the day.

LOOK AGAIN AT THE RESULTS OF THIS FICTION.

A WRITER in the "Presbyterian" states that in Chicago, at *matinées* of those licentious exhibitions, Undine and Black Crook, nine-tenths of the large audiences were Sabbath-school scholars; that so energetic were these recruiters to seduce youth from the rural villages to witness scenes that would have been infamous in Sodom and Gomorrah, that several steamboats were chartered to cruise up and down the shore of the lake to bring in children to visit the slaughter-house of purity and virtue.

NEW YORK VIEWED FROM WEST HOBOKEN.

THE number of sects or denominations in the city of New York, professing to be more or less gospellized, are as follows:

The Protestant Episcopal, sixty-three churches; the Romanists, thirty-one (of which six are for Germans), and sixty-four ministers; the Presbyterians have fifty-five; the Dutch Reformed, twenty-two; the Methodists, forty-one; the Baptists, thirty-three; the Congregationalists, four; the Unitarians and Universalists, six; the Jews, twenty-four synagogues; and there are for miscellaneous sects, sixteen buildings or halls; and still there are seven hundred and seventy-one thousand and seven hundred persons in this Christian city of New York, for whom no provision to worship Almighty God after any form has been made. Rome sat upon her seven hills; New York sits surrounded by her seventy times seven vicinities. Within a radius of thirty miles, cities, towns, villages, hamlets spring up with the swiftness of magic around her. Each is a little New York.

IN THE WAY AND OUT OF THE WAY.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

MRS. DARWIN AND MRS. TIMEWELL.

Mrs. Darwin. Can it be, Mrs. Timewell, you refuse Lucinda permission to accompany my daughters to the party, this evening?

Mrs. Timewell. I must decline the invitation.

Mrs. D. The party is select—what objection can you possibly have?

Mrs. T. Excuse me, Mrs. Darwin, if you please.

Mrs. D. I insist on an explanation; have I offended, or my daughters?

Mrs. T. Not in the least, Mrs. Darwin; I still entertain the most kind, interesting, and affectionate regard for you and your family. Few daughters are naturally more amiable and lovely than yours; but God, I trust, in his infinite mercy, has opened my eyes to see my errors.

Mrs. D. Religious scruples: ha! "Stand off, I am holier than thou."

Mrs. T. My dear Mrs. Darwin, think not I decline your kind invitation because I consider Lucinda more serious or circumspect in her deportment than your daughters—alas! I fear she is less so.

Mrs. D. Wherefore, then, your scruples?

Mrs. T. Should I not consult your interest as well as my own? We are responsible for the influence our children exert. I feel it, Mrs Darwin—I feel it deeply! I have been standing on the verge of a fearful precipice! Instead of seeking "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," for my offspring, I have followed the general current, been more careful to decorate the body than the soul;

more solicitous for them to appear well in society than before God! Yes, my friend, I have given days and weeks to worldly education and fashionable etiquette, and only moments to the concerns of the immortal spirit, and this mere shred of religious instruction has been commonplace; an appeal to the memory rather than the heart.

Mrs. D. Mrs. Timewell, do you intend to debar your children, henceforth, from social intercourse?

Mrs. T. By no means, Mrs. Darwin; we are social beings—God has made us such.

Mrs. D. What then?

Mrs. T. My first and great object is, hereafter, God helping me, to lead my children to the foot of the Cross, there to receive the holy impress; then to select such associates, and only such, as may redeem. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

Mrs. D. Will Lucinda be satisfied with religious associates? If I mistake not, she has very little relish for the spiritual. Besides, her tastes and habits are formed. Your daughters, as well as mine, have been too long accustomed to gay and fashionable life, and nothing short of the romantic will suffice. The current is set; turn it you *cannot.* As soon attempt to hush Niagara's thundering cataract, or stay his raging, foaming billows!

Mrs. T. Is there not hope? Is there anything too hard for God? Is his ear heavy, his arm shortened? Are not his promises sure? My hope is in God, the Eternal, the Ever-blessed. The present course I *know* is death.

Mrs. D. I have no opinion, Mrs. Timewell, of this extreme sensitiveness, this over scrupulosity, this undue preciseness; have you not seen the result? Mark those children that have been watched, and curbed, and catechised, when they do break loose, are they not generally the most

reckless? Do they not dash headlong into all manner of excess and riot?

Mrs. T. Extremes should be avoided; the Bible is the chart. Let God be true, though every man a liar.

Mrs. D. There's Deacon Simpkins—who more precise, more *rigidly* cautious and scrupulous! Only look at his children, especially his boys; where can you find a more wild, reckless, *harum-scarum* set? They are proverbial for their outlandishness; and in point of theology, and a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, what are they? Little above the Hottentots.

Mrs. T. So, forsooth, if the Deacon had been less strict, less watchful and prayerful in his religious inculcations, given his children greater license to sin, idleness, and folly, they would have been far more likely to have become pious, useful, and devoted Christians! Is this your logic? About the common speed! Mrs. Darwin, do you believe God?

Mrs. D. I do; and profess to serve him.

Mrs. T. Why then allude to Deacon Simpkins! Does he train his children for God, by holy precept and example, in the way they should go? As far from it as the East is from the West. You know it, I know it, everybody knows it. Instead of training his children "*in the way they should go*," they have never found the way, nor entered it. Talk about training children "*in the way*," when serving self and Satan! The truth is, no man or child was ever "*in the way*," but always out of it, till born of God—of the Holy Spirit—made "new creatures in Christ Jesus;" "old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new;" having new thoughts, new lives, new hopes, new desire, new joys.

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE, YOUNG FRIENDS.

Is there not something rather pleasant about it, smilingly beautiful, indicative of love, order, peace, salvation? Here is a father, a mother, a son, and a sweet, well-behaved little daughter. Both of these children are listening, we take it, to what is said about Jesus, who came to seek and save that which is lost.

Little folks lost? Yes, they are; just as really as the big folks are that sin against God. Children, capable of sinning against heavenly light, telling falsehoods, practicing deceit, manifesting ill-temper, self-will, disobedience to parents in any form, are guilty, under condemnation, and need pardon, forgiveness, the washing of regeneration, the atoning blood of Jesus. They have sinned voluntarily, grieved the Holy Spirit, and should be directed forthwith to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness.

This we have said over and over in this book, "Apples of Gold," and we keep on saying it over and over, till we make the ears of little folks and big folks tingle, and flee to the outstretched arms of bleeding mercy. While we *ring*, peal on peal, as loud as we possibly can—*thunderingly*—that all little sinners are lost, *lost!* we are just as ready and willing to say to them that Jesus is ready to save them now, even to the uttermost, clasp them to his bosom of love.

Why not—are they not fit subjects for Christ's blessing? Will it be more appropriate for them to come after five, ten, or fifteen years more of sinning? We do not wonder at the disciples, who in their eagerness to relieve the Saviour who was weary with his labor, forbidding the children to come; but since those precious words were uttered, is it not a marvel that any should be found who even doubt the propriety of encouraging children to come to Christ publicly and privately?

How touchingly beautiful is that narrative!* There is nothing to compare with it in all the record of the Saviour's ministry. How our hearts swell with emotion when we contemplate the scene! There are the mothers, who had been telling the children the story of the blessed Saviour, until their little hearts were alive with love for him and eager to rush to his embrace. And as they urge their way through the crowd and draw near, the disciples turn coldly upon them and forbid their coming—even rebuking them for their boldness. How chilling! But the Saviour hears; and turning from the throng he was addressing, with extended arms and a look of love, he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such

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* See Matthew xix. 13-15.

is the kingdom of heaven." And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them. Who does not, in looking at this picture, involuntarily exclaim with the poet,

> "I wish that his hand had been placed on my head;
> That his arm had been thrown around me;
> That I might have seen that kind look when he said,
> Let the little ones come unto me."

BRINGING THE LITTLE ONES TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

"'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

"We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our children be.

"If they are left behind alone,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust."

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." *Psalm* xx. 7.

WAITING? WHAT FOR?

WHY wait, when God says, "Go forward." Very many parents, we regret to say, do not anticipate or expect the early conversion of their children, because they do not really believe that it is possible. They think them incapable of conviction, incapable of intelligent, saving faith, incapable of enjoying the witness and sanctifying grace of the Spirit. They rejoice to hope that "the seed will not be lost;" but that at some undetermined future the old, forgotten hymns, and prayers, and lessons will, by some miraculous power, revive, and that the children will at length become religious; and thus, *a warranted faith is supplanted by an undefined and unassured hope.*

"*Now salvation.*" Emblazon it in golden capitals, parents, on your foreheads, door-posts, and gates—write it out, speak it out; defer not.

Make haste now, ere sin allures, before the world ensnares, the *rigid* chains of habit have bound your little ones; *now*, while their hearts are soft and their imaginations unpolluted; NOW is the time, the accepted time, the day of salvation. Every day, every hour, the hearts of your children increase in hardness. Every tick of the clock carries your unsaved ones further and further from God, things heavenly, hope eternal.

Do your duty *now*, obey God *now*, and soon prisons will be turned into warehouses; theatres, opera-houses, cathedrals, nunneries, and convents into places for the worship of the true God—truth will prevail mightily, salvation go forth as the light of the morning, and angels tune their golden harps afresh. "Glory, glory, glory."

"Jesus shall reign from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

A MIRACLE!—WHAT IS A MIRACLE?

To save little folks? Then it is a miracle to save the big folks! Was there anything miraculous in the birth of Samuel, John the Baptist, and multitudes of other little ones that grew up in the Lord, as little Samuel and John the Baptist did? Could these chosen vessels call to remembrance any specified time when their little hearts were changed from nature to grace? Is not every little child a chosen vessel? Is not the atoning blood of Jesus sufficient to save a whole world of little folks? And is not the Holy Spirit as ready and willing to apply the truth to every child as early as he applied it to the heart of John the Baptist?

It is said of John the Baptist, he had the Holy Spirit from his birth; anything miraculous in this? Does not the Spirit of God strive with every child at the earliest dawning of moral accountability? This is the very time, the accepted time for parents to impart God's truth to the hearts of these undying little ones; the day of salvation, seeking first "the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Parent, God in mercy breathed into your offspring the breath of life, and this life is to exist while God exists—forever and forever, either in glory everlasting or with devils and spirits damned! Which will you choose for it? "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." *Ex.* ii. 9.

What these wages? Will you receive them, train the little one Godward, exclusively, that it may dwell forever in heaven, singing, "Glory, glory to the Lamb who hath washed it in his own precious blood?" The responsibility of this early dedication, holy training, and joys unspeakable around the throne of God evermore, rests on *you.*

Obey God and live! Make up a family in heaven. The Holy Spirit is always ready and waiting to be gracious, to impart his saving, sanctifying influences to the heart of every one, even to the littlest of the little, when sought unto in humble faith. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." *John*, vi. 63.

Take the word of Christ, "which is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword," and bring it home to the inmost soul of your newly-born babe, the very *instant* it is capable of knowing good and evil. This is the philosopher's stone that turns everything into gold.

Here is the secret of all successful family discipline, of "rearing the tender thought." Here is the secret of Hannah's success in educating her first-born, a child of many prayers. She lent him to the Lord in the outset, forever, and believed the promises, trusted in God.

Here, likewise, is the secret of success of Zechariah and Elizabeth in training their little son, born out of due time. The parents of John were holy; consecrated entirely to God's service. "They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." *Luke*, i. 6.

The Holy Spirit was their teacher, the word of life their watchword, the chief instrument in the salvation of this son of theirs, of whom it is said, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." "A word to the wise is sufficient."

"Wisdom is justified of her children."

"WHOSO walketh uprightly shall be saved: but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once." *Prov.* xxviii. 18.

HERE THEY ARE, FATHER, AND MOTHER, AND THE SWEET LITTLE ONES.

THESE parents united in family discipline harmoniously? Unquestionably; else, how clock-work, heaven in the domestic circle? What father says, mother says; what mother says, father says. When father corrects the little ones for disobedience, the mother coincides heartily, joyfully—says, "So let it be." And when mother applies the rod of chastisement when it ought to be applied, does father interfere, say, "Spare the rod?" Not for a thousand worlds! He knows it would cause friction, and may-be the ruin of the child. Here lies one grand secret of success in household training. Without this united, harmonious union, where is hope of good family government, salvation?

Affectionate mothers, be silent, open not your lips, we beseech you, when your better-half corrects the little ones, chastises them for disobedience, self-will, or misbehavior of any kind. Interfere not for the world! Let your husband alone in the path of duty. Take no part on the side of disobedience. Let your children see and know you approve, most cordially and heartily, of good family discipline, the correcting the first movings of old Adam, the least deviation from strict rectitude, good order, and virtuous purity. Let your little ones see and know that father and mother are united firmly in extinguishing, at once and forever, every rising spark of disobedience in the family circle. Then, hope dawns, glorious hope! Some very unwise, injudicious mothers interfere, take sides with the children when the father is in the path of duty, correcting betimes.

Thus families, even whole families, are ruined—for time, for eternity. The most perfect understanding and agreement should exist between husband and wife in family order and discipline.

"What a beautiful place is home,
Where the husband and wife agree,
Where the children are happy and glad,
And skip about blithesome and free!"

A WELL-REGULATED FAMILY.

We said to a pious parent, recently: "How is it that every child of yours is in such good subjection?" The reply was: "We have made it a rule, a law in this house, that no child shall act in opposition to the will of the parent. The parent's will is expressed, the child must not disobey. That is an understood thing with our children."

MOTHERS THE LIGHT, THE HOPE, THE JOY.

"*The first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is the conduct of its mother.*"

1. "First give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving him his own. Not to do it, is robbing God.

2. Always prefer virtue to wealth—the honor that comes from God to the honor that comes from men. Do this for yourself. Do it for your child.

3. Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard. Do not sink into childishness yourself.

4. Give no needless commands, but when you command, require prompt obedience.

5. Never indulge a child in cruelty, even to an insect.

6. Cultivate a sympathy with your child in all lawful joys and sorrows.

7. Be sure that you never correct a child until you know it deserves correction. Hear its story first and fully.

8. Never allow your child to whine or fret, or to bear grudges.

9. Early inculcate frankness, candor, generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, and self-denial.

10. The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.

11. Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dulness, neither inspire it with self-conceit.

12. Pray for and with your child, often and heartily, in your closet.

13. Encourage all attempts at self-improvement, "with humble trust in Jesus."

"EVERY word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him." *Prov.* xxx. 5.

SEE THIS MOTHER, LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

What is she doing? Imparting light heavenly to this child of hers—telling him about Jesus, who shed his precious blood on Calvary to save sinners, little sinners and great sinners—"the way, the truth, the life?" Beautiful, ain't it? Too soon? No, it ain't, mother. You should have commenced this blessed work at the earliest intellectual dawning, even before this little one of yours could utter a single syllable audibly. Begin where God begins. Let your smiles preach, your eyes, your inward thought, every muscle.

We say, and keep on saying, the Holy Spirit is waiting to be gracious, ready always to apply the truth, take the things that belong to Christ and show them even to the littlest of the little ones. The Spirit and the Bride say to the little folks, "Come." And let every one that heareth say to them, "Come."

The true ideal of Christian culture is—the salvation of

childhood. That the child be so led that it shall not decide against Christ in the hour of conscious choice; that soon as capable of choosing between good and evil it shall be wisely taught; that it shall choose the good; that Christian influence shall be stronger than sinful; that it shall follow Jesus at the first call. This is the divine order; this is the divine purpose and the divine promise, rest assured.

Mother, is your own soul on fire salvationly—your whole being richly imbued with the love of Jesus? Is the Holy Spirit in you gloriously, the fruits thereof? Your little ones will see it, feel it, breathe it, live it. It's the holy atmosphere in the nursery, the kitchen, the parlor that makes heaven.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images. One impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lip may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

Beware of the first, the least spark of the unholy or irascible! "If ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." *James*, iii. 14–17.

"All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world." 1 *John*, ii. 16.

SAVING THE LITTLE FOLKS.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER PASTOR.

Pastor. Where is little Ella, your daughter? Is she safe in the ark, on the way to glory, mounting up as on eagles' wings?

Mother. You surprise me, my dear pastor; Ella, you are aware, is only four years of age.

Pastor. Is she saved in Jesus? Does she love prayer, praise, things heavenly and divine? Is her soul alive in God, spiritually? Has the atoning sacrifice been savingly applied to her young heart?

Mother. Am I to understand you to mean regeneration, the passing from death unto life?

Pastor. Certainly, sister, a change from nature to grace; the setting apart exclusively—Godward—sealed unto the day of redemption.

Mother. You astonish me! What! this daughter of mine, so early in life, know God experimentally?

Pastor. Does not this little one of yours know good from evil? Has she not arrived at the age of moral accountability? Has she not the power to choose the good and refuse the evil? When she sins does she not sin voluntarily against light and knowledge? If so, she holds the truth in unrighteousness, is brought under condemnation, and is exposed to wrath every moment.

Mother. Do you mean, by what you say, this daughter of mine is in danger of eternal punishment?

Pastor. What saith the Scripture? "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." *Matt.* vii. 19.

"There is no respect of persons with God. For as many as have sinned without law, shall also perish without law." *Rom.* ii. 12.

Mother. What does this child of mine know of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, of living a holy life?

Pastor. She *ought* to know and *does* know very much of God's requirements, if your duty has been discharged faithfully in family discipline. (See Deut. vi. 6–9.) Does not little Ella know how to sin, to disobey her parents? When she disobeys you—manifests deceit, falsehood, ill-temper—does not her conscience bear witness of the same, and her thoughts, meanwhile, accuse her? Does it require more intellect to repent of sin than to commit sin? When your little girl comes to you penitently for wrong-doing, saying, "Mamma, I have been disobedient! I am sorry! I will do so no more! Will you forgive me?" You clasp the penitent one to your bosom, saying, "Forgive you, dear Ella, certainly, *with all my heart.*" Does not the child feel and know she is restored to your favor? You see it in every look, thought, word, and action. Her young heart leaps joyfully.

Mother. Very well, what is the inference?

Pastor. If Ella knows how to confess her sins to you, and put them away, and how to believe that she is accepted of you meanwhile, what greater reasoning powers are required to confess her sins to God, and to believe that he, for Jesus' sake, washes her soul white in the blood of the Lamb?

Mother. This is a new idea. Is it possible that such a little creature can become a true follower of Jesus, walk in his footsteps brightly, shiningly, gloriously?

Pastor. It is glorious, and not less true than glorious,

that children should be placed in the arms of the Saviour at the first dawnings of infantile life.

Mother. Sir, am I to understand you to mean by these expressions, that all children can be so indoctrinated in truth and love, as little Samuel was, or as John the Baptist, who *grew up* in the Lord, without permitting Satan to find any permanent lodgment in their hearts?

Pastor. Exactly so. What absurdity is there in supposing that children are to *grow up* in Christ? Why should the enemy of all good—the old Serpent, the Devil, the father of lies—be permitted to enter into the hearts of our little babes, and dwell there with his hellish crew of evil passions, till the whole being is saturated with "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life?"

Mother. It is commonly assumed, if I mistake not, that children are to grow up in sin, and to be converted to God in after-life.

Pastor. I know it, sister, but is this of God? What system of education is more baneful, soul-ruinous than this, that a child is to reject God and all holy principles till he arrives at mature age? Whence the doctrine that children must first give their hearts to work wickedness with greediness, drink in iniquity as the ox drinketh in water—some four, six, eight, or ten years before bowing to King Jesus, form habits of evil-doing that are more difficult to eradicate than for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots?

Mother. You remember when parents brought their little ones to Jesus that he should take them to his bosom, lay his hands upon them, and bless them, his own disciples rebuked these same parents for so doing; but the blessed Saviour replied, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Pastor. I do, and the same cruel unbelief is abroad in all the land. Tell parents it is their duty and privilege to train their offspring unreservedly Godward from the first dawning of moral accountability, what will be the answer? "If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" 2 *Kings*, vii. 2.

Mother. I begin to see wherein I have erred, and why it is we are so often deficient in Christian character; it is this: our religion begins so late in life, we are compelled to maintain a perpetual and unequal warfare with old habits. To make a graceful and complete Christian character, it need itself to be the habit of existence; not a grape grafted on a bramble; and this requires a Christian childhood in the subject.

Pastor. You have hit the nail, sister. Horace Bushness, in his excellent treatise on "Christian Nature," says: "What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign to show him, that you do not expect him truly to love and obey God till after he has spent whole years in hatred and wrong? What authority is there to make him feel that he is the most privileged of all human beings, capable of sin, but incapable of repentance; old enough to *resist* all good, but too young to *receive* any good whatever? Wherein would it be less incongruous for you to teach your child that he is to lie and steal, go the whole round of vices, and then after he comes to mature age, reform his conduct by the rules of virtue?"

Mother. Pastor, another query arises, it is this: suppose our little ones do grow up uniformly in the Lord through our obedience in training, and the holy atmosphere in which they are surrounded; not knowing the precise time when the spiritual change takes place, from nature to grace, is it not almost certain they relapse, lose the holy

unction, fall into temptation, sip of the muddy streams of sensuality, do things utterly subversive of gospel purity and simplicity?

Pastor. "Happy is the man that feareth always." Danger is on every side. There is no safety or security for little folks or great folks, save on the wing of love and mercy, following on to know the Lord, rising higher and higher, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day. It is faith now, prayer now and *forever.* It is doing good now, it is doing good *forever.* What I say unto one, I say unto all — *Watch*—WATCH! Meanwhile, let me assure you, beloved sister, there is far less danger of departing from the living God, in the cases referred to, than of those who are converted in after-life, and whose habits of sin are deeply rooted. Let the lambs of Jesus be carried in the bosom of fathers and mothers, grow in grace constantly, add to their faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity, all that is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. One such "will chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

EARLY CONVERSIONS.

"THE Karen mothers," says Mrs. Vinton, "dedicate their infants to their idol gods, early, zealously, and scrupulously. After the conversion of these heathen mothers, they are no less zealous for the salvation of their children. They cease not, day nor night, till God hears their cry, and often their little ones are brought savingly to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Is not this a voice of thunder to us? Verily, will not these heathen rise in judgment to our condemnation?

LOOK! SEE THIS BOY WIPING HIS EYE! DOWNCAST?

WHAT'S the matter? Bad, is he? How otherwise? And for his badness he has just now been receiving reproof, the word of chastisement. And of what mischievousness, self-will, or disobedience he is guilty we know not. Such a boy give his parents trouble? No end to it; and this trouble will go on and on, and may-be bring down their gray hairs to the grave prematurely, sorrowing!

The evil stop here? Nay; if this bad boy is permitted to live, who knows how many other boys and girls he may corrupt, lead the downward road to perdition! "One sinner destroyeth much good." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Parent, did you do your duty to this wayward son from the outset—lend him to the Lord *forever*, as Hannah did little Samuel, ere he saw the sunbeams of opening day

shining brightly? And did you keep on dedicating, every day, every hour, presenting his little body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to the Lord, as a reasonable service?

Was the family altar kept burning brightly around him night and morning? Was your daily walk like that of Zachariah and Elizabeth. (Luke, i. 6.) Was the atmosphere in the nursery and the parlor pure as heaven, angelically? Was "Holiness to the Lord" written in golden capitals on your door-posts and your gates? Were the Holy Scriptures searched daily to know and do the whole will of God in family training?

Did you see that the least and last remains of evil temper in this son of yours was perfectly subdued, made lamb-like, and kept so? Were you conscientiously scrupulous to keep him from bad folks, little and big, in the street-school, and from every contaminating influence at home and abroad? Did you avoid, as a serpent or the deadly adder's sting, the light, the frivolous, the nonsensical from the press, and supply him with such reading-matter, and only such, as tends to elevation and purification? Were habits of industry and sobriety inculcated at the earliest possible moment, and kept on and *on*, assiduously, unremittingly?

Finally, did you make salvation the first, the midst, the last, the unreservedly evermore? Alas! had you indeed obeyed God in training this son in the way he should go, what a blessing unspeakable to you, to the child, the world!

"Joy for the precious seed that springs
In fields which God, the Lord, has bless'd;
Joy for the sower, when he sings
On the bright hills of heavenly rest."

HONORING FATHER AND MOTHER.

A WORD TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"*Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*" Exodus, xx. 12.

VERY few sins are greater than disobedience to parents. God eyes this iniquity with fearful and special judgments! We should be unwilling to trust or employ boys or girls who were disobedient to their parents. We never knew an impudent, disobedient urchin turn out well. The curse of God rests upon him.

> "Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,
> Shall have a child that will avenge the deed."

One thing is certain—an undutiful son and a disobedient daughter cannot long prosper. For a season they may appear well to the eye of the stranger; but their self-will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who abuses his parents will not hesitate to abuse anybody. Neither age nor talents receive respect from him.

The command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is founded upon an immutable law, most imperiously demanded in social and domestic life. The reward of filial obedience is very great. It is a beautiful sight to see feeble old age reclining upon the bosom of manhood and youth, and the picture is doubly enchanting when youth and manhood cherish their trust with a filial and patient regard.

Young man, if you would plant thorns by the side of your future pathway; if you would be haunted amid the groves and retreats of maturer life with the most fearful spectres, treat with coldness and indifference those who gave you

birth, and nurtured so carefully your helpless infancy. Young woman, if you would drink the bitter dregs of the cup of retributive justice, disregard the wishes and happiness of your own best and dearest friend, your mother.

It will be a sweet reflection, when we stand by a parent's grave and drop there a tear of tender sympathy, to feel the certain consciousness that we have never planted a thorn in their bosoms, that we have never made their joy less, while on earth, by one act of disobedience. But if, on the other hand, we have disregarded parental counsel and have despised parental reproof, the tears that we shed by the parent's tomb will be most sadly mingled with remorse and grief.

"Honor thy parents: those that gave thee birth,
And watched, in tenderness, thine earliest days,
And trained thee up in youth, and *loved in all.*
Honor, obey, and love them; it shall fill
Their souls with holy joy, and shall bring down
God's richest blessing on thee; and in days
To come thy children, if they are given,
Shall honor thee, and fill thy life with peace."

CHILDREN, LOVE YOUR MOTHER.

"Dearest children, love your mother;
Look upon her care-worn brow;
She has been so faithful to you—
Oh! how can you grieve her now?
Always pray for her, dear children,
When before your Lord you bow."

MYSTERY ON MYSTERY, THE MYSTERY OF ALL MYSTERIES!

> "How can ye! While the cause ye nurse,
> Which madness, crime, and misery brings;
> How can ye dry the river's course,
> Unless you stop its rising springs?"

It is mystery from first to last. It begins in mystery, continues in mystery, ends in mystery; and doubtless it will be *forever* a mystery, both to men and angels. Mysteries never cease. There always have been mysteries, and doubtless there always will be mysteries, while time exists and eternity rolls on! There are mysteries in nature, in science, in religion, in things temporal, and in things spiritual; mysteries in heaven, and mysteries on earth.

And yet, amid all the mysteries above and below, in heaven and in hell, in time and in eternity, we know of no mystery so great and so mysterious a mystery as the one under consideration, viz., that a parent, a teacher in Israel, a watchman on the walls of Zion, professing to take the word of God, the gospel of Jesus for his rule of life, and yet, having children growing up around him, impenitent, unholy, on the road to ruin!

Here the mystery of all mysteries begins. His children sit with him at the festive board, encircle the fireside, the family altar daily, lie down and rise up, go out and come in, do this and do that, hopeless of heaven, destitute of saving grace, the fear and love of God, heedless of the blood shed on Calvary! Is his own house on *fire* and his children exposed to the flames—what the outcry? "Fire, *fire!* FIRE!!" And yet he sits down and rises up, goes out and comes in with comparative ease, quietness, and composure, from year to year, while his dear ones are on the verge of

hell-fire momentarily. Is not here a mystery that caps the climax of all mysteries?

He confesses his sons and daughters are unsaved, out of Christ, without God in the world. What now—does he seem to realize that he is responsible for their penitence, their salvation, and if lost forever, the blood of their souls is on his skirts? Not a wink of the eye of concern or responsibility is exhibited. State to him kindly the binding duties of parents, what God enjoins in his blessed word, the terrible judgments that surely accompany parental delinquency, the sin of omission in household training, point him to Jacob, Eli, David and others, what fearful things, heartrending, rested on them and continued from generation to generation, because their sons were vile and they restrained them not.

Place your finger, also, on the fiery indignation, the curse of the Almighty, from the days of Eli till now, that have rested and *will* rest on every parent who does not obey God in bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. What now—any signs of life? "Dead, twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

Nor does he appear to consider in the least how greatly God is dishonored in this sin of omission, and how vastly his own usefulness is curtailed, and the indelible stain of reproach constantly accumulating while treading under foot those positive precepts, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." *Prov.* xxii. 6.

"If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." 1 *Tim.* v. 8. See, also, Deut. vi. 6.; Prov. xxix. 15–17.

SEE THIS FATHER AND LITTLE DAUGHTER?

WHAT is father doing—teaching his little daughter the way of life, through Jesus? He points up toward heaven. What's that for? To impress more deeply the word of life, and to direct the attention to God, who, though far above all heavens, is here, everywhere. He knows our every thought. Besides God's eyes, are there not other eyes beholding? The world is full of eyes and ears, on every side; on the right and on the left, eyes innumerable, ten thousand times ten thousand. Eyes above, eyes below, here, there, everywhere. Step—move a single inch without the gaze of some eyes—the eyes of Omniscience, of angels, of spirits seen and unseen, the eyes of heaven, the eyes of earth. Nature herself, is full of eyes and ears. The earth sees, hears, and speaks. The starry heavens, the moving planets, the thunder's crash, the lightning's flash, the trees, the little hills, the glowing streams, the mountain-tops, the flowers of the fields, the merry songsters, the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea—all have eyes, ears, or tongues. The buzzing insects, the creeping things,

the whistling winds, the gentle zephyrs, all see, hear, or speak more or less. Great folks, believe this, little folks do you?

Our thoughts, words, actions, are scanned when we sleep, when we wake, move, and have our being. Eyes are upon us constantly; 'round us, over us, beneath us. Everything is full of eyes and ears. When we least think of it, eyes are gazing upon us, by the wayside, in our silent walks, at home and abroad, in our domestic retreats, in the social circle, in places of worship, in our daily avocations and business transactions, in offices of emolument and responsibility, in our journeyings by sea or by land, in the car, the steamboat, the stage-coach, eagle eyes are wide open watching every movement, motive, and secret thought.

Young readers, are you aware how closely you are eyed everywhere, by night and by day? Do you realize how intently and minutely these innumerable eyes are fixed on you? What is the conclusion? Any practical results from these heart-searching, innumerable eyes, inspecting and penetrating every thought, word, and deed? You are searched without and within. Your down-sittings and uprisings are known, your thoughts afar off. Your path is compassed on every side, your lying down, and your rising up. There is not a word on your tongue that is not known altogether. "THOU. GOD, SEEST ME." What is the moral conclusion—the practical?

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross despising the shame, and is set down on the right hand of the throne of God."

MORE LITTLE FOLKS AND BUSY FOLKS.

We keep having little folks and busy folks all the time, and expect to have them as long as we live—the more the better; and when we go up where Jesus is and spirits glorified, we shall see there more little folks than big folks, a great deal. Millions on millions of the littlest of the

little have been washed white in the atoning blood of the Lamb, and are now tuning their golden harps around the throne of God melodiously.

And one special object of this book, "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver," is to enlist as many little folks and big folks as we possibly can on the side of Jesus. Moreover, it's our heart's desire and prayer to God, that multitudes, which no man can number, may be led to seek the Lord, and be saved through reading this pictorial volume, even after we are gone, lie sleeping in yonder cemetery.

Happy meeting, glorious, won't it be, when both the writer and the readers, the little ones and the big ones, meet face to face in the kingdom above, where parting will be no more, and "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?"

Love you, little folks? Yes we do; and the more you imitate Jesus, walk in newness of life, the more we love you, and say,

"God bless little children!
Day by day,
With pure and simple wiles,
And winning words and smiles,
They creep into the heart:
And who would wish to say them nay?"

PARTING WITH LOVED ONES.

"When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We yet a kind of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But, oh! what words can paint the tears,
When from those friends we sever,
Perhaps to part for months—for years—
Perhaps to part forever!"

LITTLE FOLKS LEARNING TO WALK.

"ONLY beginning the journey,
Many a mile is to go;
Little feet are to patter,
Wandering to and fro.

"Trying again so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee,
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

"Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard;
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word.

"Tottering now, and falling—
Eyes that are going to cry;
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

"Father of all! oh, guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat.

"Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways blest;
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour! oh, give them rest."

"YOUTHFUL hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling-place,
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace."

HOME LIFE.

PARENT, do you make home pleasant, delightful, joyous, that the little ones may love it, be happy and joyful therein? The hands of children must be kept busy; they *will* be busy as bees. God made them to be busy.

> "How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour!"

And if you, parent, do not find something good, profitable, praiseworthy to busy their tiny hands, rest assured, Satan will. He stands ready to preoccupy; will you let him? Home life must be well ordered, furnished for the busy folks, according to age and varied capacities. When big enough, slates may be furnished for childish amusements, pencils, drawing materials, and things that will be useful in after-life.

As they advance in years, select choice readings; books and papers that interest, tend to enlightenment, edification, virtuous purity, salvation. Let them read these beautiful things, "Apples of gold in pictures of silver," to each other interchangeably; commit to memory, also, psalms and hymns for songs of praise. Have them sing together; sing with them; let their little harps be tuned melodiously at suitable times, all the day, and at eventide, making sweet melody in the heart to the Lord.

> "Oh, could we hear those good old songs—
> The songs our mothers sung,
> As round the fire her loved ones sat
> In days when we were young!"

Keep the children busy in something useful; place them in the garden of fruits and flowers; let boys and girls

work together—both need out-door work, while the eye of the parent directs, watches every movement.

The garden is woman's sphere, a natural theatre for her tastes, a remedy for half her ills. It's her academy, gymnasium, school of beauty. Here are the graces, one with her rose in her hand, and another with her branch of myrtle. In their society she breathes the fragrant morning air, and rests at noon in the shade of the vine which her own fingers have trained. Keep the little folks busy; begin early and educate both sexes to active, useful, virtuous employment. Commence the very *moment* they are able to use the implements of husbandry, mechanism, horticulture, or kitchen utensils. They soon love these useful callings—delight in them. It's recreation, amusement, life, joy, if early taught to know God's requirements in opposition to the vain, trifling, wicked things in which many children spend their precious, golden moments, to their own destruction. The wise, judicious parent begins at the first *dawn* of moral accountability, to inculcate in the minds and hearts of his little ones habits of virtuous industry, diligence in business.

All nature is alive, active, on the wing; the sun, the moon, the sparkling heavens, the rippling brooks, and flowing founts; the birds warble on every tree, in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain-stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work.

Oh plant! oh stream! worthy of admiration to the wretched idler!

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LOVED TO RISE EARLY.

"I LOVE to rise at early day,
While all is hush'd and still,
And hear my Saviour kindly say,
'Come, ask me what ye will.'

"I love to search his holy law,
To hear his words of love,
And feel his Spirit sweetly draw
My soul to 'things above.'

"I love to ask, by faith and prayer,
His Spirit's guiding ray—
Through every scene of anxious care,
Through Life's bewilder'd way.

"Thus let me spend each rising hour,
Thus close my latest days,
Till I shall wake, to sleep no more,
Where prayer is changed to praise."

JESUS LOVES LITTLE FOLKS.

"DOES he love me every day?
When I sleep and when I pray?
Does he give me all my food?
Blessed Jesus, oh, how good!

"Love me, Jesus, every day;
Take my sinful heart away;
Make me happy when I die;
Then an angel in the sky."

HAPPY? THE LITTLEST AND THE BIGGEST?

Who doubts it? Look at them, little readers, is there a single jar of discord here, the least frown of discontent exhibited on the face of one of these children? Does not each one wear a glowing smile of cheerfulness? What makes them happy—the love of Jesus in the soul, ruling and reigning?

"Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not; lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost."

Little girls and boys, have you any brothers or sisters? If you have, love them *a great deal*, for you do not know how long you may be together. And even if you should live to be old men and women, do you not think it would make you very happy to remember when you were children you never quarrelled? And if you have lost a darling little brother, or a gentle, loving sister, there is nothing that makes you feel so sad as that sometimes you were unkind and angry.

"Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?"

We heard of a brother and sister who loved one another very much. He was the older, and was taken ill and died. They laid him out on his own little bed, and his mother took his little sister to look at him. I cannot tell what she felt and thought as she stood and looked at his sweet face, as white and cold as marble; but she wept very much. At last she said:

"Mother, may I take hold of his hand?"

After a little time she placed it in hers, when the dear child, lifting it up and stroking it gently, said:

"This little hand never struck me!"

Oh, how pleased she was to think of that! "Little children, love one another."

"LITTLE children, love each other;
Never give another pain,
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again."

BIG THINGS AND LITTLE THINGS.

It was a smile, simply a smile on the face of a friend, that made my heart beat lighter and forget its load of care. It was a little flower, a pale forget-me-not; at another time a tiny, sweet rose-bud, that cousin gave me; little things they were, but they formed new links in the chain of love between us, for the simple reason that she knew I loved such things, and because she knew I loved them, she had saved them for me.

I dropped my spool of thread, and a perfect stranger, who was sitting near, as busily engaged as myself, rose from her seat, picked it up and returned it to me. If every one were as kind there would be few cross words.

I was sick, and many were the little deeds of love kind friends showered upon me. Sister Etta brought me books and pictures; sister Delia hung my room with green bushes; darling Ray brought me a whole tumbler-full of bright dandelions, and being an offering of love from little hands I prized them accordingly. Brother came to my room often and asked, "How is sister?" with love in his voice. Father smoothed my tumbled hair, and told me to be patient and trust in God. Mother never left me for the night without imprinting a kiss on my forehead. And these were only the little things, still they bound my heart with stronger cords of love to those dear ones.

I was almost discouraged in regard to an effort I had been making, and was on the point of giving up. A kind friend gave me words of encouragement, and oh, how the waves of gratitude surged around my heart! Words were inadequate to express my thanks for that encouragement.

Oh, the blessedness of making happy! and how easy and how quick it may be done!

"When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence, you have made 14,600 beings happy, for a time at least.

"A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

"Beautiful faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair.

"Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

"Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow.

"Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathway sweet and pure
That leads to the mansions strong and sure."

THE KINDNESS AND LOVE OF MOTHERS.

LET a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him a lovely and amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been very pleasing and obedient through the day. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say:

"My son, you have been very good to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy."

This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say, "Good-night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little eyes full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.

"Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak:
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

GOOD-NIGHT, LOVE.

"GOOD-NIGHT is but a little word,
Yet beautiful though brief,
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf."

SEE THIS WOMAN WITH A LAMP, LITTLE FOLKS?

Lamps in ancient times were different from ours. The lamp held in the hand of this woman is similar, doubtless, to the lamps of the ten virgins mentioned in the 25th of Matthew. Five were wise and five were foolish. The foolish ones took their lamps, but no oil (no grace). Is it not so at the present day? Do not very many little folks and great folks profess religion, say they love Jesus and do not the things he tells them? "He that loveth me, keepeth my commandments." "By their fruits ye shall know them." How will it be, think you, with the false professors when the Bridegroom cometh? As it was with the foolish virgins that came after the door was shut, saying, "Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

AN OLD MAID? WHAT HARM?

SUPPOSE she is a single lady—who has a better right? Who presumes to impugn her motives for choosing celibacy?

What class of females are more worthy of all praise for their benevolence, self-sacrifice, entireness in God's service?

What inconsiderate marriages there are! What thousands rush to the altar of Hymen without the least conception of the responsibilities which the act imposes—without any thought of the gushing and beautiful love which is the soul of true marriage, and out of which connubial happiness springs as naturally as a flower from the bosom of earth!

How many, alas! are trained to think and talk of marriage in a manner utterly frivolous: that if a woman is not married, it is because she is not attractive; that to be unattractive to men is the most dismal and dreadful misfortune; and that for an unmarried woman earth has no honor and no happiness, but only toleration and a mitigated or unmitigated contempt.

What is the burden of the song that is sung to girls and women? Are they counselled to be active, self-helping, self-reliant, alert, ingenious, energetic, aggressive? Are they braced and toned up to solve for themselves the problems of life, to meet its ills undaunted and its happiness unbewildered? Such a thing is seldom heard of. It is woman's rights! It is strong-minded! It is discontentment with your sphere! It is masculine! Milton and St. Paul to the rescue!

> "For contemplation he, and valor form'd;
> For softness she, and sweet, attractive grace."

Marry? Suppose you don't—what then? Is your life a blank, your usefulness at an end? Have you the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price? Female piety! what more lovely, beautiful, graceful, powerful? What robe so rich, so white, so becoming, so enchanting as the robe of righteousness? It is the grace of graces, the heart of hearts—more precious than rubies. It is the gem of all others which enriches the coronet of a lady's character.

For single blessedness in faith and love, purity of thought, word, and action, instance Hannah More, name ever dear, the very sound of which enkindles delightful and holy emotions. What elevated strains of devotion flowed from her angelic heart! Her whole life was one of eminent usefulness. Her sun set full of glory! Though dead, she yet speaks.

Marry through fear of being called an "old maid?" Never! Show that you have independence enough to bear the laugh of the small and narrow-minded. Better, *far* better to live alone in some humble cottage, with no companions but the trees and stars, the birds, and streams, and flowers, than to be united for *life* to one whom you cannot love and respect. From our heart of hearts we pity many married people whom we have seen. There are those we know who are very happy; but others (God only knows how many) there are who scarcely know the meaning of the word.

The pupils of Mary Lyon remember her happy face, her loving heart and gentle words; and the good that she accomplished eternity only will reveal. We may not do as much as she has done; but a good, great, and happy work is for us all, if with willing hearts we enter upon it. Let us, then, sisters, go forward into the future without dread.

OLD BACHELORS! OH! OH!

A FRIEND at our elbow inquires what is to be done with those who practically reject marriage; and whether that class of persons who are familiarly called "Old bachelors," are to be regarded as the friends or the enemies of the human race?

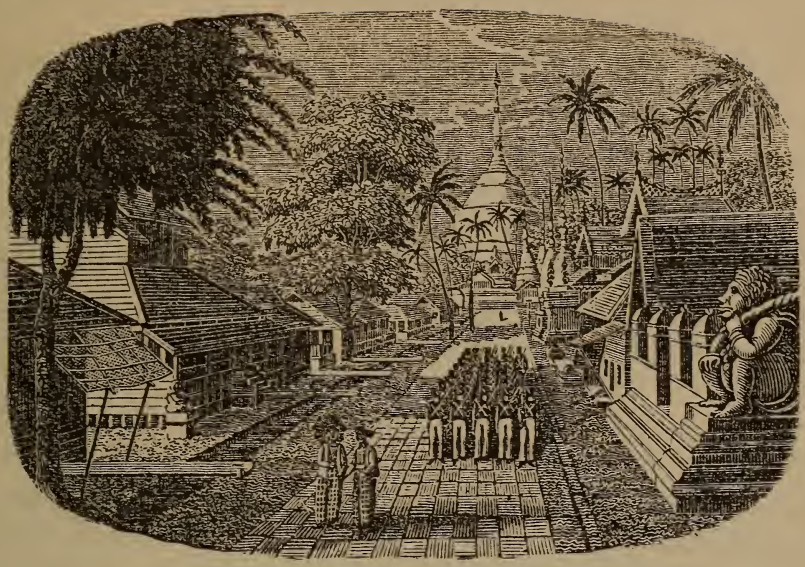
In reply to this well-meant interrogation, it is proper to say that it is not the part of wisdom to condemn or to judge persons in the mass. There may be men who would quickly and gladly adjust themselves to this fundamental relation of life, if they were not prevented by the unavoidable necessities of their condition. But with those men who do not marry because they are too indolent to support a family, or because they have no just appreciation of woman, we have but little patience. We could say with Socrates, "I would beat them, were I not angry."

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make a helpmeet for him."

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." *Prov.* xviii. 22.

> "Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
> Of paradise that has survived the fall!
> Happy they! the happiest of their kind,
> Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
> Their hearts, their fortunes, and their being blend."

"FAVOR is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." *Prov.* xxxi. 29, 30.



IDOLATRY.

Children, what does this picture represent—can you guess? Idolatry! That's it. See that idol temple in the grove, and those images?

What are you doing, little readers, to send the gospel to the millions sitting in darkness and in the region and shadow of death?

> "Shall we, whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high,
> Shall we to men benighted
> The lamp of life deny?"

Do you know how many heathen there are who have never heard of a Saviour who died on Calvary to save sinners? About 600,000,000 of the human race. Are those all who worship idols? Look and see—cast your eyes abroad in our own favored land of gospel light. Covetous-

ness is idolatry; the placing our affections unduly on any earthly object.

Look at that mother with her sweet little babe? does she love it? she ought dearly—it's a precious gift of Heaven. But beware, dear mother, lest the Lord in mercy snatch the idol from your fond embrace.

Little readers, are any of you idolaters? If you love anything more than you love Jesus, you certainly are. No matter on what you place your affections inordinately—father, mother, brothers, sisters, fine clothes, houses, furniture, pleasurable amusements, little things or great things. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of this world." 1 *John*, ii. 15, 16.

"'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

"How do I pity those who dwell
Where ignorance with darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those lasting pains."

"O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever." *Psalm* cxxxvi. 1.

THE MARRIAGE TIE.

1. THAT, according to the law of marriage, as contained in the word of God, there is but one ground of divorce—fornication by one of the parties.

2. That the bond of union is for life.

3. That no human laws can abrogate or alter Divine laws, but especially the law of marriage, because there is specific prohibition of human interference to separate man and wife.

4. That the only limitation of this prohibition is founded on the right of government to *punish.*

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; as the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when, by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance when it appears at first, but it is want of love.

"LET thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice with the wife of thy youth. *Prov.* v. 18.

LIFE, LIFE WITH THE HUSBAND: LIFE, LIFE WITH THE WIFE AT THE MERCY-SEAT.

"He prayeth well who loveth well:
He prayeth best who loveth best."

MAN and wife, do you pray together? Can you live in love without it—in peace, joy, harmony, good-will, mount on eagle's wing, in Elijah's chariot, triumph over sin and Satan? Is it possible you have wisdom, grace on grace, equal to the emergencies of the day—gospel fire burning brightly in the family, around the table, the fireside, the altar of prayer and praise, morning, noon, and eventide—and more than all, to train the "little folks" *exclusively* for Jesus, heavenward—save you gain spiritual strength renewedly at the mercy-seat unitedly? Can you speed upward and onward on wings seraphic, merciful, and gracious to the third heavens, keeping your garments unspotted from the world, except through the medium of special, fervent, importunate intercession to the God of all grace and glory unitedly?

We speak not of closet seasons, telegraphic dispatches, ejaculatory breathings, constant, evermore, the upward tendency of the soul alive in God, lying down, rising up, going out, coming in; nor of family and social interviews, at home and abroad; but aside from these hallowed scenes of Christian fellowship, those of the husband and wife are separate, distinct, superadded, exclusive of all other devotional exercises entirely. And these united, soul-kindling, life-giving aspirations of faith and prayer, prayer and faith, are unlimited as to frequency, time, and place. Once daily they may be, twice, three times, or like the Psalmist, "Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments." *Psalm* cxix. 164.

HOW TO MAKE THE MARRIED LIFE HAPPY.

When Robert Newton, the Wesleyan pulpit orator, married, he and his bride began the married life by retiring twice each day to pray with and for each other. This practice they kept up, when opportunity served, to the end of life. Mark the result! When an old man, Mr. Newton remarked: "In the course of a short time, my wife and I shall celebrate the jubilee of our marriage; and I know not that, during the fifty years of our union, an unkind look or an unkind word has ever passed between us."

That was certainly a happy married life. What made it so? Did not that hour of daily prayer make the bond of peace so strong that none of the manifold trials of a long public life could even strain it? Had religion been stricken from their lives, would not pride, vanity, or passion have grown into a power of discord in their hearts? Did such absolute peace ever reign over the married life of any irreligious pair for half a century, since the fall? Does it reign over the reader's married life? Is not the religious element needed in his married life to render it even tolerable? Consider the claims of religion, dear reader, from this standpoint, and you will conclude that religion is needful, not only for your present and eternal happiness, but also for your domestic enjoyment.

The godly husband and the godly wife are true helpmeets, the one to the other. They belong to the same family, speak the same sweet language, are travelling the same happy road, and are journeying to the same blissful home.

Finally, to all the dear children of God, we would say, marry "only in the Lord." Let his word be your guide, your rule, his glory your aim, and he will direct your path through life, will sustain you in death, and conduct you safely to his heavenly kingdom.

THIS IS GREAT SIDON, LITTLE READERS,

FOUNDED, soon after the Deluge, by Sidon, the son of Canaan. (Gen. x. 15–19.)

The Sidonians built ships, and were the founders of maritime commerce. The inhabitants are estimated at about fifteen thousand, who are occupied in spinning cotton, which, with silk, and boots, shoes, and slippers, form the principal articles of their trade. "Any grace?" Not much. It incurred the terrible judgments of God for its sins. (Ezek. xxviii. 21–24.) Where much is given, much is required. "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." "If the light that is in us be darkness, how great that darkness!"

THE MARRIED LIFE.

Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. "Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's own health is more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before.

Endeavor always to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that the marriage has its to-morrow, likewise. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must confide house and family, intrust her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his store-room. His honor and his home are under her keeping; his well-being is in her hand. Think of this!

And you, husbands, be faithful and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respect each other. Many a boy will take advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Intensely he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the same thoughts they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother—why should he thank her! father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead, the smiling wife, and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly on the nuptial day, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

"Though poor in meaner wealth, kind Heaven
Two priceless gems to me hath given;
Chiefest of all that's worth in life
Is Heaven's own gift, an angel wife."

HUSBAND, who is this weaker vessel? The woman? How so—in body, mind, faith? In some instances, and not a few, females have stronger faith, more enlightened wisdom, greater grace, finer perceptibilities of soul, mightier intellects than the lords of creation. Instance the mother of Sampson, Deborah the prophetess, and thousands of others. What, then, is the meaning of "the weaker vessel?"

The word translated "vessel," in the first epistle of Peter, means "frame-work" or "fabric." And doubtless the apostle means that the husband should treat the wife with a considerate attention, because of her finer and feebler texture.

"In delicacy of apprehension, both intellectual and moral, and in capacity of passive endurance, woman is often superior to man. But she has a feebler corporeal frame, and her mental constitution, especially the sensitive part of it, is such as to require cautious, kind, and even tender treatment. Husbands should have consideration for the peculiar privations and sufferings of their wives, their anxieties and sorrows, their watchings over sick and dying children, and their angel ministrations in seasons of affliction." Husbands,

"Be gentle, for ye little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her, of giant size."

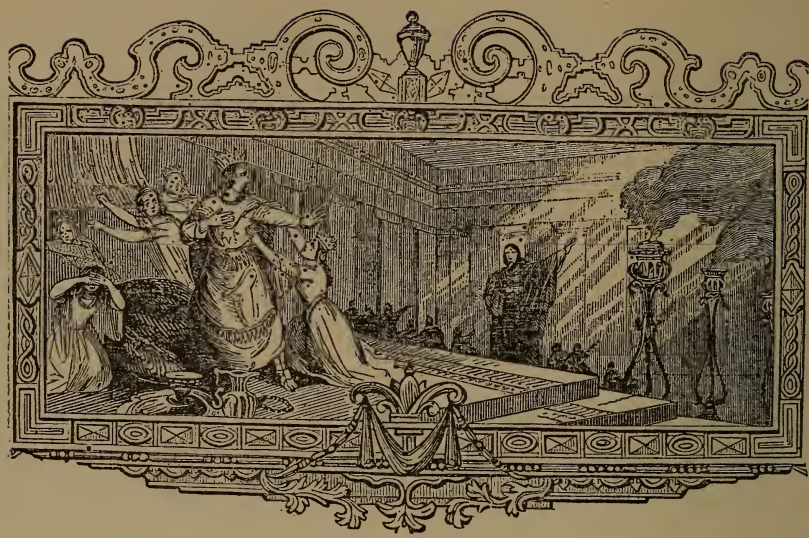
THE GOOD HUSBAND.

"NOTHING, said a sweet, smiling, joyful woman, in the domestic circle, "adds so much to my happiness as a kind word from my husband—a kind look, a kind act. Oh, how cheering, after a hard day's toil at the washtub, the wheel, the loom, or the hot fire, cooking for the harvest hands, or a sleepless night with a sick babe—how cheering is a kind word or a sweet kiss and a smile from the husband and father!

Husbands, if you see defects or things you wish were not so, in your good wives, try kindness, and see if that don't do them more good than all the unkind words and cross looks you ever gave them.

"I often think," continues this happy wife, "I have the best husband in the world. He is good and kind to me in sickness and health, in joy and sorrow. We are happier than when we were married—nearly twenty years ago. He never scolds me nor brings a long catalogue of complaints; but he comes in from his daily labor in good-humor, with a smile on his lips and a sweet kiss for me, and says, "Now Susy dear, you have done enough to-day; put up your work." Then he seizes little Nancy with a shower of kisses, and we sit side by side and chat in the cool evening breeze." What woman in the world wouldn't make such a husband a good wife?

"THE righteousness of the upright shall deliver them: but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness." *Prov.* xi. 6.



FRIGHTENED FOLKS—FOLKS THAT ARE FRIGHTENED

Frightened? Terribly! We rejoice to see it; don't you, litttle folks? Sinners ought to be frightened! They will be frightened more than they are now, a *great deal.* Turn to Malachi, iv. 1, and you will see.

Who are these frightened ones delineated in the picture? Turn to the Book of Daniel, v. 1–6, and the whole scene will flash upon you, clear as the noonday sun.

We wish every sinner, little and big, was frightened enough to flee to Jesus, whose arms are opened wide to receive them, even though blood-guilty, scarlet-colored!

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways." *Hag.* i. 5.

Christ says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." *Acts*, xvi. 31.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." *Heb.* vii. 25.

"Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish type could cleanse me so."

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." *John*, vi. 37.

"Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." *Isa.* i. 16–18.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." *Rev.* xxii. 17.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"If all the sins which men have done,
In thought or will, in word or deed,
Since worlds were made or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,
The stream of Jesu's precious blood
Could wash away the dreadful load."

"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." *Dan.* v. 1–6.

THE LORD AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom." These gentle words of prophecy relate to the Lord Jesus; and in him they were fulfilled. His ways of gentleness and love engaged the hearts of little ones; and many such believed on him, while reasoning and self-righteous men despised his grace, and scorned his lowly ways.

At Capernaum, the disciples asked the Lord, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. But whoso shall offend—stumble or ensnare—one of these little ones who believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

The original word here rendered "little child," includes the idea of a docile one, a little child who believes without reasoning, lives in the family without servile work, and without any anxious care, and is cheerfully submissive and obedient to parental control. And this is the Lord's own description of a person saved by his grace, and who shall therefore enter into the kingdom of heaven. An instructive instance and illustration of this is seen in the case of a little child, called by the grace of God into the knowledge and love of Christ, and into conscious salvation and rest and peace in him.

The grace of God bestowed on one such little one, I desire

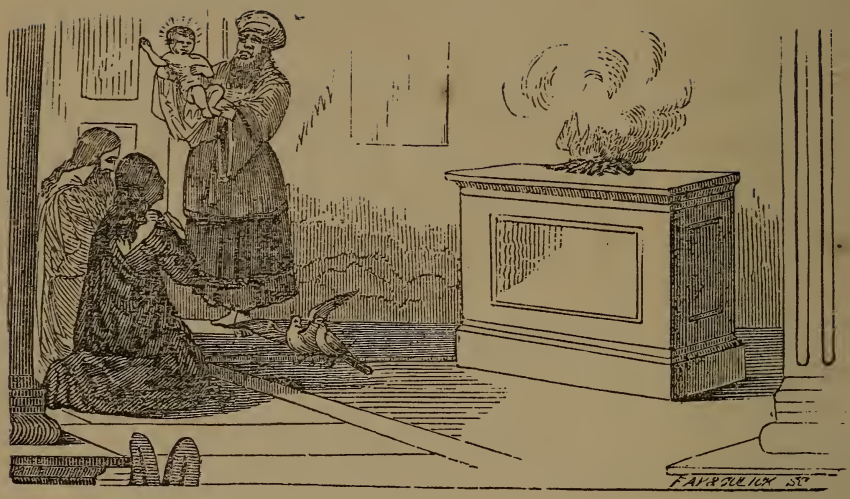
to describe. But let the father of that little child tell the truthful tale, in his own way.

"When my child was about three years old, and while speaking to him of the Divine Saviour, I said to him: 'Johnny, the Lord Jesus came into the world to save sinners—little sinners like you, as well as big sinners.' He looked up and said: 'What is a sinner, papa?' 'You are a sinner, Johnny.' 'No, I am not; I don't know what a sinner is.' I described some of his little faults, and remarked: 'Any little boy who does so is a sinner.' With blushing face and flowing tears he came to me, and hiding his face on my knee, sobbed as though his heart would break. Laying my hand gently on his head, I asked him with tenderness, what was the cause of his grief; but he only wept more loudly, and clung to me the more. I then asked, 'Have you found out who is a sinner?' 'Yes, papa, I am a sinner.' 'Then the gospel is good news to *you*, Johnny, for it tells you of Jesus, the sinner's friend.' It was my habit to direct his mind to *Christ Jesus alone.*"

"Christ died that you might live;
He suffer'd for your sake;
And life to you he'll freely give:
Remember ere too late.

"He now is calling you to come
And give your hearts to him;
He e'er stands ready to receive,
And cleanse you from all sin.

"Come now, while in your youth,
Before you harder grow;
Come now, before it is too late,
Commence good seed to sow."



WHO ARE THESE, PICTURED IN THIS ENGRAVING?

Can you tell, little folks? Old Simeon and the holy child Jesus in his arms? Most assuredly. The Lord promised this good old saint that he should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ. "Then took he him up in his arms and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." *Luke*, ii. 28, 29. Do you not think good old Simeon had a great deal to say about Jesus long before this blessed interview? And should not we talk about Jesus a great deal, since he has died for us and risen for our justification? "Unto you, therefore, who believe, he is precious." 1 *Pet.* ii. 7.

If we take no delight in talking about Jesus now, how would it be in heaven? We hear some little folks and great folks tell what a blessed, happy place heaven is. But what makes heaven—Jesus? Nothing short. No Jesus, no heaven; and this heaven begins with Jesus here.

Why is it, little readers, your souls are not on fire, blaz-

ing out at the mere name of Jesus, that causes all heaven to ring hallelujahs, and will continue to ring thus as eternity rolls on?

"No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train."

"If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin: but the spirit is life because of righteousness."

"Oh, not in vain, when oft we meet
The record of his love
To search, does not our Jesus greet,
And bless us from above?
They shall be his, when in that day
His jewels he shall make,
Who here may toil life's little way,
Or speak for Jesus' sake.

"Oh, not in vain; then let us sow
Beside all waters here;
At morn, at noon, at eve, we'll go,
With sweet and holy cheer:
Though we may here oft reap reward,
Not till we higher go,
To be forever with the Lord,
Fulness of joy we'll know."

CHRIST bore our sins in his own body on the tree—the Saviour of men. What he suffered we can never know; but God laid on him the iniquity of us all, which he willingly bore to save us from eternal shame and misery. How great the gratitude each of us owes such a friend!

NOW, NOW, NOW!

THIS *instant*, ere the sun—the glowing king of day—streaks the east. Begin where God begins. Make family government the first, the last, the evermore. Stop? Not for worlds! It is life or death, salvation or damnation, heaven or hell!

"Business urgent abroad, pressing? Suppose it a thousand times more pressing and important than it is, what then? Neglect home duties, the fireside, the present and eternal welfare of your children? Substitute? No, you can't. No one *can*, no one *should* supersede or take the place of the parent in preparing young immortals for glory everlasting. To *you*, fathers and mothers, it is given to rear the tender thought, bend the little twigs, give life, hope, joy, salvation.

Trust no one. No duties in the study or out of it, in public or in private, at home or abroad, preaching here, preaching there, praying here, praying there, exhorting sinners to repent, do works meet for repentance, crying aloud, sparing not, must interfere or take the place of home work, the training your household for God. Begin at home; see that perfect order reigns there, that all is clock-work, obedience, kind, loving, submissive, heavenly, ere you cross the threshold to go hence to the Gentiles.

Here many parents mistake—ministers and ministers' wives sadly, grievously. *Beware* that ye run not before being sent.

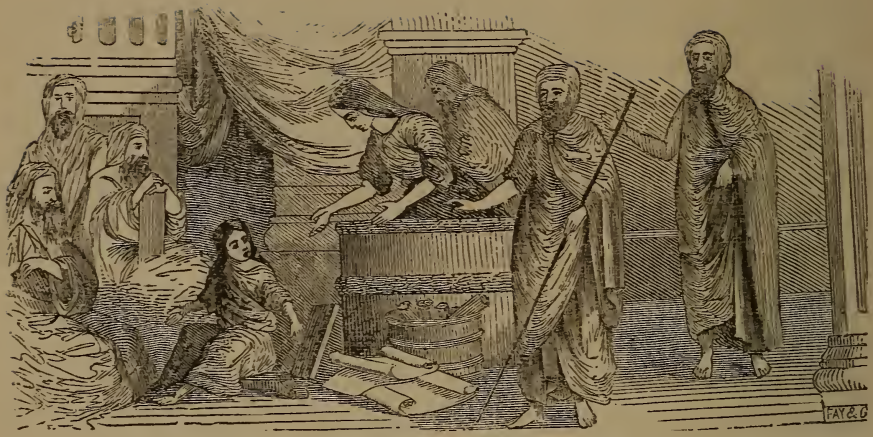
If "our sons are to be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace," their cultivation must not be left to weak or unskilful hands. Fathers must begin early and employ their powers and faculties in this work. It cannot safely be

delegated to others. And for direction in this as in every other important undertaking, they must humbly take counsel from the word of God. Listening to its teachings, they hear Jehovah saying of Abraham, "For I know him, that *he will command* his children and his household after him, and they shall do justice and judgment." Abraham *commanded.* Had he failed to do this, what a scene of domestic confusion must have attended the journey to Mount Moriah! How must that beautiful picture have been disfigured in the setting, if not spoiled in the execution, had Sarah's son, her only son, the son of her old age, been an undisciplined, and consequently a disobedient boy?

Fathers, do you command your children, or do they command you? Do you, by timely discipline, nip the first shoots of disobedience and rebellion; or do you allow Sarah to rescue Isaac from your arms and pass him over to the tender mercies of Hagar, her maid?

Fathers, command your children and your household after you to do justice and judgment. Fail to do this, and the cars on the "Black Valley Railroad" will continue to be crowded with passengers, all the way through the entire route from Tippleton down to Destruction and Perdition.

It is a great and prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of company and temptations for several years, and that it will be time enough to break them in. This mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves, and drunkards. No man would deal so with his garden or lot; no man would raise a colt on such a principle. Take notice, parents, unless you till the new soil and throw in the good seed, the devil will have a crop of poison-weeds before you know what is taking place.



LITTLE READERS, WHO IS THE LITTLEST IN THIS PICTURE?

WHAT'S his name—Jesus? Certainly it is; he is conversing with the learned doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. Do you know how old Jesus was at this time? Turn to Luke ii., begin at verse 40th, and you will see how this child Jesus tarried behind at Jerusalem after the feast of the Passover, and Joseph and his mother knew it not; and they sought him three days before they found him sitting in the midst of the doctors. "And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." *Luke*, ii. 48–52.

CHRIST A SAVIOUR FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"Jesus lives! for us he died:
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving."

THINK of this, little friends, more than all—Jesus died to save you, paid the price of your ransom. He is a Saviour for little folks as well as for big folks.

He has saved more than we can number. Unnumbered millions of little ones are now tuning their harps around the Throne in glory, saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." *Rev.* v. 9.

The songs of these little ones, saved by grace, will doubtless be less powerful or voluminous than others, but no less harmonious, delightful, soul-kindling, soul-ravishing! Many of them were ushered into the portals of glory ere they committed actual sin, brought on themselves guilt and condemnation, ere their garments were spotted with the flesh. Yet, even these were saved through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus; consequently they, likewise, will tune their golden harps, sing the song of Moses and the Lamb *forever*—the song of redeeming love.

Jesus will be the theme for the little folks and the great folks, "Jesus, who washed us, made us white in his own blood."

"Praise the Father, praise the Son,
Who to us new life hath given:
Praise the Spirit, Three in One,
All on earth and all in heaven."

These little songsters, with their golden harps in heaven, may be comparatively feeble in songs of praise and adora-

tion; yet who knows but that they may be among the sweetest, the most ecstatic, enchantingly and delightfully melodious and heavenly when mingled with the songs of the greatest and most blood-guilty and scarlet-colored sinners, whose awful, shameful, and heaven-daring sins have been washed away in the blood of the Lamb?

"If all the sins which men have done,
In thought or will, in word or deed,
Since worlds were made or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,
The stream of Jesu's precious blood
Could wash away the dreadful load."

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." *Psalm* cxv. 1.

Little folks, you see how it is, what a blessed, compassionate Jesus we have, what he has done and suffered for us, and how much he loves us. Ought we not, therefore, be *very* good, serve him with a perfect heart, walk in all his commandments and ordinances blameless?

A HYMN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"THERE is no friend like Jesus,
So gentle, kind, and true;
This Friend is always near us,
And sees whate'er we do.
Although he is so mighty,
The King of heaven above,
He calls us to his bosom,
And guards us with his love."

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

WHAT'S going on here, think you, little readers? Teaching the way to heaven? It looks like it, don't it? What more beautiful? Would that the world was full of it! Soon the earth would blossom as the rose. There is a right way and a wrong way. "There is a way which seem-

eth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." *Prov.* xiv. 12. In which way are *you*, young friends, the safe way, "straight and narrow, leading unto life eternal, the way the holy prophets went," spoken of by Isaiah xxxv. 8? "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men though fools, shall not err therein."

Is this the way you are in, little folks and great folks? If so, all is right, safe, joyous, glorious! keep on in this way to the end, and you will land safely on Canaan's happy shore. There are often many ways to go to this place and that place, to this city and that city. One may take this road or that, this route or that. One may take a stage-coach, another the railway, a third the steamboat or sailing-vessel. But to heaven, the seat of glory, peace everlasting, joy inexpressible, there is only one way, the way of the cross; only one sailing-vessel, "the old ship Zion," that will take us to the happy land. Are you on this vessel, little readers? Have you taken passage on the "old ship Zion?"

You hear it said frequently, that such and such children have been trained "in the way they should go," and after all, turn out badly, when, in fact, they have not taken one step "in the way they should go." They are in the broad road to ruin till they are led to Jesus for a new heart, a heart of love, till transformed into Christ's image. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." If no man or woman can enter the pearly gate of glory, till regenerated, "born of water and of the Spirit," no more can any little boy or girl. It is just as necessary for little folks to be born again, to enter heaven, as it is for the big folks. Therefore, when any one says, such

and such persons have been trained for God "in the way they should go," then turn to the beggarly elements, the flesh-pots of Egypt, the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," do despite to the word of grace, it is false, wicked; there is not a particle of truth in it. Let God be true—as he is—though everybody else is a liar. Beware, young readers, lest you be weighed in the gospel balance and found wanting; lest there be a promise left you of salvation, and you fall short of it. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." *James*, vi. 7, 8.

Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." *John*, xiv. 6.

"For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.

"And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God." *Gal.* vi. 15, 16.

Parents, think of this, when God commands you to train your little ones "in the way they should go," they are as far from the right way as heaven is from hell, till regenerated, born of the Spirit and walking in newness of life.

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And, behold, I come quickly."

LITTLE FOLKS, TROUBLESOME FOLKS?

Troubled, are you, parent, with the little folks on the Lord's day, running hither and thither, engaged in this sport and that sport, in this folly and that, this worldly amusement and that, in-doors and out? This day of holy rest is wearisome to them, if restrained. What now—who is most in fault, the parents or the children, the little folks or the great folks? Here are parents in trouble! Hark!

"What shall we do with the children on the Lord's day? We do not wish to make it a mere holiday to them. We do not desire to make it a gloomy, uncomfortable day, 'lest they be discouraged.' What then shall we do?"

Troubled parents, if your sons and daughters had been trained gospelly, in the love and fear of the Holy One, in the way they should go, uniformly, would not holy time, instead of being wearisome, and a day of gloom, be a day of gladness, spiritual joy, a heavenly feast, a day of all the rest the best? Then little hearts and voices would be in tuneful praise.

Troubled with unruly children on the Lord's day? No you won't be, parents, if you obey God in training them from their infancy; train them for Jesus and they will be peaceful, happy, joyous, as lambs of the flock, delight in spiritual worship, prayer and praise. No wonder some children give their parents trouble and vexation of spirit, not only on the Lord's day, but every day in the week.

Disobedience receives its due reward. Children whose hearts are richly imbued with the Holy Spirit, as every child should be, will have no disposition to engage in sports, or in any kind of worldly amusements. Their little souls will be on fire for doing good.

Do your duty on week-days, and your troubles on the Lord's day with little folks will cease.

WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE FOLKS DOING?

GATHERING May flowers? Busy—did you ever see folks busier? So busy, indeed, they have hardly time to think, speak, look this way or that way. And yet, you see, they do, once in a while, cast an eye to mother, and listen to what she says. That's right, children, always obey your mother.

"Never stand in idleness,
In a world like ours;
Looking on while others toil,
Heedless of thy powers."

"April showers bring forth May flowers."

"With smiling face young May doth come,
Her apron full of flowers;
And oft she's seen to sprinkle them
With soft and dewy showers:
She's brought the birds to sing again,
The bees to hum around;
She's filled the air with balminess,
And carpeted the ground.

"I love each spring and summer month,
And sigh when they are gone;
But most my heart young May doth love,
And tunes for her the song;
For she's the first of all the months
To bring the warming showers,
The song of birds, the hum of bees,
The scent of lovely flowers."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"The beautiful! the beautiful!
Where do we find it not?
It is an all-pervading grace,
And lighteth every spot.

"It sparkles on the ocean-wave,
It glitters on the dew!
We see it in the glorious sky,
And in the flow'ret's hue."

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME, OR HOPING FOR THE BEST.

Oh, what a blessed thing is a smiling, heavenly, cheerfulness in little folks and great folks, under the most trying and painful dispensation of Providence! It's like "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"A happy heart will ever be
A crown of richest blessing;
Life is deprived of half its ills,
A happy heart possessing;
Then who, oh, who will troubles bear,
Nor choose a happy heart to wear?

"A cheerful smile will drive away
Each want so bleak and dreary;
'Twill soothe the pangs of sickness, too,
And cheer the sad and weary;
Then who will proudly scorn—oh! who,
The good a cheerful smile can do?

"A cheerful word will ever be
A well of pleasure springing,
Like a joyous spring, all bright and gay,
Sweet buds and flow'rets bringing;
Sweet flowers of Hope—then let, who may,
A cheering word in kindness say!"

Don't fret, little folks and great folks, for God has ordained all things that are or will be, and among these are your troubles. Instead of fretting, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials," for "tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts."

Don't fret, for God's providence governs all things. Consider the hairs of your head, the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field. Thus stay your heart on God, and thou shalt be kept in perfect peace.

Among parents, calmness, patience, cheerful good-nature, are of vital importance. Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers and sunbeams. Let every father and mother, then, be happy, look happy, talk to the little ones in such a way as to make them happy.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, no overbearing spirit, no peevishness, no fretfulness; unkindness will not dwell in the heart, or be on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time, of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarked that fretting and scolding seemed like tearing the flesh from the bones; and that we have no more right to be guilty of this than we have to curse, or swear, or steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but to please each other.

"Hope for the best—there's fortitude in it;
Patience will triumph o'er poverty's test.
Strive, strive for the palm, and you're certain to win it;
And if you are tried now, why, it's all for the best."

"THE desire of the righteous is only good: but the expectation of the wicked is wrath." *Prov.* xi. 23.

THE HAPPY MOTHER TRAINING LITTLE FOLKS.

"Of all the spots that heaven has blest,
The dearest place is home:
'Tis there the fond heart loves to rest,
And never loves to roam:
While love plays round the smiling hearth,
'Tis heaven's own bliss enjoyed on earth."

A HAPPY WOMAN MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

WHAT spectacle more pleasing does the world afford, than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briers and thorns of life into roses of paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it; no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sort of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is, makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log-cabin, they make it shine with a lustre which kings and queens might covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the brightest type of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race. Would there were enough to go round and round!

THE LITTLE BABY, NEWLY-BORN.

"ANOTHER little waif upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save amid the toil and strife;
Two more little feet to walk the dusty road,
To choose where two paths meet, the narrow and the broad.
Two more little hands to work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes, another little will;
Another heart to love, renewing love again;
And so the baby came—a thing of joy and pain."

A POLITE LITTLE BOY.

He jumps up directly, when an elderly gentleman or lady enters a car, stage, or steamboat, who wants a seat. It is precisely so in the sanctuary or in any public gathering. No matter where this little boy is, he is sure to wear a sweet, heavenly smile of courtesy and genuine, gospel politeness. It is an honor to his parents; it shows his bringing up, his early training. He honors gray hairs also.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God. I am the Lord." *Lev.* xix. 32.

The politeness everywhere shown to ladies, makes a poor excuse for the inattention to old age, in steamboats, railroad-cars, hotels, and elsewhere, and it is not an unfrequent occurrence to see a man scarcely able to walk, supporting himself in a car by the back of a seat, or by a post on a steamboat, for lack of the seat which a strong, young man occupies near him. We saw a lady give up her seat to an old gentleman once, in such a case, and instantly half a dozen chairs were offered her, by the gentlemen who had remained motionless before. Americans know what politeness is, if they do not practise it.

The other day we were riding in a crowded railway-carriage. At one of the stations an old man entered and was looking for a seat, when a boy, ten or twelve years of age, rose up and said, "Take my seat, sir." The offer was accepted, and the infirm, old man sat down.

"Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy.

"Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the reply. The passengers were very much pleased. For our part, we wanted to seize hold of the little fellow, and press him to our bosom.

LOOK HERE, LITTLE FOLKS—WHAT DO YOU SEE?

BABIES, BABIES—LITTLE FOLKS AND LITTLE FOLKS?

Babies here, babies there, little folks here, little folks there, heaps on heaps; and oh! what a blessing these sweet little godsends, trained in heavenly wisdom! Little folks make the world better and happier? Children trained for Jesus are the salt of the earth, lighthouses. The lambs, trained up lambs, mild, gentle, loving, in the bosom of redeeming, sanctifying grace, are polished stones, olive-plants, roses that bloom all the year, send forth a delicious fragrance sweeter than the perfumes of Arabia.

What were this world, what could it be to us without the purity, the innocence, the frolicsome happiness, the moral sunshine of little children, cheerful as larks, innocent as doves? They are, indeed, the very best fragrance that has survived the wreck of Paradise. And we can but pity the man who does not so regard them; nay, we more than pity him—we *fear* him, too, even as we would

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds."

Happy the man that hath his quiver full of them, with wisdom and grace to make them like Jesus, ornaments, bright and shining, "olive-plants around his table."

"Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is his reward."

HYMN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"When the Saviour's words we read,
How they stir the inmost mind;
How the youthful soul they feed;
What new sense of love to find!

"How they make us loathe all sin;
How to love the good and true;
How to cleanse the fount within,
All his will to know and do!

"Blessed Jesus! sinless, pure,
Help us all to live as well;
Bitter crosses to endure,
Songs of praise and joy to swell."

LITTLE FOLKS TALKING ABOUT JESUS.

Can there possibly be anything more beautiful? Little folks, do you talk about Jesus and with Jesus, lying down, rising up, going out, coming in, walking or riding, sitting at table morning, noon, and at evening? Is Jesus the first thing in the morning and the last at night? Do you sing about Jesus, pray about Jesus, preach about Jesus? Is Jesus the burden of your soul, the one altogether lovely? When the name of Jesus reaches your ear, is your soul kindled to a flame, on fire joyfully? Little folks and great folks that love Jesus most, talk about him most. With whom, young friends, do you like to be with most, and talk with most—those you love most? Certainly! Well, if you love Jesus more than any one else, which you ought, will you not be likely to be with him and talk with him more than any earthly friend?

We had a dear Christian brother that fell asleep in Jesus, in our house some few years since. And what think you he said just before he left us for heaven? He said he was better acquainted with Jesus than with anybody else; there was no human being with whom he was so familiar. He had been talking with Jesus, about Jesus, and for Jesus, every day, and some days ten, twenty, or thirty times, and frequently in the silent watches of the night, for some forty years. And this frequent conversation with Jesus had been growing sweeter and more delightful every day, until it was a little heaven on earth to be with Jesus. And now he was going to be with him forever, and behold him face to face, where parting would be no more.

This is just the way every one should do, little and big. And oh, what blessed company! Get tired being with Jesus, talking with him, and about him? Never, if your

hearts are in tune. The more you talk with him and are with him, the more you are pleased and delighted, and after awhile you will be so completely absorbed in his love, that you will not be satisfied out of his presence a single moment. It will be talk, talk, night and day, and even your dreams will be about Jesus. The love of Jesus will be continually flowing out of your heart. And what caps the climax of mystery and mercy is, that Jesus is not tired of you. He never tells any little boy or girl to cease talking with him. His ear is open to every word you say.

"Oh, yes! I've heard my mother say,
He never sent a child away
That scarce could walk or run;
For when the parent-love besought
That he would touch the child she brought,
He bless'd the little one.

"And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded to his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his little one.

"And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having wash'd their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little ones.

"Others there are who love me too,
But who with all their love can do
What Jesus Christ hast done?

Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
Lord, bless thy little one.

"Thus, by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his,
Who loves the little one."

LITTLE FOLKS AND THE BIBLE.

"LITTLE children, love the Lord,
Love to read his precious word;
Study it from day to day,
Practise it in work or play.

"When the morning ends your sleep,
When the evening shadows creep,
When the sun at noon is high,
Read his word—to him draw nigh.

"Thus obeying, loving God,
Thus desiring, seeking good;
Will your peaceful life be pass'd,
And exchanged for heaven at last!"

"THE fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened." *Prov.* x. 27.

LOVING THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE love of children is a sentiment that lies snug and genial away down in the better depths of the souls of us all. It is an impulse that does honor to the nature that feels it most. It is only now and then there is a being, contracted and shrivelled, who can repel the little ones, and turn his back upon their bright childish winsomeness. One of the richest relishes with which God has blessed the

earth, one of the purest joys that flits about the passing pilgrim here, is the relish and joy which the presence of these dear immortals flings over the haunts and hearts of men. The world is so much lighter for their being here.

It is sweet to have them love us. *It is sweet* to know that they delight to nestle upon our bosoms, and that their little arms long to clasp about our necks. *It is sweet* to feel the soft clinging tendrils of their honest hearts intertwining, cosily and trustingly, in among the stouter and chillier tendrils of our own. The cold selfishness of the world is in other hearts than the children's. The deception that lames our faith and saps our trust is in other bosoms than theirs. God bless the children, the rosy, laughing children, the dear, true-hearted children, the beautiful children! The world is ten times brighter for their being here.

PARENTS, TEACH THE LOVE OF JESUS TO YOUR LITTLE ONES.

A LITTLE child sat quietly upon its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into her face, which was beaming with love and tenderness. The maternal lips were busy with the story of the Cross. The tones of her voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. The listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its eyes, and a low sob broke the stillness. The child inquired,

"Did he die for *me*, mamma—and may I love him always, and dearly, too?"

"Yes, my darling; it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

GEMS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

1. Keep a list of your friends; and let God be first on the list, however long it may be.

2. Keep a list of the gifts you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, be first.

3. Keep a list of your mercies; and let pardon and life stand at the head.

4. Keep a list of your joys; and let joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

5. Keep a list of your hopes; and let the hope of heaven be foremost.

6. Keep a list of your sorrows; and let sorrow for sin be first.

7. Keep a list of your enemies; and however many they may be, put down the "old man" and the "old serpent" first.

8. Keep a list of your sins; and let the sin of unbelief be set as first and worst of all.

9. Be careful of your good name, for "it is better than precious ointment," "rather to be chosen than great riches." *Prov.* xxii. 1.

"Stand on the right, and with clean hands,
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts,
Among the passers by.

"Stand for the right; proclaim it loud;
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and thou no more
Be doom'd to stand alone!"

GIVING ALMS? WHAT ELSE CAN IT BE?

BEAUTIFUL? WHAT MORE?

This little girl has, doubtless, been early taught "to remember the poor," "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep;" "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

"Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it." *Prov.* iii. 27.

"'Twas the widow's mite which call'd
Blessings from the Lord;
Not the lavish treasures thrown
From the rich man's hoard."

Little folks, are you on the giving order? First of all, have you given all to Jesus, presented your bodies living sacrifices to God, which is your reasonable service?

It is only by commencing early in life the consecration of ourselves, our substance to God, that we can establish the habit of benevolence. While we postpone the discharge of our duty until we have become wealthy, the love of gain is insensibly acquiring strength, we listen to the claims of benevolence with less and less sensibility, and at last become deaf to the voice of humanity. When we are able to give without the smallest self-denial, the disposition to give has perished, and we have been transformed into the very misers whom once we thoroughly despised.

CHARITY.

"While thou hast a heart to feel
Sympathy and love,
And thy voice can lift a prayer
To the Lord above:

"Say not thou hast nought to give—
Nought to call thine own:
Life's best pleasures do not spring
From one source alone."

JESUS AND ZACCHEUS.

Look at this, young readers. See that man up in the tree? What is he there for—to see Jesus as he passes by? That's it. This same Zaccheus, the tax-gatherer (Luke, xix. 1–10) had heard of Jesus, what great, blessed, and glorious things he had done in saving sinners, the very worst kind, even those possessed with devils. And somehow, we can't tell how, the Holy Spirit got hold of him; so much so, that he began to think it time to mend his ways, forsake his sins, and turn to the Lord. And to whom could he go for salvation but Jesus? "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." And up he goes into that tree, where you see him, waiting for Jesus to pass that way. Little readers, did not Jesus know who Zaccheus was, and what he was thinking about, long before he came to the tree? Who doubts it? In like manner he knows where you are and what are your thoughts. Oh that your thoughts, like those of Zaccheus, might be about Jesus, and the salvation of your souls. "And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up and saw him and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste

and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house. And he made haste and came down, and received him joyfully! And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord! the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold." *Luke*, xix. 5–8.

Ain't this beautiful! majestic! little folks? See what the religion of the Bible does for poor sinners when it takes full possession of the heart; it makes people honest. A religion that don't make restitution when called for, pay all just dues, is not of the gospel of Christ. "To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice."

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

The first thing Zaccheus did after his soul caught the heavenly flame, was to make restitution, wash his hands clean from injustice, all wrong-doing.

"GODLINESS with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"TRUST in the Lord with all thy heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." *Prov.* iii. 5, 6.

SEE THIS WOMAN ON A BED OF LANGUISHMENT NIGH UNTO DEATH.

WHAT for? What the first cause—sin? Had not sin entered, there would have been no sickness, no pain, no death.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 *Cor.* xv. 55–57.

Are you sick, little reader or great reader? What do you do first of all—hasten to the Great Physician, the Healer of all healers, Jesus, who, while on earth, went about doing good, healing all manner of diseases of spirit, soul, and body? Do you examine the Scriptures, turn over the big Book from Genesis to Revelation, and see what wonders have been wrought for sick folks? Were we to mention all the healing mercies recorded in the Bible, it would more than fill our book, "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver." Suffer us merely to glance at a few of them.

After turning over the writings of Moses and the holy prophets, one by one, take the Psalms. David, the writer of these, was often sick nigh unto death. What did he do —go to God? Read the 6th Psalm; then turn to the 24th, 38th, 88th, and 91st.

Mark especially what David says in Psalm xli. 3; also in Psalm ciii. 3. "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." We see here that King David would take every ailment, all his diseases to the Lord, with the assurance of help. Fail not to glance at Psalm xci., examine it carefully, prayerfully.

Come, now, to the New Testament, and see what Jesus and his apostles did for sick folks. Begin at Matthew, iv. 23, 24. Take the leper's case, recorded in chapter viii. 2, 3. Then the servant of the centurion in the same chapter; and Peter's wife's mother, sick of a fever, verses 14 and 15. Also, in looking at verses 16, 17, and 18 of this same chapter of Matthew, you will see how Jesus cast out evil

spirits and healed all that were sick, as it says, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Go on to the 9th of Matthew, and see how Jesus cured the man sick of the palsy, and the woman diseased twelve years with an issue of blood, having spent all her substance on physicians of no value. In this same 9th chapter you will see how Jesus raised the ruler's daughter who was dead, and opened the eyes of two blind men that followed him, crying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us." Then it says, in verse 35, "He went about . . . healing every sickness, every disease among the people." Had we space, we could go on and on, through Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, showing, clear as the noonday sun, what Jesus did for sick folks.

Furthermore, did any little folks or big folks go to Jesus for healing and return disappointed? Were any turned away empty? Look and see; examine for yourselves. Then turn to the apostles. Did not Jesus give them the same power to heal folks that were sick? If possible, they did things even more marvellous than did the Lord of glory himself.

Turn to Acts, v. 15. Here you see that even the shadow of Peter in the streets was efficacious in healing multitudes passing by.

The same glorious things were wrought by Paul, as recorded in Acts, xix. 12: "So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

In conclusion, we ask, have we now any encouragement to look to Jesus for healing our sick bodies? Anything tangible on which to build our faith for bodily health as well as for spiritual? Is not Jesus Christ the same yester-

day, to-day, and forever? Hear what he says in Mark, xvi. 17, 18: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Notice, likewise, what is said in James, v. 14–16: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." "According to your faith be it unto you."

Resort to medical aid? To be sure; if you have not faith to look to Jesus alone, the Great Physician. But remember, all means used are unavailable without his blessing.

Go to Jesus for health of body while indulging in sin, living in open violation of the laws of your being? Ask for health to consume upon lust, appetite, pride, or covetousness? "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

God was displeased with King Asa, because in his disease he sought not unto the Lord, but to physicians. (2 Chron. xvi. 12.)

Sick one, look to Jesus; say to him,

> "Saviour, oh, come to save!
> Speak but the word—thy servant shall be whole.
> Turn, Lord, and look on me: quicken my soul,
> Out of this living grave."

SHE SUNG HERSELF AWAY.

While talking with a neighbor, I heard a sweet, plaintive voice singing that beautiful hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul!"

The child was up stairs; I knew it was a child's voice, from its silvery softness. I listened for a while, and then said:

"That child has a sweet voice."

"Yes, she has," returned my friend. "She is always singing."

I passed that way again. Summer was here in her fulness, strewing the earth with flowers, and the sky with stars. The same sweet voice was thrilling on the air,

"Oh, had I the wings of a dove, I would fly!"

This time the little singer was in the garden. I gazed upon the spiritual softness of her features, the sweet eyes like "brown-birds flying in the light," the fine, expressive lips, the dark silken curls; I felt that she would soon have her wish answered, and find a refuge in heaven.

Autumn came; the wild swan was turning toward the south; the leaves were dropping from the trees, and spears of frost glittered among the grass.

A strip of crape fluttered from the shutter of the house where my little singer lived. By the great white throne, by the river of eternal gladness, she was striking her golden harp, and singing, in the fulness of imperishable glory,

"She came to smile and blush awhile,
Like lovely flowers in May;
To win each heart with guileless art,
And then to pass away!"

DYING FOLKS, OR FOLKS THAT DIE.

"*Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*" Rev. ii. 10.

LITTLE readers, are you ready for the grim monster? Death is sometimes called "The king of terrors." "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." 1 *Cor.* xv. 25, 26. "It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgment." *Heb.* ix. 27.

What of the judgment? Hark! "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." *Eccl.* xii. 14.

To die is a solemn thing—to the wicked, terrible, awfully fearful! And little folks die as certainly as big folks. Look into our cemeteries; any little graves there? Go and see! "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Inquire of some little folks and of some great folks, "Are

you Christians, disciples of Jesus, born of the Holy Spirit, living the life of Christ, prepared for death, judgment, and eternity?" What is the response? "We hope so!" It's a "*hope so*" religion. On what is this hope founded—Jesus the Lamb of God, the Rock of ages, the atoning sacrifice? Are the hearts of these "hope so" folks sprinkled from an evil conscience, and their bodies washed in pure water? Are they holding fast the profession of their faith without wavering, having their consciences purged from dead works, to serve the living God? Is Christ in them the hope of glory—else what avail their "hope so's?" "The hypocrite's hope shall perish, whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be as a spider's web." *Job*, viii. 14. Look out for your hope, little friends and big friends; see whether or not it will stand the test, the day of fire! Think of the foolish virgins that had lamps but no oil in them. Matt. xxv. 1–11. Of the many that will say in that fearful day, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." *Matt.* vii. 22, 23.

Finally, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: "Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." *Eccl.* xii. 13, 14. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but *know thou*, that for all these things *God will bring* THEE *into judgment.*" *Eccl.* xi. 9.

FIRE! FIRE! THE WORLD ON FIRE!!

Do you see it, friends, young and old? Volcanic fires are now heaving, shaking the earth, bursting forth! Geologists tell us the interior of the earth is a vast body of fiery matter, and that one hundred miles below us is in a melted state. How easy, then, should God give permission, for this vast internal fiery ocean to break through its envelope, and so to bury the solid crust that it shall all be burned up and melted! It is conceivable that such a result might take place, even by natural operations. And certainly it would be easy for a special divine agency to accomplish it.

Herculaneum and Pompeii once existed as thriving cities. But their deeds of iniquity became too great for God's justice to suffer longer to go unpunished. And in the mighty volcano lay hidden his wrath, which descended upon them,

sinking them to destruction beneath a rolling billow of red-hot lava and clouds of sulphurous ashes, from mortal eye.

In the old world, "that then was," men were wicked, and God purposed to destroy them by water. He warned them by Noah of the coming flood; but they believed not, and mocked on. There never having been a flood, they would not believe there would ever be one. But it came, and they saw and believed—but too late. God says he will destroy this "world that now is" by fire.

"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

"The heavens and the earth which *are now*, by the same word are kept in store reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." 2 *Pet.* iii. 7.

"The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night, for when they (*i. e.*, the inhabitants of this world) shall say peace and safety, *then* sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and *they shall not escape.*" 1 *Thess.* v. 2, 3.

"For as in the day of Noe, even s hall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not, until the flood came and took them all away; *so* shall also the *coming of the Son of man be.*" *Matt.* xxiv. 37–39.

"Because he (God) hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance to all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." *Acts*, xvii. 31.

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